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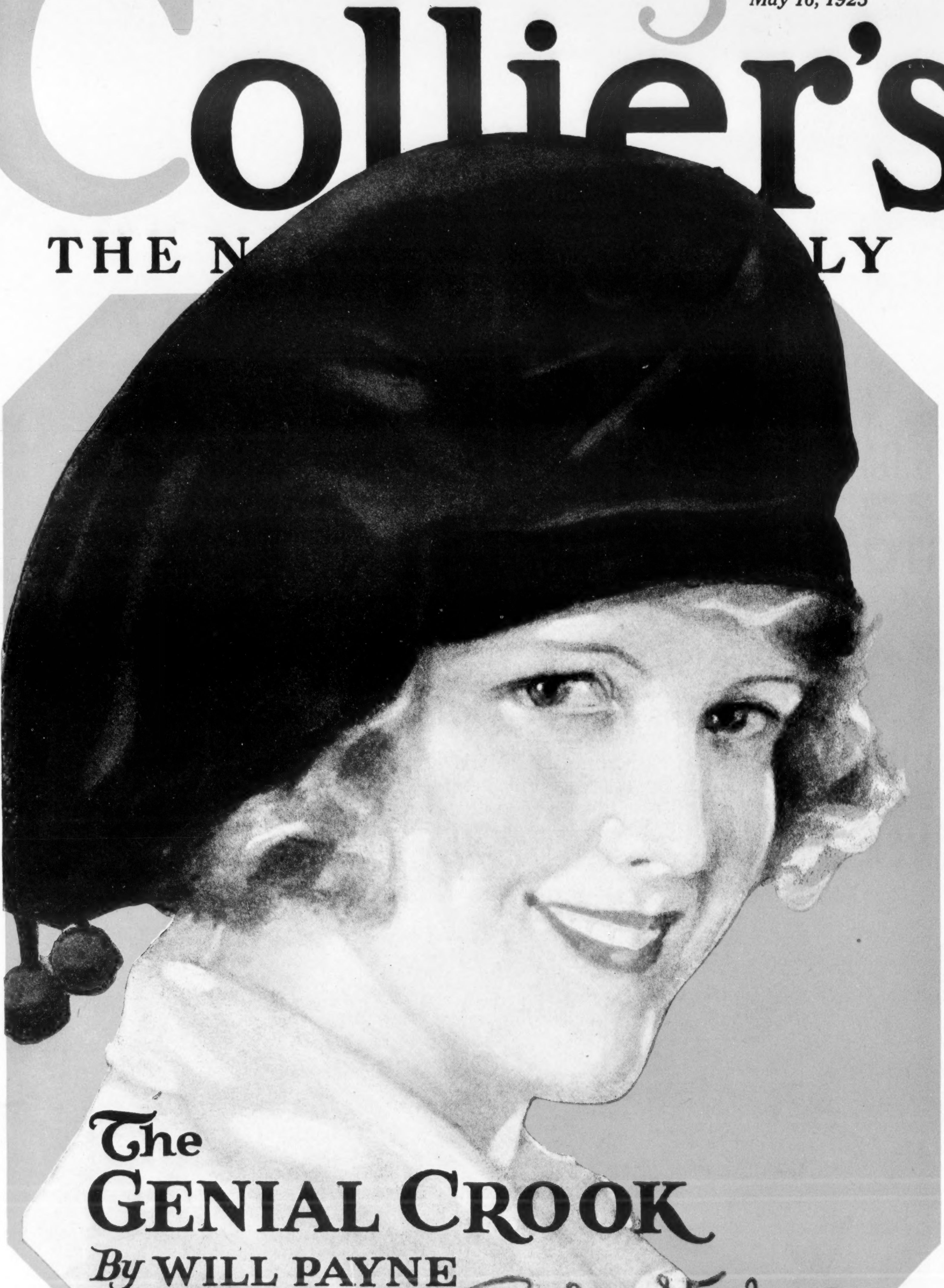
Penrhyn Stanlaws

The GENIAL CROOK

By WILL PAYNE

Also in this issue

WHAT THE STARS TOLD MRS

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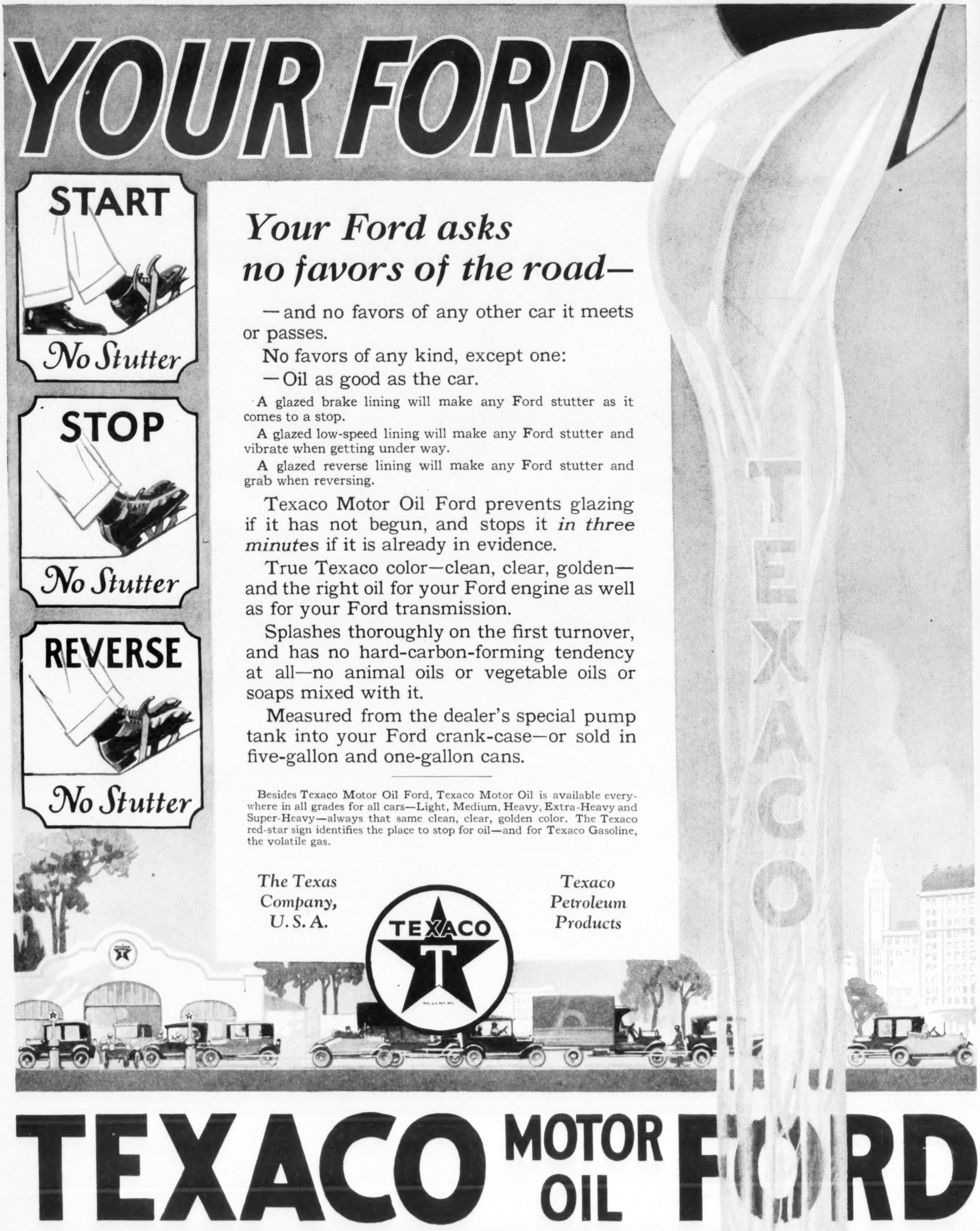

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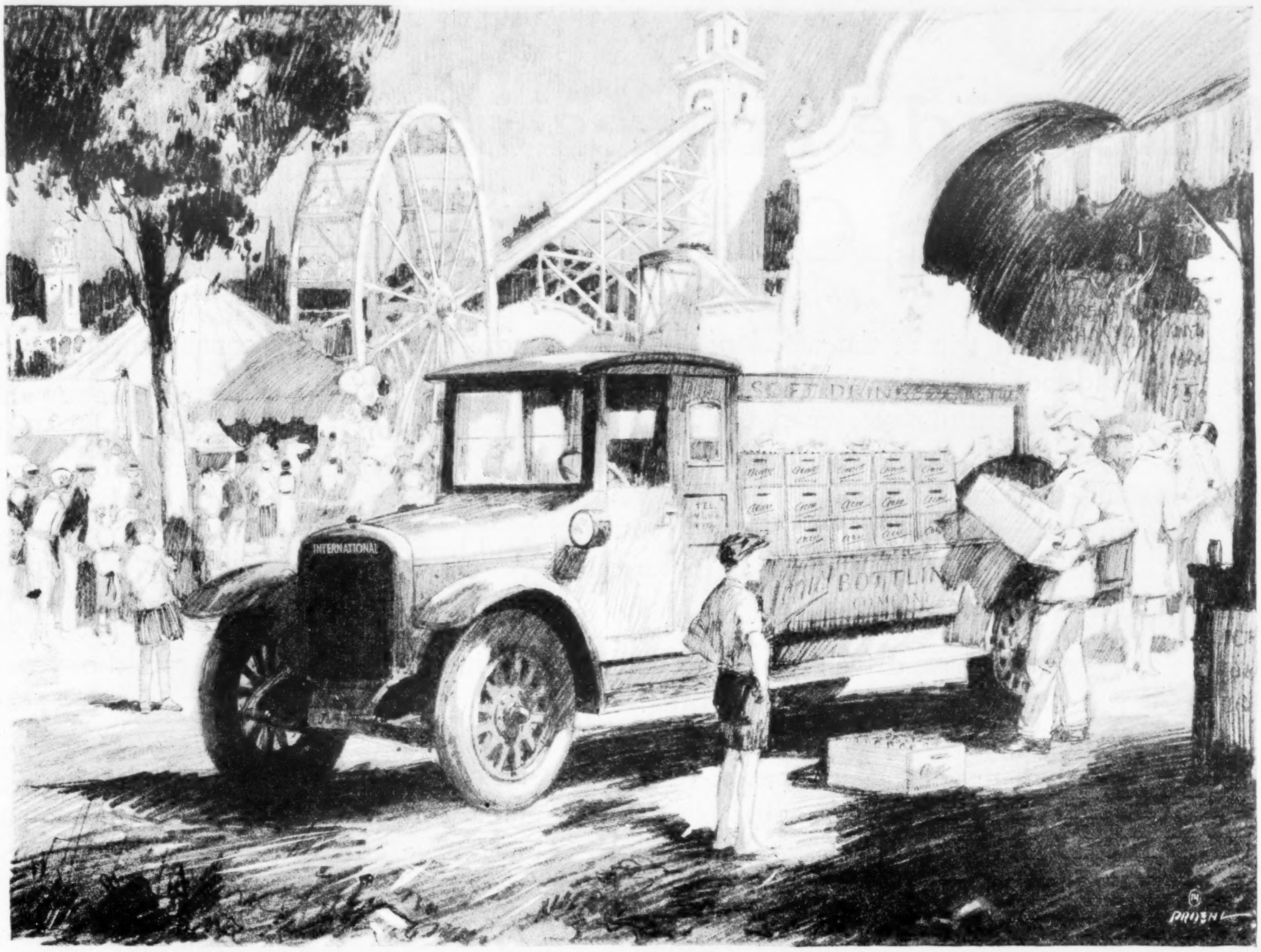

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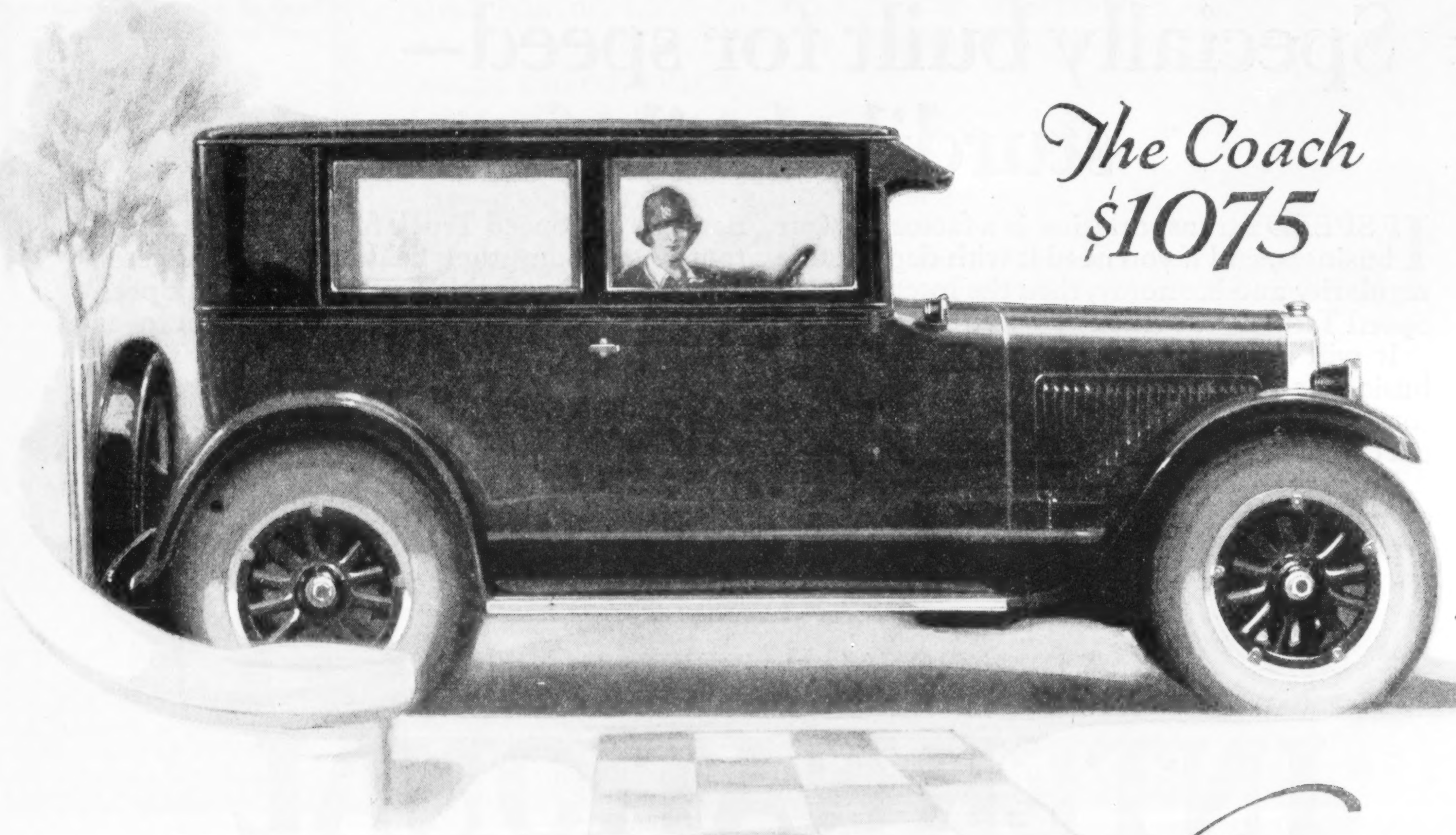

The Coach
$1075

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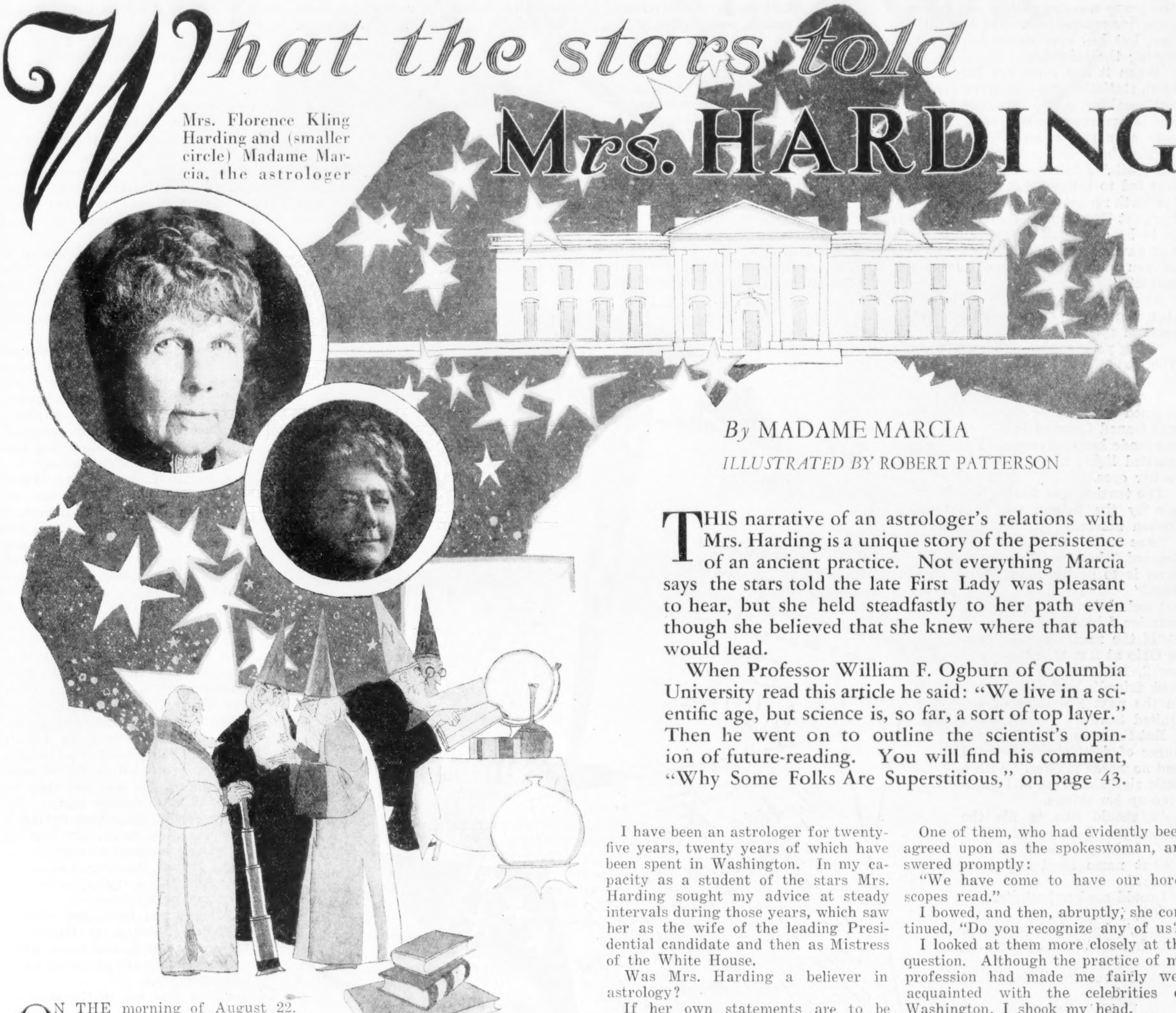
What the stars told Mrs. HARDING



Mrs. Florence Kling Harding and (smaller circle) Madame Marcia, the astrologer

By MADAME MARCIA

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT PATTERSON

THIS narrative of an astrologer's relations with Mrs. Harding is a unique story of the persistence of an ancient practice. Not everything Marcia says the stars told the late First Lady was pleasant to hear, but she held steadfastly to her path even though she believed that she knew where that path would lead.

When Professor William F. Ogburn of Columbia University read this article he said: "We live in a scientific age, but science is, so far, a sort of top layer." Then he went on to outline the scientist's opinion of future-reading. You will find his comment, "Why Some Folks Are Superstitious," on page 43.

ON THE morning of August 22, 1920, I received at my home in Washington, D. C., the first of the curious messages from Jupiter. It was a note from Marion, Ohio, handwritten, and I give below a verbatim copy:

> 380 Mount Vernon Avenue.
>
> MY DEAR MARCIA:
>
> *How very good of you to telegraph your congratulations. Many thanks for good wishes.*
>
> *Sincerely,*
> JUPITER.

If one studies the original note closely, six half-hidden letters may be traced through the signature, the first three resolving themselves into the initials "G. O. P."—standing for the historic political phrase, "Grand Old Party"—and the second three forming the initials, "F. K. H." The message was written by the woman whose husband had just been nominated for President of the United States. Jupiter was the astrological designation for herself adopted by Florence Kling Harding.

The note was a belated acknowledgment of a telegram from me at the Presidential convention of June. Mrs. Harding was always insistent in the statement that the election of her husband to the White House was due largely to certain advice at a moment of crisis which I had given her.

For more than four years Florence Kling Harding was my client in the practice of my profession of astrology—that is, from the memorable winter of 1920, when the prospect of the Presidency first came intimately into her life, until that autumn day of 1924 when she breathed her last on the quiet Ohio farm near the scenes she loved so well.

I have been an astrologer for twenty-five years, twenty years of which have been spent in Washington. In my capacity as a student of the stars Mrs. Harding sought my advice at steady intervals during those years, which saw her as the wife of the leading Presidential candidate and then as Mistress of the White House.

Was Mrs. Harding a believer in astrology?

If her own statements are to be credited, she was—not only a believer, but a firm believer. And why should this fact be startling or even unusual? Must all astrology—a science as old as civilization—be branded as trickery or quackery?

Florence Harding did not come to me because she thought I was a fortune teller. Certainly she was not urged either by morbid curiosity or by superstition.

It was on a February afternoon of 1920 that I first met her, although it was not until some weeks later that I knew her name and position.

When I answered the bell from my reception-room I found four women waiting for me. At first glance it was obvious that they were ladies of refinement and position. All were veiled, but they had thrown back their veils before I greeted them and I saw that they were women of middle age.

"What can I do for you?" I asked.

One of them, who had evidently been agreed upon as the spokeswoman, answered promptly:

"We have come to have our horoscopes read."

I bowed, and then, abruptly, she continued, "Do you recognize any of us?"

I looked at them more closely at the question. Although the practice of my profession had made me fairly well acquainted with the celebrities of Washington, I shook my head.

"In that case, then," my visitor proceeded, "it is best for me to explain frankly just what we hope you will be able to tell us."

She paused, as though weighing her next words, and when they came they gave me a distinct shock.

"We have reason to believe," she continued more uncertainly, with a glance at the women with her, "that one of us may be the next Mistress of the White House. Can you tell us which of us it will be?"

The directness of the question and the obvious sincerity of my visitors made me pause thoughtfully before I committed myself.

"If we are asking too much," suggested my interrogator, "don't hesitate to tell us so."

"If you are asking too much," I told her, "it is only because the next Lady of the White House will not be one of you."

"Tell us that too, if that is the case," she said promptly, and I began jotting down the necessary facts and figures of birth.

There was no reluctance in supplying me with the needed information. Evidently they had come prepared with the data for their purpose.

I retired at length with the material in my possession, leaving them to await my findings. I had noticed that one of the group was more silent and reserved than her companions. She had little to say, but her eyes never left my face during the interview.

When it had come her turn for the birth statistics, she had given me, without speaking, a slip of paper on which the information was already written.

In a quarter of an hour I was back.

"Somebody has not been telling me the truth," I informed them bluntly. "I was led to believe that I had received the birth records of four women. Either the next President of the United States is to be a woman or the information you gave me was not correct, and one of you must have known it was not correct!"

There was a moment's silence, and then the owner of the written memorandum spoke up, flushing.

"I beg your pardon, Madame Marcia! The statistics I gave you were not my own, but my husband's!"

I can recall the tenseness yet that gripped us all as we stared at her. She had leaned forward in her chair when she made her confession. There was a startled light, almost of awe, in her eyes.

The tension was finally broken by the woman who had spoken before.

"Are we to understand," she insisted, "that my friend's husband is to be the next President?"

I looked down at the written notation I held in my hand.

"If the man who was born in Ohio at 2 P. M., on November 2, 1865," I answered, "is your friend's husband, he will be the next President of the United States."

But the woman to whom the finger of destiny thus pointed had no words to offer. With a little sigh she arose and gathered up her things.

"I should like to file the horoscopes I have used," I said, looking directly at her. "What name shall I put on yours?"

I could see her hesitate.

"Oh, just leave the initials with it," she replied hurriedly, with her first hint of nervousness.

"And what are the initials?" I insisted.

"F. K. H.," she told me.

As the door closed behind my visitors I returned to my desk with so keen an interest in the curious horoscope that my dinner hour passed unnoticed as I recast and checked up again, item by item, the calculations I had made. But although I had computed these hurriedly before, too hurriedly, there was no mistake.

I found that the celestial sign of Aquarius was rising at the birth of my subject, with the sun posited ten degrees in the sign of Scorpio, indicating a steady, great advancement in life; incidentally, much the same astrological position as that prevailing at the birth of Theodore Roosevelt, and in the horoscope before me strengthened even more by the position of the planet Jupiter in mid-heaven in the House of Preferment and Honor, showing one of the most important worldly positions that it is possible to attain. But I was not through. The present date was in February, and I knew that the convention was to be held in June. My calculations showed me that in that month Jupiter should reach a trine aspect to the moon in the sign Aries, presaging a great climax in the career of my subject, the result of which would depend upon how promptly and earnestly he seized the pivotal opportunity which this month would offer him.

To you who do not believe in astrology these facts may not mean much, but to one who has given a lifetime to the study of the subject as a science their significance was compelling.

I leaned back in my chair in a deep study. The man described by my horoscope was to be congratulated on his future—if he had the initiative to rise to its opportunity. I repeated the initials "F. K. H.," but in the list of Presidential possibilities I could find no one to whom they might apply.

It was true that "H" might fit either Hoover or Hughes, but I knew that neither Mrs. Hoover nor Mrs. Hughes was the woman who had visited me. I gave up the problem finally as I filed the horoscope away, little realizing the astonishing sequel that was to follow.

It was a March afternoon perhaps six weeks afterward that my telephone called me from a client, and a woman's voice over the wire—vaguely familiar—made an appointment.

When I stepped into the reception-room two hours later my unknown friend of the initials "F. K. H." greeted me.

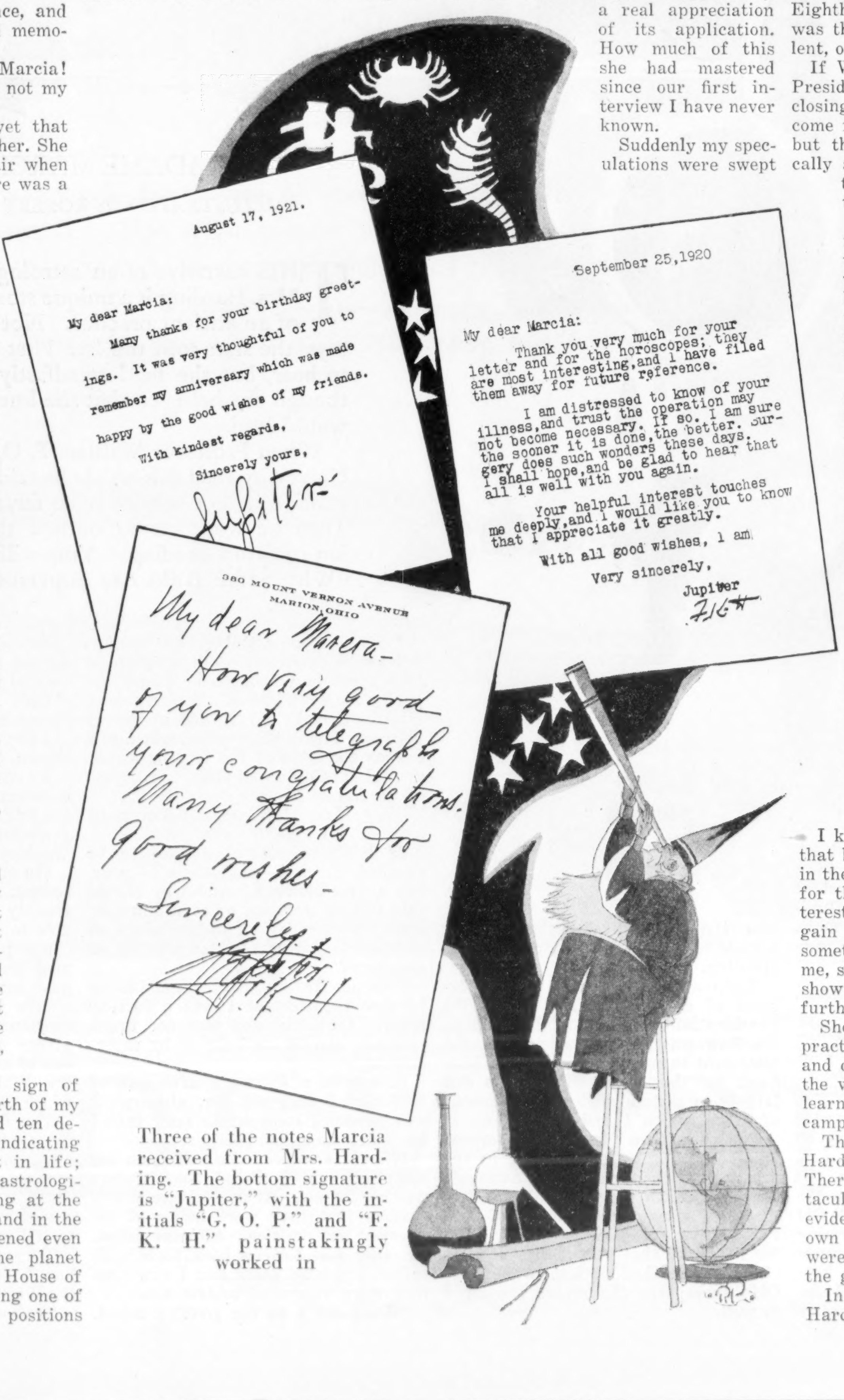
"Of course you know who I am," she challenged me.

"I do not," I assured her a bit stiffly.

"I am Florence Kling Harding," she said, flushing. "My husband is Senator Harding. Have you time to go into more details of the horoscope that you read for me?"

For an hour we sat at my desk, poring over my astrological charts and diagrams. I saw that she was following my observations with a mind alert to the slightest suggestion. Not only did she have a smattering of the technical facts of astrology, but apparently a real appreciation of its application. How much of this she had mastered since our first interview I have never known.

Suddenly my speculations were swept aside. A startling fact had leaped out at me from the chart on my desk. Involuntarily I caught my breath.



August 17, 1921.

My dear Marcia:

Many thanks for your birthday greetings. It was very thoughtful of you to remember my anniversary which was made happy by the good wishes of my friends.

With kindest regards,

Sincerely yours,

Jupiter

September 25,1920

My dear Marcia:

Thank you very much for your letter and for the horoscopes; they are most interesting, and I have filed them away for future reference.

I am distressed to know of your illness, and trust the operation may not become necessary. If so. I am sure the sooner it is done, the better. Surgery does such wonders these days. I shall hope, and be glad to hear that all is well with you again.

Your helpful interest touches me deeply, and I would like you to know that I appreciate it greatly.

With all good wishes, I am

Very sincerely,

Jupiter

---

380 MOUNT VERNON AVENUE
MARION, OHIO

My dear Marcia-

How very good of you to telegraph your congratulations. Many thanks for good wishes-

Sincerely

Three of the notes Marcia received from Mrs. Harding. The bottom signature is "Jupiter," with the initials "G. O. P." and "F. K. H." painstakingly worked in

As I sat staring at my diagram something in my attitude must have betrayed my emotions.

"What is it, Marcia?" demanded my companion.

As I turned to her I dropped my handkerchief, apparently by accident, over that section of the chart which was nearest me.

"Just a little dizzy spell," I told her. "I have them occasionally."

She looked at me intently.

"It is something else, Marcia! What are you trying to hide from me?"

But I did not tell her.

In my examination of the horoscope before I had not seen fit to go beyond the sudden elevation to great power that had been so vivid. Now, as my examination for the first time went farther, the searing trail of doom stretched before me.

Following on the splendid climax in the House of Preferment I saw the Sun and Mars in conjunction in the Eighth House of the Zodiac. And this was the House of Death—sudden, violent, or peculiar death.

If Warren G. Harding were elected President, it would be with his doom closing about him. Death might not come for one year or for three years, but the stars proclaimed as emphatically as they proclaimed his accession to power that he would not live through his administration.

I do not think that Mrs. Harding divined then what I saw, although she maintained afterward that she had suspected from the beginning. She was too concerned with the issue of the moment, and it was becoming a more and more vital issue.

It was apparent in political councils that the possibilities for the Republican nomination were fast narrowing down, and it was increasingly evident that the final choice must fall on a man from the Central West. In such an event Senator Harding, popular and efficient, loomed up formidably. The question was largely how he proceeded in the months just ahead. It was not that he was failing to receive advice. He was receiving altogether too much advice. Nor were his friends showing reluctance to rally about him. Indeed, the danger was that he might fall a victim to the enthusiasm of his friends.

All of these facts, and others, Florence Harding explained to me—not at once, and not always directly, but in the course of various interviews.

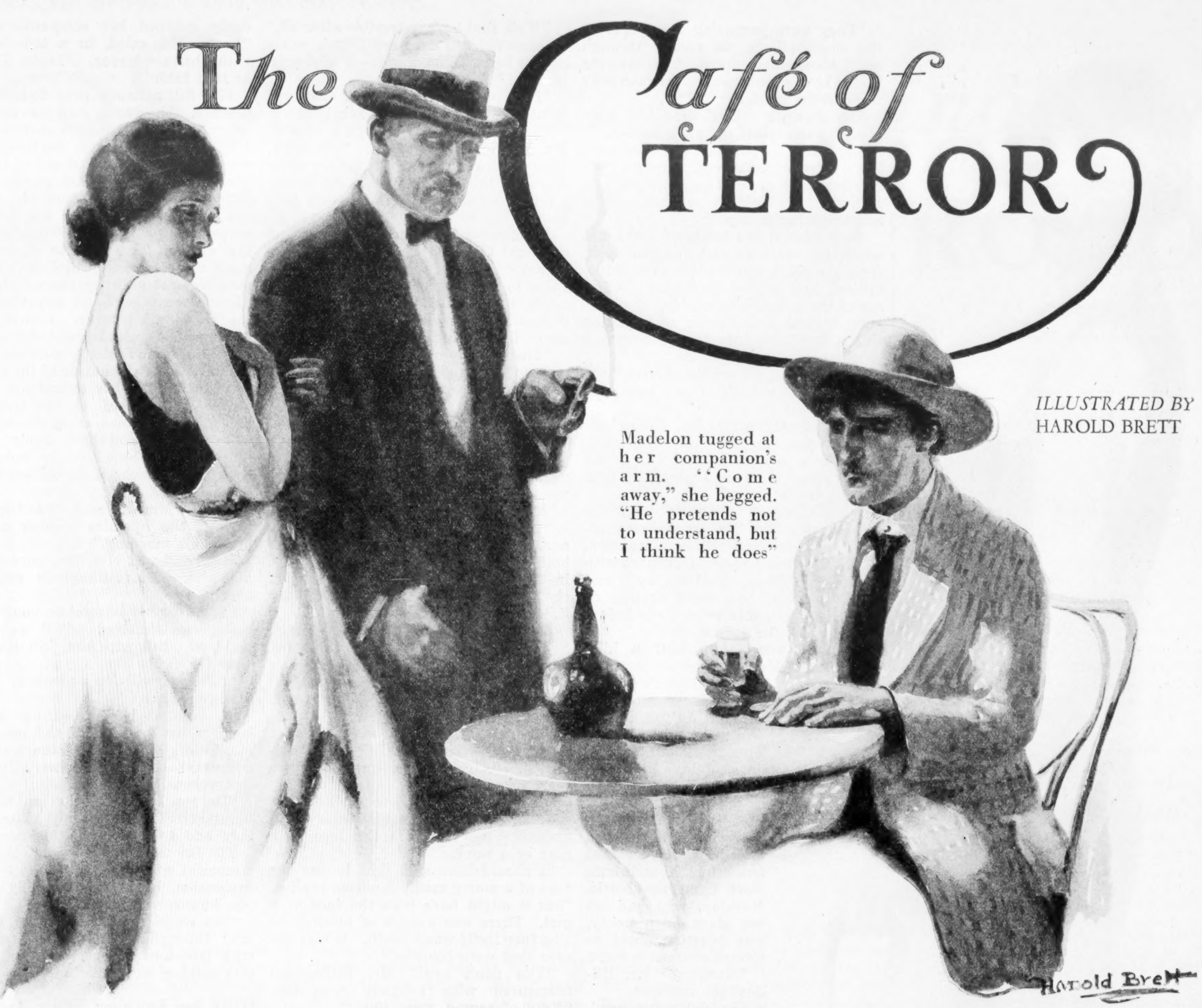
I know now that one of the motives that brought her to me was a craving, in the crisis that was fast approaching, for the counsel of an absolutely disinterested person who had nothing to gain or lose. And, having explained something of her intimate problems to me, she never seemed to hesitate nor to show any desire to draw back from further confidences.

She had already acquired a long and practical training in the uncertainties and disillusionments of politics, and as the wife of a leading senator she had learned how little value to place upon campaign promises of any kind.

The month of May opened with the Harding boom steady if somewhat quiet. There were many candidates more spectacularly in the limelight, but it was evident that the wise leaders, in their own councils, if not in the public press, were centering more and more upon the gentleman from Ohio.

In the second week of the month Mrs. Harding came (*Continued on page 41*)

The Café of TERROR



Madelon tugged at her companion's arm. "Come away," she begged. "He pretends not to understand, but I think he does"

ILLUSTRATED BY
HAROLD BRETT

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

THE marquis always talked very bad English when he was angry; this morning he was very angry indeed. Climbing up narrow and precipitous paths upon a surface of loose stones, pushing his way occasionally through brambles and undergrowth and looking downward from heights, which always made him giddy, were undertakings which had combined to incense him. He was not dressed or built for such mad escapades. The sight of Madelon, bare-headed and laughing, having the air of one to whom such excursions instead of being a torture were a keen pleasure, only irritated him. The final note of exasperation he discovered in the pleasant good temper of Mr. Samuel T. Billingham, their guide and host, who, with a huge cigar in his mouth, was walking with springy steps and unabated cheerfulness up the path which the marquis had passionately declared to be fit only for goats and idiots.

"I can no further make this absurd promenade," the marquis announced, sinking on a heap of stones and dabbing with a scented pocket handkerchief drops of moisture upon his forehead, which must not be allowed to reach his eyebrows. "It is an absurdity! I have a pain of the stomach, a pain of the knees, a pain of the back. It is not for this I came. Where is the automobile?"

"Poor Uncle!" Madelon sympathized. "I had forgotten that you were not used to walking. You should have lived in England as I have done. But the view—you must admit that the view is marvelous!"

The comments of the marquis upon the view were delivered in fluent and sacrilegious French. He displayed an acquaintance with the various forms of blasphemy peculiar to his language which moved even Mr. Billingham to wondering admiration.

"When I feel better," he concluded, after a moment's electric pause, "I shall apologize. At present I will only say that the view from the window of my salon, which takes in the Casino and all that glorious sea, is better worth having."

"Less than a kilometer to go," Mr. Billingham declared. "We ought to strike the main road just beyond that clump of firs, and that's where I told the car to pick us up. Another quarter of an hour, Marquis, and we shall be in Saint-Félix."

"If one could only drink something!" the latter observed pettishly, as he rose to his feet. "I miss my morning apéritif."

"That's coming to you, sure," Mr. Billingham promised. "I've done this tramp before, and unless I'm mistaken there's a little café where this path joins the cart track."

The prospect was sufficiently encouraging to induce the marquis to struggle to his feet. They clambered another fifty yards or so up the stony path and found themselves in a rough track which had evidently been made by the carting of timber from the other side of the ravine. A little way along there was a small white-plastered building, to which Mr. Billingham pointed.

"The Café du Forêt!" he exclaimed. "The worst ever, so far as I remember, but a Dubonnet won't poison us."

The marquis almost smiled.

"A Dubonnet will be acceptable," he admitted. "The place appears poverty-stricken, but if one can secure an unopened bottle—"

"We'll find that," Mr. Billingham interrupted confidently.

A FEW minutes' further climb brought them to the café. It was small, dilapidated, and uninviting. Nevertheless it proclaimed itself in rudely painted black letters to be a restaurant where "Vins et Consommations" were to be obtained. There were three iron tables outside with a couple of chairs at each, but no sign of life. The door stood open, and his two companions followed Mr. Billingham inside. There was no one behind the little counter, no one in the rude little apartment with its sanded floor and benches in place of chairs. There were bottles upon the shelves, however, and a glass half full of brandy upon the counter. Mr. Billingham raised his voice, and the glasses around shook.

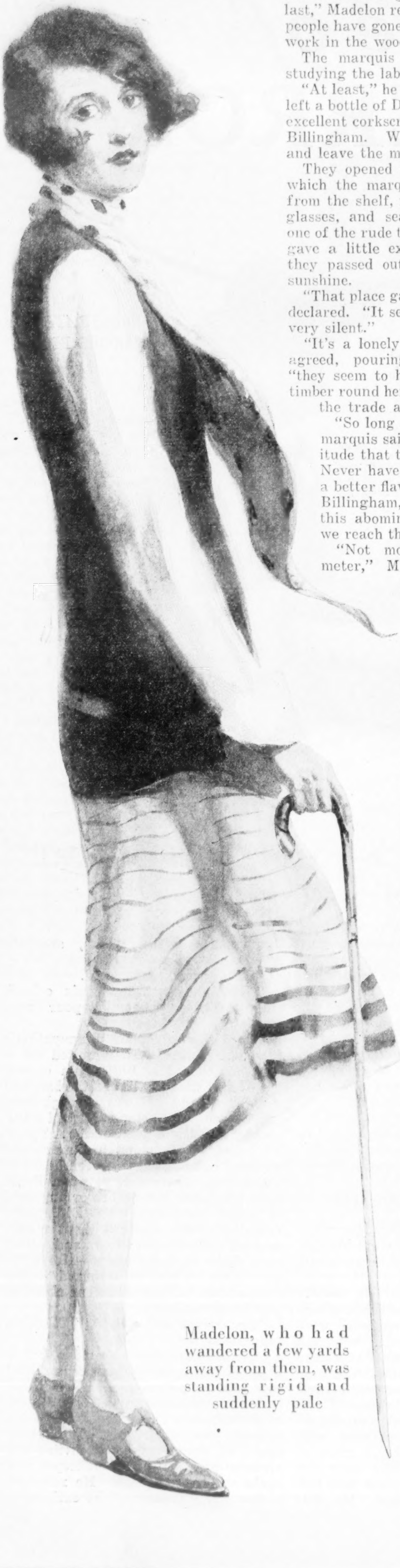
"Hello there!" he shouted.

"Allo, allo!" the marquis echoed. "N'y a-t-il personne ici pour nous servir?"

There was a stolid, unsympathetic lack of response. They waited for a moment, then Mr. Billingham opened the door of the room behind the bar, and glanced around. It was a rough-looking kitchen, with a stone floor and a few clumsy articles of furniture. A string of onions, a scraggy piece of meat, and a rabbit hung down from iron hooks in the ceiling. There were pots and dishes upon the table, but no fire or any sign of recent occupation. Mr. Billingham raised his voice again without result, opened still another door, and called up a flight of flimsy stairs—also without result. Then he returned to his companions. "There is no one about at all," he announced.

"You might try outside," Madelon suggested.

Outside there was no garden, but a little clearing, a rudely constructed shed built of pine logs from which the bark had not been stripped and a lean-to shelter, with a corrugated iron roof, against the wall. Mr. Billingham again, in stentorian tones, invited the presence of the missing innkeeper and again without response. He returned to the bar. "Deserted!" he exclaimed.



Madelon, who had wandered a few yards away from them, was standing rigid and suddenly pale

"They were preparing for a fête at the small village we passed through last," Madelon remarked. "Perhaps the people have gone there, or the man may work in the woods."

The marquis smiled. He had been studying the labels upon the bottles.

"At least," he pointed out, "they have left a bottle of Dubonnet. Produce that excellent corkscrew of yours, my friend Billingham. We will serve ourselves and leave the money."

They opened the bottle of Dubonnet which the marquis had dragged down from the shelf, found some thick wineglasses, and seated themselves before one of the rude tables outside. Madelon gave a little exclamation of relief as they passed out into the pine-scented sunshine.

"That place gave me the shivers," she declared. "It seemed so very empty, so very silent."

"It's a lonely spot," Mr. Billingham agreed, pouring out the Dubonnet, "they seem to have left off felling the timber round here, and I guess that took the trade away."

"So long as they are absent," the marquis said, "one owes them gratitude that they left the place open. Never have I tasted Dubonnet with a better flavor. Tell me, my friend Billingham, how much farther of this abominable promenade before we reach the automobile?"

"Not more than half a kilometer," Mr. Billingham assured him. "There's a little path which leads straight up to the road from the cart track. There we shall find the automobile. In a few minutes more we shall be in Saint-Félix. After that—the déjeuner!"

The marquis breathed a little sigh of content and helped himself once more from the bottle. Madelon, who had set her glass down empty, was fidgeting about as though anxious to start.

"Hungry?" Mr. Billingham inquired.

She shook her head. "I have taken a dislike to this place," she confided. "Am I superstitious, I wonder? I have a terrible feeling about it."

The marquis was sympathetic but entirely comfortable and not disposed to hurry. He lit a cigarette and leaned back in his chair.

"I understand," he murmured. "A deserted inn on the edge of the forest! There are all the materials here for drama. There was a story I once read—"

He broke off abruptly, and the cigarette fell from his fingers. Mr. Billingham sprang to his feet. Madelon, who had wandered a few yards away from them and turned back toward the house, was standing suddenly rigid, suddenly pale. The cry which startled them had escaped from her lips. She pointed to the window above the door.

"There was a face there," she cried. "Someone up in the room!"

Mr. Billingham remained composed.

"Well, that isn't so terrible after all," he observed. "I dare say there's someone ill here. Who was it—a man or a woman?"

"I do not know," Madelon answered faintly. "It was—just a face!"

"Seems to have given you a shock," Mr. Billingham continued. "Sit down, Miss Madelon, and drink half a glass more of this stuff. Guess I'd better hunt round and see if there's any help wanted."

Madelon—young woman of nerve and courage though she was—staggered into a chair and was utterly unable to raise to her lips the glass which her uncle hastily filled. Mr. Billingham disappeared inside the building. In about five minutes he returned.

"There's only one room upstairs," he announced, "and there ain't a soul in it."

"But I saw someone," Madelon protested.

HE STROLLED a yard or two away and looked back at the window, pausing a moment to relight his cigar, which had gone out.

"Well, there's no one there now," he assured her. "There are two beds—both look as though they'd been slept in—but there isn't a human being in the shanty. You can take my word for it."

Madelon looked at him steadfastly. She had drunk some of the Dubonnet and she was becoming herself again.

"Do you believe, then," she asked, "that I saw the face of someone who does not exist?"

"I shouldn't say you were the sort who saw spooks," Mr. Billingham admitted. "All I say is, there's no one there now."

"You must surely have realized, my dear Madelon," the marquis intervened, "whether the face was the face of a man or a woman."

"I should have said that it was the face of a young man," Madelon replied, "but it might have been the face of a girl. There was a mass of black hair. The face itself was smooth. It was the eyes that were horrible."

"You don't say!" Mr. Billingham murmured with tolerant sympathy. "Kind of scared, were they?"

Madelon rose to her feet.

"Please let us go now," she begged. "I cannot talk about it any more. I can only assure you of one thing. Something terrible has happened here. Please, Mr. Billingham!"

"We'll get right along," was the prompt response. "Ten francs will square us for the bottle of Dubonnet, I guess—ten francs and what's left of the bottle. I'll put it underneath the glass—see? Now we're right. Just a yard or two through the trees and then we'll leave this place behind us."

"I hope," Madelon murmured as they passed swiftly back to the cart track, "that I may be able to forget it."

The marquis smiled.

"Pooh, pooh, my child!" he exclaimed. "You are too sensitive, too emotional! Material discomforts you scoff at. A fancy sometimes tortures you. Behold, the good news!"

He pointed upward. At the end of the path was the curling main road and by the side of it the automobile Mr. Billingham had hired for their day's excursion. No vehicle before had ever appealed so greatly to the marquis.

"We've struck it right after all," Mr. Billingham declared with satisfaction. "Gee, how hot the sun is out here! Lunch on the terrace in twenty minutes, Miss Madelon. Now let's forget that dirty little shanty and its spook!"

The spook was not so easy to forget. Madelon, with Mr. Billingham as her escort, was on her way that evening from the Casino to Ciro's when she suddenly gripped her companion's arm. "Look," she cried, in a tone vibrant with absolute terror. "Look! The boy at that table!"

Mr. Billingham's eyes followed her gesture. The young man was certainly an unusual sight in such surroundings. His clothes, although perfectly new, were clumsily fashioned and of the sort worn on fête days by the peasants. His hat was pushed to the back of his head, and, although it was of the sombrero order affected by the mountaineers of the district, it failed to conceal the masses of black hair which gave him almost a grotesque appearance. His complexion was the usual burnt olive of the Provençal laborer. It was again his expression which arrested. His eyes were large and black, without either the vacancy or the humor of the peasant on a holiday. They looked not at the people who passed, at the trees and flowers of the plaza, or at the bottle of wine which stood half empty before him. They seemed to be looking at something which, if it existed at all, existed far away.

"That," Madelon said, "was the face I saw at the upstairs window of that place this morning."

Her hand was clutching nervously at his arm. Mr. Billingham patted it gently.

"Say, this boy has got on your nerves some," he declared. "I'll go across and have a talk with him. Sit down and wait for me."

"I think I will for a moment," Madelon acquiesced.

She seated herself on one of the benches by the side of the pavement. Mr. Billingham crossed the road and addressed the boy in hesitating but comprehensible French.

"Do you belong to the inn up near Saint-Félix?" he inquired. "The young lady and I were there this morning."

The boy stared at his questioner for a moment with parted lips and terrified expression. He made absolutely no reply, however.

"We could not find anyone there," Mr. Billingham continued, speaking with laborious care. "We hoped there was nothing wrong."

THE boy broke out into a stream of rapid, unintelligible speech, to which Mr. Billingham listened in ever-increasing confusion. He turned round to find Madelon by his side.

"Say, this young goatherd has got hold of a lingo of his own," he complained. "I don't know as anyone but a monkey could tell what he's chattering about. Seems kind of annoyed with me, but I can't get a word of it."

"It is the dialect of the Italians here," Madelon explained. "Let me try."

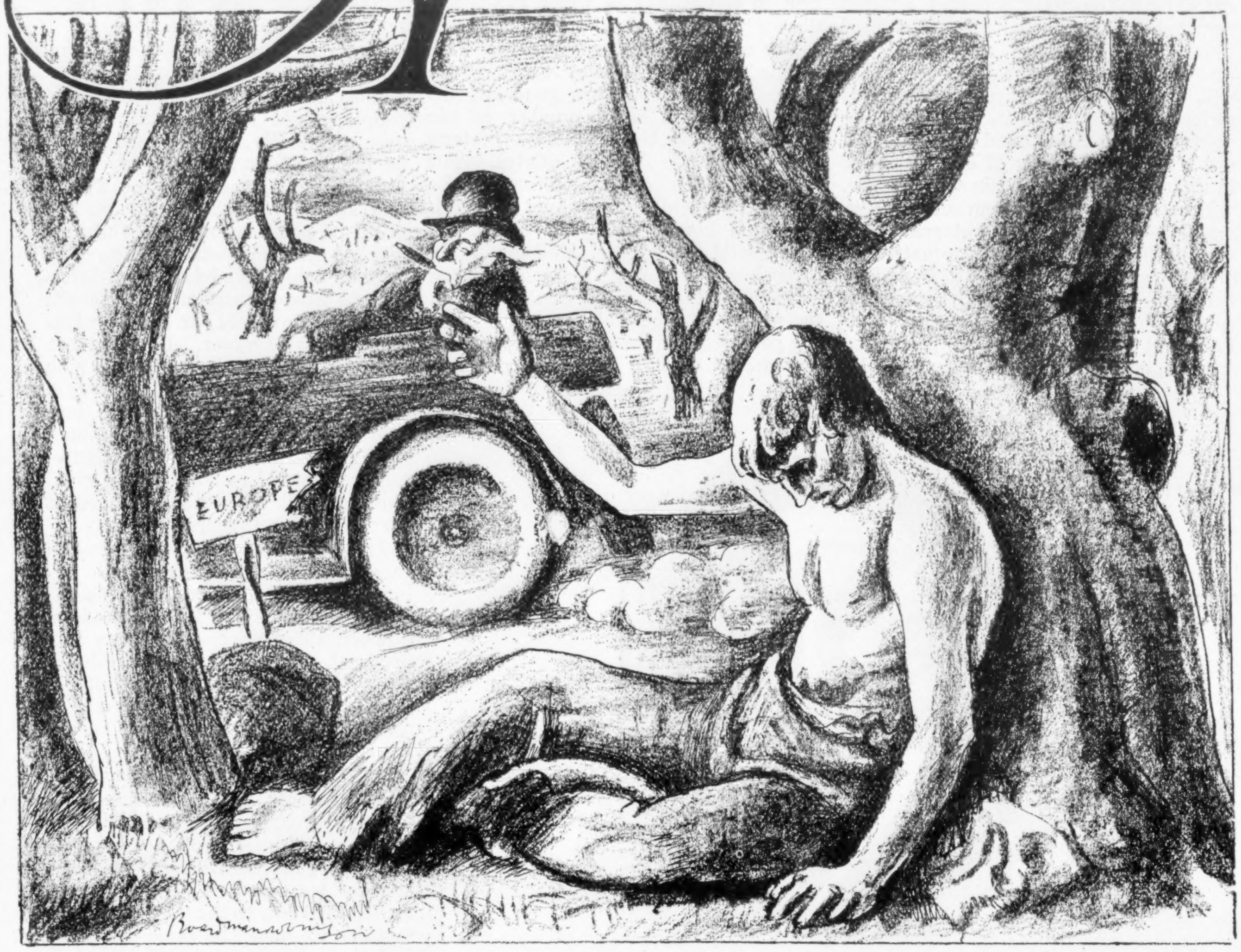
She spoke to him patiently. The boy only shook his head. Presently he poured out another glass of wine and drank it. Then he sat quite still, stolid and inattentive. He took no notice of Madelon's questions. He showed no sign of understanding a word she said. In the end she was seized by a sudden revulsion. She tugged at her companion's arm.

"Come away!" she begged. "He will not reply. He pretends not to understand me, but I think he does. Let us leave him."

"Guess you're right," Mr. Billingham assented. "He's a crazy loon, if ever there was one, or he wouldn't speak such gibberish. Anyway, it's not our business."

They passed on. The young man looked after them sullenly and helped himself to more wine. Ten minutes later, when Mr. Billingham, obeying an unaccountable impulse, chose a moment when Madelon was talking to some acquaintances and (*Continued on page 46*)

Are WE blocking the ROAD?



By
COL. EDWARD M. HOUSE

DRAWING BY
BOARDMAN ROBINSON

"—and passed by on the other side"
—The Parable of the Good Samaritan

ONE of the ironies of history is that the nation best able to conserve world peace, and whose people are most altruistically interested in its attainment, is the nation now standing in the path of peace.

The plan for world peace, which practically every nation other than Bolshevik Russia and the United States has accepted as being the most feasible, is of American origin. Its best-known promoters and organizers were leaders in the Republican party, and their main concern during the World War was to convince President Wilson of its virtues and to enlist his potent influence in its behalf. Having accomplished this, and Wilson having woven the Covenant into the warp and woof of the Versailles Treaty, many of these Republicans are now seeking to find some substitute for the League of Nations upon which the hallmark of Woodrow Wilson has not been placed. These efforts are largely being directed toward conferences for the limitation of armaments.

However worthy these efforts may be, it is apparent to those who best know world conditions that such conferences are wholly inadequate. The United States should make up its mind to coöperate with other nations in the only way that such coöperation can be effective or prepare to protect itself through a purely selfish policy of isolation. The policy we are now pursuing is akin to madness. To refuse to coöperate with the League of Nations, which is the only instrument that can bring about world disarmament, and yet to disarm ourselves is the acme of mistaken statesmanship.

It is difficult to fathom the minds of those isolationists who believe that such a policy will keep us out of war. It did not keep us out of the War of 1812. It did not keep us out of war with Spain and least of all did it keep us out of the World War. On the contrary, we went into it not on our terms but on terms with the making of which we had nothing whatever to do. If Germany had not made the blunder of violating her treaty with Belgium and the blunder of conducting a pitiless undersea warfare, it would have been at least doubtful whether we finally would have landed in the Allied camp or in the camp of the Central Powers. It will be so again if a great war comes, in which we are on the outside and have no opportunity to use our influence to warn and direct would-be belligerents.

The interests of France and Great Britain now touch at many points and should war unhappily come again between these oftentime antagonists, what would happen if we stood aloof? The British fleet undoubtedly would try to blockade France as effectively as it did Germany. American ships sailing for neutral ports in Spain, Italy and Belgium would be dealt with as they were in the last war, and we would be involved as we were in 1917-18, and for very much the same reasons.

Nothing could be more futile than the calling of another Washington conference, unless, indeed, the object were to make us more impotent on the seas than we now are. Great Britain would accept such a call gladly, because her position is not unlike ours, and the policy of the present British Government is to draw closer to the United States in world affairs. But France, and not Great Britain, is the dominant factor in Continental Europe, and it is in Continental Europe that the question of peace or war is to be settled. Americans may as well accept the fact that France will not reduce her army or her air and undersea fleets until and unless her safety is guaranteed in some satisfactory form: not guaranteed from the Germany of to-day, but from a Germany of the future, fear of which is an obsession there is no hope of exorcising. Unless she has some satisfactory assurance of help in the event of future German aggression, France will not disarm. No amount of pressure, moral or economic, brought to bear upon her by the United States and Great Britain will change her determination in the least. She desires our good will; she desires the good will of Great Britain; she wants to diminish her expenses in order that her budget may meet, but, above all these considerations, she wants the assurance of safety, and until she obtains it she will not consent to disarm.

It seems to be settled that the United States will not be a party to this assurance, but it is also true, though this is not generally understood, that the United States stands in the path of France's efforts to obtain it elsewhere, as, for instance, through the Protocol formulated at Geneva last September. The Protocol is a proposal that France has indicated a willingness to accept but at which Great Britain balks. And why? Ostensibly because her dominions object to it as it now stands, but in fact more largely because her acceptance of it might bring her into conflict with the United States. If Great Britain accepted the Protocol as it is, and war came, let us say, between Italy and Jugoslavia, and Italy refused to submit the controversy to arbitration, that Protocol would compel Great Britain to join other nations in the League in an economic boycott of Italy. The United States, not being a party to the Protocol, would continue to trade with Italy. The result would be that British trade would suffer to the profit of the United States, and it might well happen that the workmen of Great Britain would resent seriously the idleness and loss of wages which would follow and thereby bring about domestic difficulties and the danger of tension with the United States.

Again, it might happen that, not being a party to the Protocol, we would become the recalcitrant nation and refuse to arbitrate a controversy with another power. And Great Britain would be in difficulties once more, inasmuch as the fulfillment of her obligations under the Protocol would almost certainly involve her in war with the United States. For, be it remembered, if the Protocol is ratified as it now stands, every nation, whether a member or nonmember of the League, will be obliged to submit its controversies with another nation to arbitration or suffer the consequences imposed by the Protocol.

In a recent article entitled "We Must Coöperate," Mr. George W. Wickersham, Attorney General in Mr. Taft's Cabinet, said:

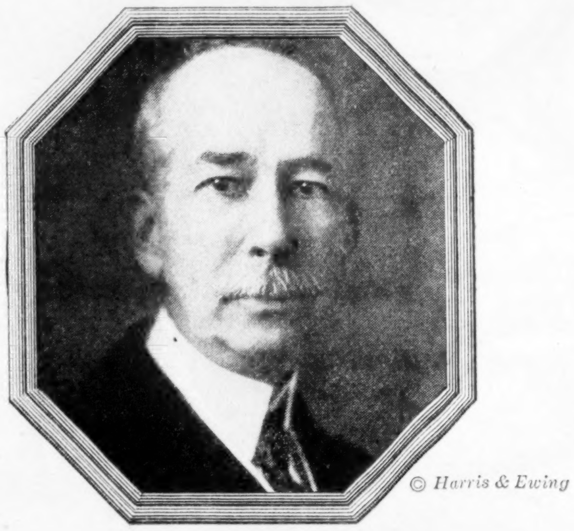
"If the Protocol or some similar measure were adopted in Europe, there is every reason to believe that its signatories would act upon it. But their hope and desire to check war by applying economic pressure will be defeated as long as America claims for herself freedom of action in every circumstance. America's economic resources are so tremendous that if really open to a European state they would enable it easily to defy and resist economic outlawry by the other European countries. In that way a situation would arise in which the nations which form the League would either have to give up the task of enforcing peace or would have to intensify their pressure by passing from economic nonintercourse to military imposition.

"Americans who criticize the lingering intention to use force on behalf of the League are therefore faced with a serious problem of conscience. They will have to find a way out of the dilemma that the eventual use of military force against an aggressor cannot altogether be prescribed until it has been proved that economic measures suffice for keeping the peace, and that economic measures will fail to keep the peace in Europe as long as the American market remains open to a would-be or actual European war maker. We have so far refused to help the League in keeping the peace; the question now is whether we are actually to interfere with the League when, in a crisis, it attempts to do so."

Our attitude toward the League may result in Great Britain's persuading France to accept a special security pact in lieu of the Protocol. This would be an international misfortune, for it would mean separate treaties of alliance and would bring the world back to the old policy of the balance of power—a policy which in the past has been so disastrous to peace.

Some writers have criticized the Protocol on the ground that it was proposed and adopted at Geneva for the purpose of isolating the United States, and that in effect it could mean an alliance of the entire world, other than Russia, against the United States. But it is well to remember that the substance of the Protocol is of American origin. (See "Woodrow Wilson and the Peace Conference," 3d vol., pages 84 and 85, articles 14 to 19 inclusive, by Ray Stannard Baker.) In fact, the members of the League did not have the United States in mind when the Protocol was formulated and adopted, but were actuated solely by a desire to maintain world peace. It must be admitted, nevertheless, that if the United States continues its fatuous policy of isolation, the League plus the proposed Protocol might easily lead to a world alliance against us—not an offensive alliance, but a sympathetic alliance of the other nations, in which we would have no part, and that would probably become stronger as the years rolled by. After Germany and Russia become members of the League the circle of our isolation will be complete. We shall be thought of as the outlaw nation, a nation unwilling to abide by a general and all-embracing law which the others have evolved to keep the peace. Slowly perhaps, but nevertheless surely, our moral prestige will suffer, and it may well be that commercial and trade understandings will be entered into by League members that will be disastrous to us.

The people of the United States should not delude themselves into believing that this country will always be in its present relative position of power. Sooner or later Europe will come back to normal, and when she does Great Britain, Russia, Germany, France and Italy, to say nothing of Japan, will hold an overwhelming preponderance of power in the world. And this will be augmented if they are working together in an international association of which we are not a member. While our people as a whole are not alive to these facts, our statesmen should be, for they will frame the policies, mistaken or otherwise, that will bring happiness and well-being or the reverse to our citizenship. I would ask those who are pleased to link Washington with our isolation policy to read their histories carefully and disillusion themselves. Those of us who are for the League as it stands are not pleading for an acceptance of the Covenant. The minds of our people have been too well poisoned against that great document—in the opinion of many, the greatest of all human documents—to permit the hope that they will at the moment join in the almost universal approval of it. But what we do ask is that the United States should not stand in the way of other nations in their efforts to maintain world peace.



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THERE has never been anyone in the world quite like Colonel House. He has never been an office holder—just a plain, unassuming American citizen. But for many years he has known the great of the earth. He was an unofficial power in Washington during Wilson's régime. During the war and the peace negotiations he sat with the mighty in high seats. But never *once* in all these years has he sought place or favor for himself. In Europe in 1912 and 1913 he saw that a great war was impending and tried, as hard as an influential American could, to avert it; then to find a basis for peace. To-day he looks into the future with a clarity of vision equaled by few of our public men.

Because of our system of government, there are but two statesmen that need to be considered in the matter of international relations—the President and the chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations. The President has the positive power to propose, construct and execute, and the Chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations has much negative power to obstruct. Among the people at large President Coolidge has become a popular figure, and deservedly so. He has conducted the everyday affairs of the Republic in a way to inspire confidence in his integrity and good judgment. He has not yet gone far afield in constructive statesmanship, but his friends believe that he has it in him to do so and that early in his own term of office he will broaden the administrative horizon, particularly in foreign affairs. Few Presidents in our history have had so splendid an opportunity for service, and it is to be hoped that he will not neglect it. He has an admirable Secretary of State in Mr. Kellogg, and he needs but exercise the courage which his friends claim for him to lift himself out of the rank of mediocre Presidents and place himself in the front rank. What he does needs be done quickly, for his power over Congress will lessen month by month as his inauguration recedes into the past.

There is a feeling throughout the country that the President is moving as fast toward international coöperation in the matter of world peace and disarmament as the American people desire or the Senate will permit. This is one of those fallacies which if repeated often enough are generally believed. Only a small number of the citizens of the United States pretend to understand foreign affairs. The people *en masse* are willing to be guided in such matters by the President and his Secretary of State. If Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Kellogg would formulate a policy looking toward world coöperation and would explain the necessity for it, eighty per cent of our people would lend their support. If they would explain that such a policy of coöperation could be effective only through a league of nations and why, our people would understand. Such a policy need not embrace full membership in the League and need not commit the United States to the Covenant or any part of it. In truth, it would be better for the League to have us merely associated with it in some way rather than to enter it with reservations. Such reservations as we would be almost certain to make would weaken the Covenant and would give other countries, now accepting it in good faith, an excuse and a precedent, when some controversy arose, to follow our example.

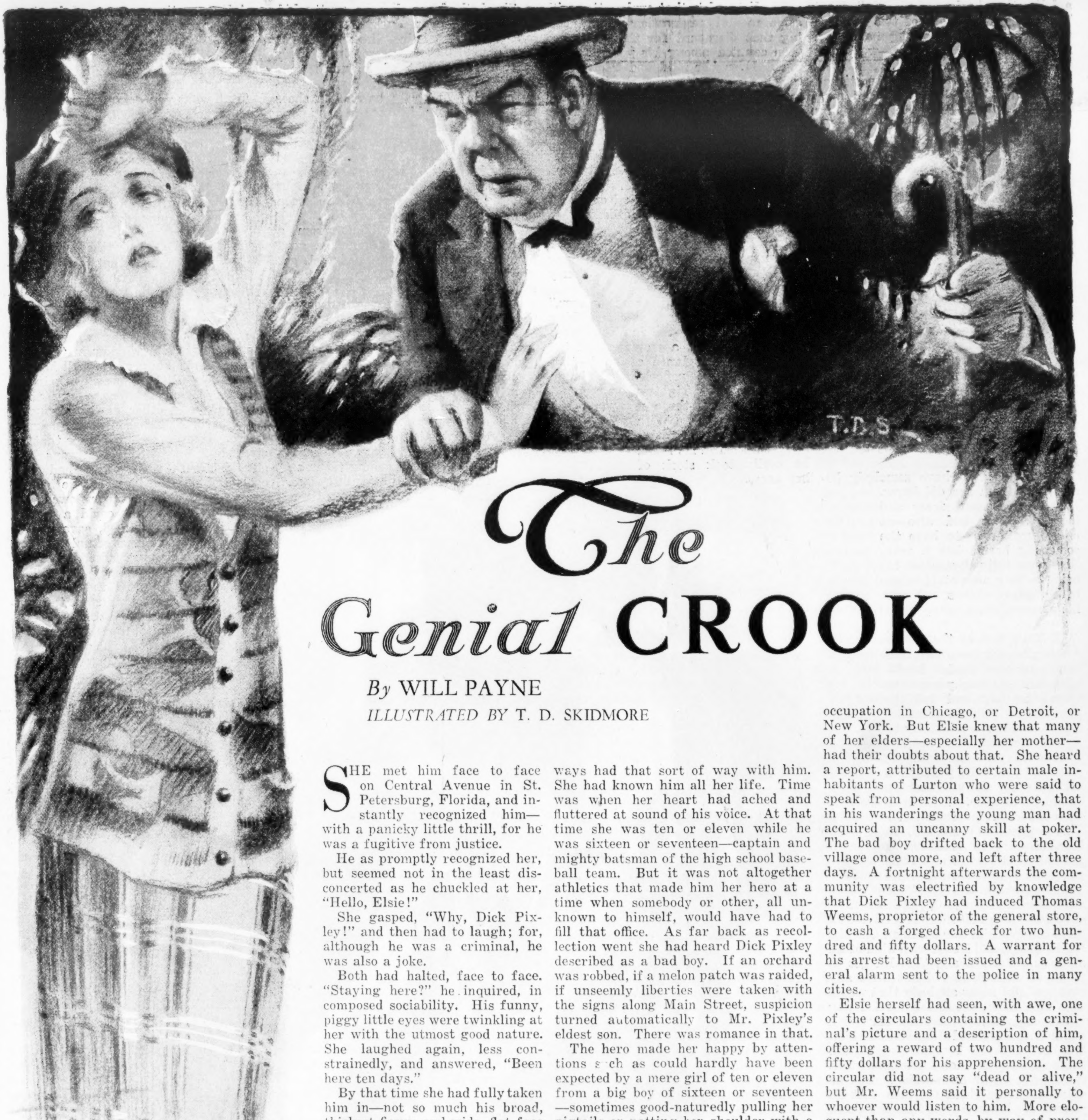
Our Senate, as now constituted, would be sure to be much more critical than the people of any plan the President and his Secretary of State might propose. But death and the primaries have wrought havoc with the Senate Irreconcilables, and they are not a very formidable body now. Sooner or later the Senate must be deprived of its present power of obstruction, particularly regarding treaties. It is preposterous that war can be made by the joint act of a majority of both Houses of Congress, but that peace cannot be made except by a two-thirds majority of the Senate.

Any courageous President at the beginning of his term can start in motion a movement to change this rule. The people would support such a motion overwhelmingly, and the change could be brought about within a reasonably short time. Meanwhile the President and Mr. Kellogg could prepare a program of coöperation with the League that not even the most obstinate of isolationists could plead led to an interference in European affairs, or committed us to the Covenant, or entangled us in any way whatsoever. It would not be even necessary to bring such a plan to the Senate in the form of a treaty, and therefore that body could be largely shorn of its power of obstruction. In fact, a mere majority in both Houses of Congress would be sufficient to give the President all the authority needful to carry his plan through.

The recent vote of the House of Representatives favoring the World Court by 301 to 28 indicates what the President might expect. There would be no division along party lines upon such a proposal. The President would have the votes of Democrats and Republicans alike, as, indeed, he should have when it comes to sustaining his hand in international affairs.

The World Court is a gesture in the right direction, but it is not enough. When, and if, we adhere to the World Court, our position will not be materially different from what it is now. As a member we can, but need not, submit any controversy to the Court. As a nonmember we have the same opportunity and the same lack of obligation. The main good to be gained by our entrance into the Court will be its psychological effect at home and abroad. Abroad our entrance into the Court will be an indication of our good will toward a closer communion of nations. At home it will serve as a process of education and will quicken the interest of our people in world affairs. The passage of the resolution by the House was largely the result of the courageous leadership of Theodore Burton of Ohio, and proves what can be done by one man.

We have already let precious years go since the Armistice, blocking rather than helping world peace. It is only now that we have given private but not official aid toward breaking the long and hurtful deadlock on reparations. It is only now that we are giving countenance in a hesitating way to the much-needed social and hygienic measures that are coming before the League for settlement. Meanwhile we have lost moral prestige in the eyes of the world because of our selfish timidity. Is it not time to awaken from our happy dreams of self-appreciation and see ourselves as others see us? Is it not time we met our obligations to our dead in France and no longer have them as our silent but eloquent accusers? They made the supreme sacrifice, gallantly and gladly, that we might live in security and peace, and with the buoyant expectation that we would use all the resources of this great land to protect the youth of another generation from meeting the unhappy fate that had befallen them. What better time than Memorial Day for the President to make his announcement that he is ready to meet the obligation under which we rest and that the United States will no longer block the way to peace? He, and he only, can speak with authority.



Dick stuck out his jaw and scowled piggily. Elsie cut him short: "I'll give you twelve hours to get out of town"

The Genial CROOK

By WILL PAYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY T. D. SKIDMORE

SHE met him face to face on Central Avenue in St. Petersburg, Florida, and instantly recognized him—with a panicky little thrill, for he was a fugitive from justice.

He as promptly recognized her, but seemed not in the least disconcerted as he chuckled at her, "Hello, Elsie!"

She gasped, "Why, Dick Pixley!" and then had to laugh; for, although he was a criminal, he was also a joke.

Both had halted, face to face. "Staying here?" he inquired, in composed sociability. His funny, piggy little eyes were twinkling at her with the utmost good nature. She laughed again, less constrainedly, and answered, "Been here ten days."

By that time she had fully taken him in—not so much his broad, thickset figure and wide, flat face with a funny little nose in the middle of it, for she already knew that by heart; but his gray summer suit with its look of having just been taken off the lay figure in a tailor's show window, his glossy shoes, new straw hat and the fine-plaited, beautifully laundered white shirt that swelled gently down to a well-fed waist line. He looked the very image of prosperity, with a silver buckle on his belt and a silver handle on his shiny walking stick.

"Let's walk," he suggested. At the moment she attached no significance to the fact that it was she, not he, who turned around, so that they walked in his direction, not in hers. But she might have remembered that he'd always had that sort of way with him. She had known him all her life. Time was when her heart had ached and fluttered at sound of his voice. At that time she was ten or eleven while he was sixteen or seventeen—captain and mighty batsman of the high school baseball team. But it was not altogether athletics that made him her hero at a time when somebody or other, all unknown to himself, would have had to fill that office. As far back as recollection went she had heard Dick Pixley described as a bad boy. If an orchard was robbed, if a melon patch was raided, if unseemly liberties were taken with the signs along Main Street, suspicion turned automatically to Mr. Pixley's eldest son. There was romance in that.

The hero made her happy by attentions such as could hardly have been expected by a mere girl of ten or eleven from a big boy of sixteen or seventeen—sometimes good-naturedly pulling her pigtails or patting her shoulder with a big, sweaty hand. Once, in recognition of a feat at basket ball, he told her in all seriousness, fairly as between equals, that she was a game little sport, and her heart overflowed her bosom.

But when the back door of Weems' general store was forced and the ancient safe rifled of a bag of silver change, and Mr. Pixley—as everybody in the village promptly knew—had to make good the loss and pay a round sum besides to "hush the matter up" even young Elsie Turner began to entertain grave misgivings.

NOT long after this exploit Dick Pixley drifted out of her sight—to drift back again at irregular intervals, for shorter or longer sojourns. He gave various explanations of himself, saying that he was employed in this or that occupation in Chicago, or Detroit, or New York. But Elsie knew that many of her elders—especially her mother—had their doubts about that. She heard a report, attributed to certain male inhabitants of Lurton who were said to speak from personal experience, that in his wanderings the young man had acquired an uncanny skill at poker. The bad boy drifted back to the old village once more, and left after three days. A fortnight afterwards the community was electrified by knowledge that Dick Pixley had induced Thomas Weems, proprietor of the general store, to cash a forged check for two hundred and fifty dollars. A warrant for his arrest had been issued and a general alarm sent to the police in many cities.

Elsie herself had seen, with awe, one of the circulars containing the criminal's picture and a description of him, offering a reward of two hundred and fifty dollars for his apprehension. The circular did not say "dead or alive," but Mr. Weems said it personally to whoever would listen to him. More eloquent than any words, by way of proving the implacable nature of the victim's resentment, was the fact that on top of having lost two hundred and fifty dollars in good money through the scoundrel, Mr. Weems was formally pledging himself to part with another two hundred and fifty dollars in good money for the satisfaction of seeing him in jail. It would be impossible for Mr. Weems, even by murder, to give more convincing proof of anger.

At that time she had been shocked and grieved by Dick's crime. The circular with his picture and description looked as ominous as a gallows. All the same, being alone in her half-story bedroom at home, she had laughed heartily. For there was no denying that Mr. Thomas Weems was frightfully stingy. She had often heard her uncritical father say, "He don't think any more of a dollar than he does of his life." That he had been done out of two hundred and fifty dollars by a young man whom he knew to be a rascal—well, you couldn't help laughing. . . .

Dick chuckled now as he questioned her about the old town, mentioning one inhabitant after another, cracking jokes about them that set her to laughing. A great many other people were promenading the broad cement sidewalks of Central Avenue and sitting on the green benches. People were coming and going at all the shop doors. Out in the brick roadway moved a constant procession of loaded automobiles. Over in Williams Park, at this hour, several thousand would be listening to the band concert and watching the horseshoe pitchers or roque players, or sitting at the checker and domino tables. There would be a crowd on the beach and in the sea; a crowd everywhere, all holiday-making in one way or another, under a broad blue sky, in June weather, although this was February. For ten days she had been among the crowds, interested, delighted, yet with an odd sense of isolation, for in all the seventy or eighty thousand who might be hereabouts she did not know a soul.

It was good to have somebody beside her whom she did know. Her laugh became freer and happier. Not bad also—at only twenty-one—to have the somebody beside her a man. She was fully aware of his being a very presentable man, in his smart clothes and with his assured air.

AT THE foot of the avenue they turned toward a brand-new park on "made" land—sand that had been pumped up from the bay and toilfully nursed into sufficient fertility for grass and subtropical shrubs. So far the crowd had not discovered it, preferring the old park uptown. They found a bench facing the sea under a clump of bamboo. Their gossip about Lurton continued.

Presently he remarked, in his best-natured manner, "I got one good deed to my credit anyhow. I stung old Tightwad Tom Weems for two-fifty." He gave a fat, gurgling little chuckle. "He did it himself really. You see, I showed him this check on Chicago for two-fifty, and I said with kind of an anxious, careworn air, that I'd got to go to New York and didn't have any cash and if I knew anybody that would cash that good check for me I'd pay twenty-five dollars commission." He gurgled again. "Old Tom had to kinda hide his face so I wouldn't see him licking his chops when I mentioned that twenty-five-dollar commission. But he didn't cash the check for me. Not on your life! He said he'd take the check and deposit it in his bank, and then if the bank in Chicago paid it he'd give me the money. So I said all right and gave him the check. He deposited it in his bank at Lurton, and the bank in Chicago paid it all right, and then he handed me over the money—taking out his twenty-five-dollar commission. The check itself was all right; but the man that drew it claimed it had been stolen and the endorsement was forged. So soon's it got around to him he made his bank in Chicago throw it out, and the bank in Chicago come back on the bank at Lurton and the Lurton bank come back on old Tom, and old Tom got out a warrant for me. I don't know whether the endorsement was really forged or not. I cashed it for a fellah myself and didn't charge him any twenty-five-dollar commission either."

She listened to that explanation with some mental reservations, remembering that disregard for the truth had been counted among his youthful failings. Even her mild and tolerant father had once declared that Dick Pixley was the doggonedest liar that ever stood in shoe leather. But he saved her the bother of harboring a suspicion by adding genially:

"All the same, soon's I got old Tom's two-twenty-five in my fist, I beat it out of town, and I ain't figuring on going back very soon. I was kind of a philanthropist. I thought most likely when old Tom found out what had been done to him he'd die in a fit. Then my native town would be rid of him, and Jimmy would get the store. How is Jimmy nowadays?"

"Oh, he's all right; the same as ever," she replied. But there was something about her manner—the faintest forced note in her voice, a movement of the hands, a quick glance seaward—that arrested him. He reflected that Jimmy Weems, son of old Tightwad Tom, would be about twenty-three now, and she about twenty-one. With that arresting suggestion or speculation in his mind, he coolly took stock of her anew.

She had always been a pretty kid, with brown eyes, dusky rose cheeks, and dark, curly hair—slim and straight and round. She was wearing a very simple dress—sort of brown, if one could call it anything—and an unornamented brown straw hat. The shoes had been blacked a good many times. He knew mighty well that as pretty a girl as she was would wear prettier clothes if she had them. . . . And Jimmy Weems! With that quick, seaward look there seemed to be a slight sagging of her shoulders, a little droop at the corners of her cherry lips.

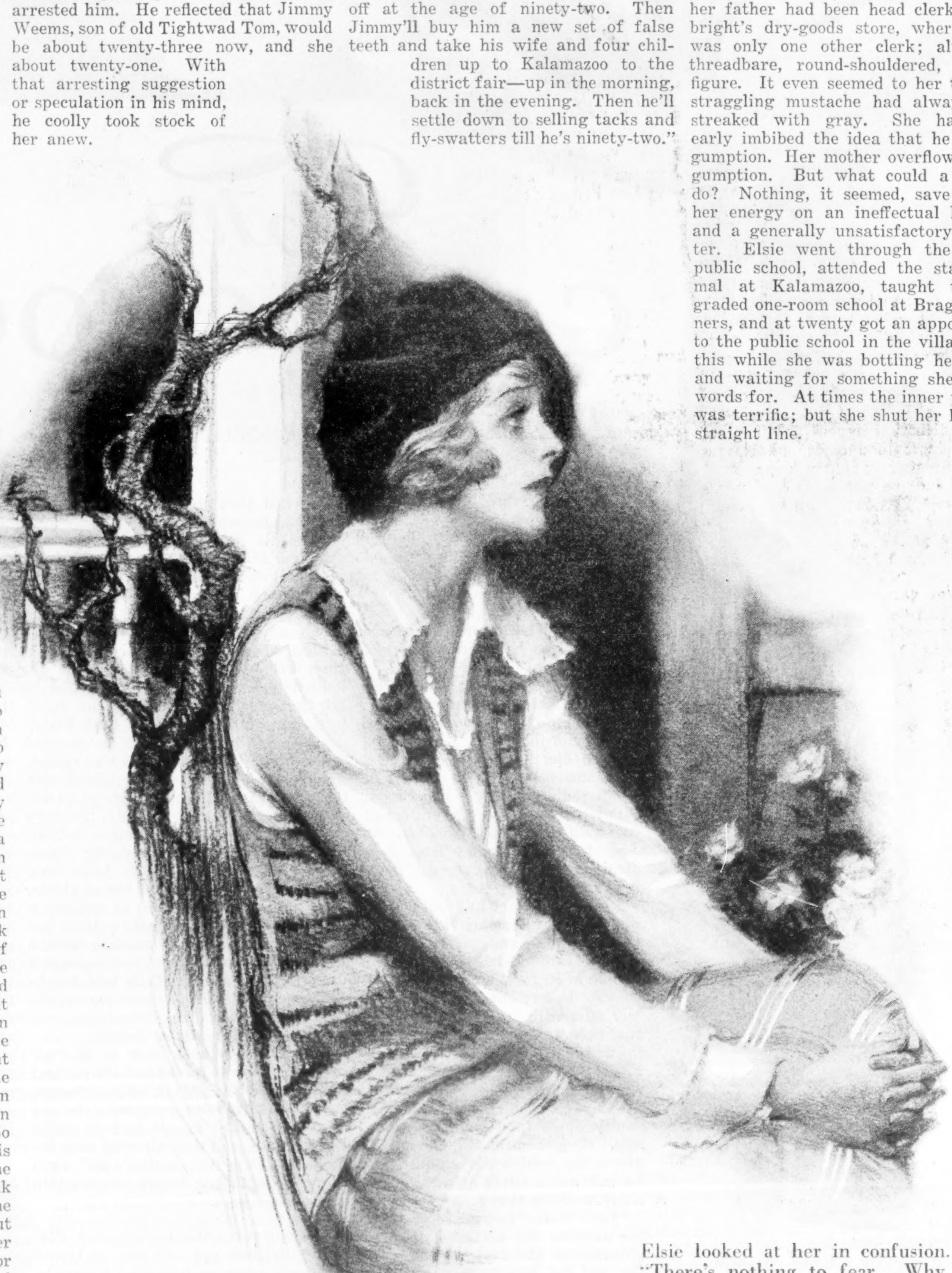
Very good-naturedly, but from a height, he observed, "Jimmy's a good boy. Only trouble with him is he's got no guts. He let's his father bully the life out of him." She was still looking seaward; there surely was a droop at the corners of her lips. From the heights, amiably, he pronounced a prophecy, "Jimmy'll stick along in that little hardware store till old Tom drops off at the age of ninety-two. Then Jimmy'll buy him a new set of false teeth and take his wife and four children up to Kalamazoo to the district fair—up in the morning, back in the evening. Then he'll settle down to selling tacks and fly-swatters till he's ninety-two."

A little motion ran through her body, like a shiver or shrinking from a blow; her hands came together in her lap. But he did not wish to make her unhappy, and his tone immediately became warm with human interest:

"But what you doing down here, Elsie? Who's with you?"

As though that warmed her back to life she turned to him, her brown eyes quizzical and dancing. For a moment she seemed inviting him to guess the riddle; then answered plumply, "Nobody's with me. I ran away." She told him how it happened.

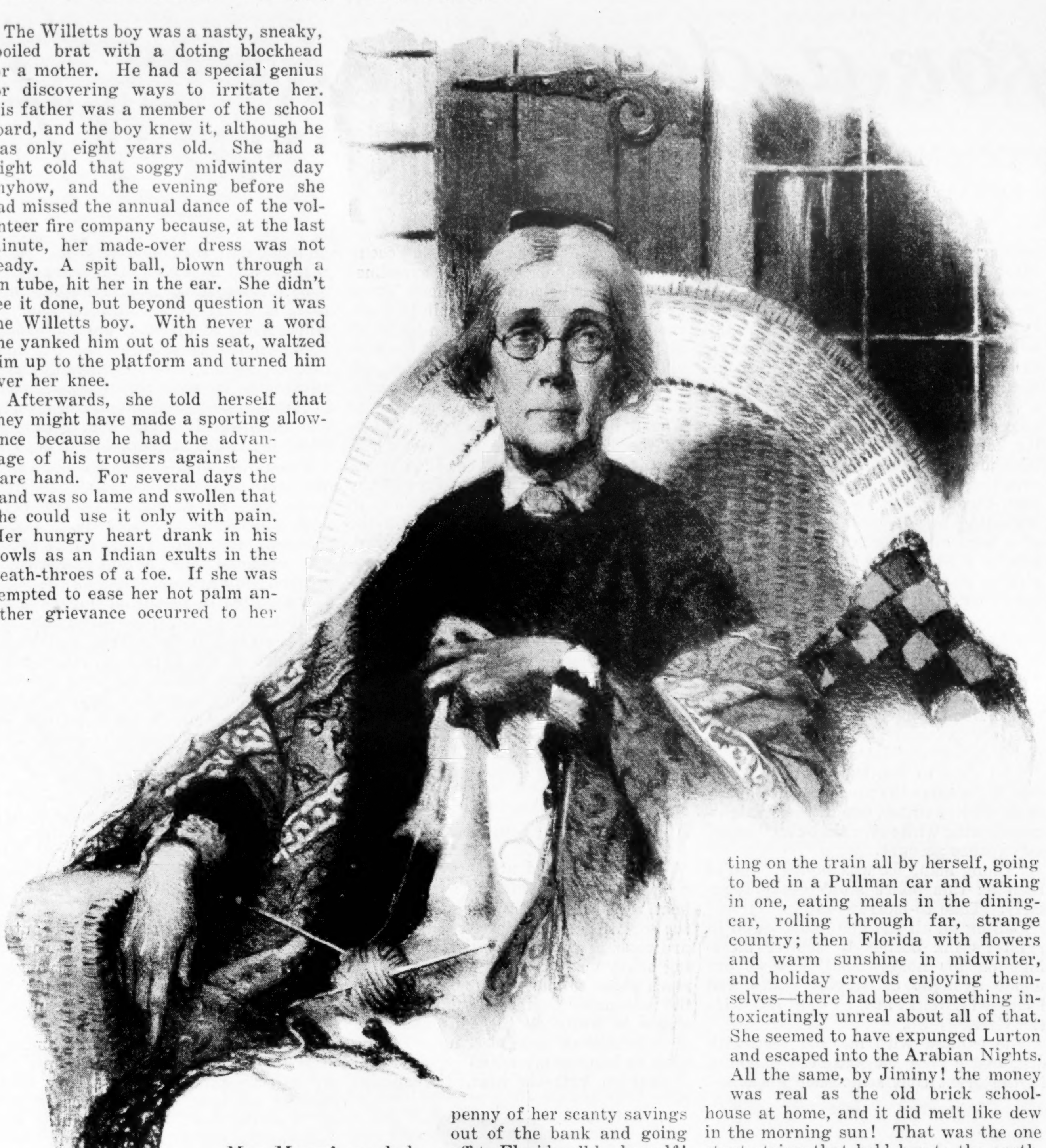
HE ALREADY knew the background—for example, that story-and-a-half brown house with an L on Oak Street in Lurton in which she had always lived. Twice within her recollection the paint had been renewed; but she could not remember when one of the shutters on a window in the half-story had not hung awry. All her life her father had been head clerk in Albright's dry-goods store, where there was only one other clerk; always a threadbare, round-shouldered, harried figure. It even seemed to her that his straggling mustache had always been streaked with gray. She had very early imbibed the idea that he had no gumption. Her mother overflowed with gumption. But what could a woman do? Nothing, it seemed, save expend her energy on an ineffectual husband and a generally unsatisfactory daughter. Elsie went through the village public school, attended the state normal at Kalamazoo, taught the ungraded one-room school at Bragg's Corners, and at twenty got an appointment to the public school in the village. All this while she was bottling herself up and waiting for something she had no words for. At times the inner pressure was terrific; but she shut her lips in a straight line.



Elsie looked at her in confusion. "There's nothing to fear. Why, it's almost like going to a doctor's office"

The Willetts boy was a nasty, sneaky, spoiled brat with a doting blockhead for a mother. He had a special genius for discovering ways to irritate her. His father was a member of the school board, and the boy knew it, although he was only eight years old. She had a slight cold that soggy midwinter day anyhow, and the evening before she had missed the annual dance of the volunteer fire company because, at the last minute, her made-over dress was not ready. A spit ball, blown through a tin tube, hit her in the ear. She didn't see it done, but beyond question it was the Willetts boy. With never a word she yanked him out of his seat, waltzed him up to the platform and turned him over her knee.

Afterwards, she told herself that they might have made a sporting allowance because he had the advantage of his trousers against her bare hand. For several days the hand was so lame and swollen that she could use it only with pain. Her hungry heart drank in his howls as an Indian exults in the death-throes of a foe. If she was tempted to ease her hot palm another grievance occurred to her and she laid on afresh. When she released Adelbert he stood on tiptoe, bellying out to escape the swarm of hornets beneath his trousers, head thrown back, agony inspiring his lungs. It was a ridiculous attitude and she boxed his ears for it.



Mrs. Meggs' gnarled hands began to tremble. "I hope he's honest . . ." A tear ran down either wrinkled cheek

There was a final scene in the principal's office, with Mr. Willetts gaping at her through gold-bowed spectacles like an outraged owl and Mrs. Willetts, pink with indignation, compressing her lips, and the flustered principal. She was dismissed in disgrace, corporal punishment being strictly forbidden in the public school. Her mother was voluble about the disgrace; her father could only, in secret, pat her shoulder. But she found that her capacity for explosion was by no means exhausted; on the contrary, exercise seemed to have stimulated it. The Uphams were about to leave for Florida. She resolved to go with them, and when the illness of Mrs. Upham's mother kept them at home she went alone—a perfectly healthy young woman drawing every penny of her scanty savings out of the bank and going off to Florida all by herself! She knew that Lurton still reverberated with that. She had even refused to "jaw" with her apoplectic mother about it—had just shut her lips in a straight line and gone ahead with her packing.

As she told the story Dick Pixley's funny, piggy little eyes twinkled and snapped with approbation; he chuckled and gurgled, his big frame shook with laughter. She was aware of rising many steps in his esteem.

"I've a room in the Merriweather Apartments—over there, only two blocks from here," she told him. The room, in fact, was more expensive than she could well afford and contained only a cheap single bed, bureau, one chair; but its window did command a view of the bay and it was near the beach. Everything was more expensive than she had expected. She found the salt-water bathing delightful, but a room at the bath house cost thirty-five cents so she went in only twice a week. Often, looking at the sea through her one window, she lunched surreptitiously on rolls or crackers and water. At least every other day she counted the thin sheaf of bills in her stocking.

That grand gesture of independence back at Lurton, defying her mother and drawing every cent of her money out of the bank to spend, had set up a queer, exhilarating sense of unreality. Getting on the train all by herself, going to bed in a Pullman car and waking in one, eating meals in the dining-car, rolling through far, strange country; then Florida with flowers and warm sunshine in midwinter, and holiday crowds enjoying themselves—there had been something intoxicatingly unreal about all of that. She seemed to have expunged Lurton and escaped into the Arabian Nights. All the same, by Jiminy! the money was real as the old brick schoolhouse at home, and it did melt like dew in the morning sun! That was the one stout string that held her to the earth. But she had a return ticket home; rent on her room was paid to the end of the season; she meant to stick it out if she had to live altogether on crackers.

Dick Pixley loosened the string. One day he came in an automobile and took her over to Clearwater, where they lunched in a vast, awesome hotel such as she had never entered before. Another day they went to Tampa on the boat, with luncheon in another huge hotel, returning in the afternoon. On her bathing day he accompanied her to the beach. It was kind of compromising, for he was a fugitive from justice. But she had known him all her life and was a fugitive too. Down here in Arabian Nights things didn't count as they did up in Michigan. It had never occurred to her to be timorous about men. He made no suggestion that she should not inform the folks back in Lurton of his whereabouts. Both of them, it seemed, had simply taken that for granted.

THEY were strolling down thronged Central Avenue from a motion picture matinée. The show window displayed several street dresses on wire frames. It was the dark red one that caught her eye; that was her color. The ticket on its breast was "$49.50 marked down from $75." Beneath the dress stood two dainty red shoes and a pair of silk stockings to match. The red hat with a drooping brim was offered at twelve dollars against an original price of eighteen. Her feet lagged a little as she speculated once more on how it might feel to walk into a shop and buy everything new, everything to match, at one stroke.

Her companion put a large, warm hand on her shoulder. When she glanced up even his funny little nose—in the middle of so broad a face—seemed to wrinkle with humorous appreciation.

"See here, Els"—for he had taken to shortening her name after the first day—"I've got a roll that would choke a camel. Be a good sport. Come in and I'll buy the outfit for you." He added, quite seriously, "You ought to have it, you know. It really belongs to you. I'll blow the money on some fool thing anyhow and I always liked you. Come on, now."

THE big, warm hand was urging her toward the shop door, and a surge of exultation and pain went through her heart. She could see herself in those pretty clothes—just her color. But it was only an instant. She laughed and shook her head at him, her voice a bit tremulous.

"Oh, no, Dick. You're a good fellow, but I couldn't do that."

Twinkling at her, he urged, "Why, sure you could! Why not? I'll blow the money for something. I'd rather blow it for you. Come on! Be a sport!" His hand was still compulsively on her shoulder.

"No, no! I couldn't do it, Dick!" She was still laughing.

"Come on, now! Of course you could!" He was pushing her toward the door.

She braced herself against the push. The laugh died. Her lips made a straight line. Her brown eyes thrust at him. "No! It's out of the question. Stop!"

He knew it was final, and his hand dropped from her shoulder. "What are you so silly about?" he demanded, with sudden irritation. But that swiftly passed and he gurgled, "You're a stubborn little mule, ain't you?"

Next day, lounging on the beach, he brought up the subject, "'Member those red clothes, Els? On the level, I'll put you in the way of making some money. You can do it, easy as falling off a log.

"It ain't any business of mine, really," he explained soberly. "I'm just putting you in the way of it out of friendship for you. I know a fellah here—name's Seymour, Prof. Albert Seymour. He's a spiritualist medium. They say he's one of the best in the country. But it's just like anything else—you can't make any money out of it unless you get in touch with people that's got money."

"Seymour wants to get acquainted with somebody?" she asked, all attention.

"Sure. You got it." He nodded approval of her ready apprehension. "That's just it. There's an old dame here from Oklahoma. Name's Mrs. Henry Meggs. She's a pea out of the same pod as the farmers' wives up at Lurton. You'd get on with her fine. They was farmers till they struck oil. Meggs dropped off eighteen months ago and left her seven hundred thousand bucks. And this old bird's got about as much use for the money as I'd have for a harp.

"You see, Els, it would be a favor to her if you was to get her in touch with Seymour. He couldn't possibly do her any real harm, with all that money. Probably he'd get her to talking with Henry. They had a daughter that died before they struck oil. Seymour'd get her on the wire too. This old bird must be mighty lonesome."

He explained it in such a sober, matter-of-fact way that she could only stare and ask, "But what do you expect me to do?" (*Continued on page 34*)

Oh, for a day in the COUNTRY!

By
McALISTER COLEMAN
ILLUSTRATED BY RAY ROHN

"THIS guy was pushing a pre-ambulator acrost Seventh Avenoo when a wop come up and attackted him with a ax. He walloped the wop in the beezer and they are both in the Harlem Hospital sufferin' from contusions, abrasions, and possible fractures of the skull."

The unimpassioned voice of Jimmy Harrigan, who covered the Harlem district for us, preserved its wonted calm despite the horrendous happenings of which it told. I leaned a bored ear into the telephone receiver and said wearily, "All right, Jimmy, shoot." Bit by bit, in the practiced manner of the veteran police reporter, he unfolded the story of the shocking assault upon the peaceful "pre-ambulator" pusher. Following which, he regaled me with a hair-raising account of a Polish christening in the course of which the celebrants had fallen on one another with bottles, coal shovels, and such other weapons as came to hand. The list of the injured was long and extremely difficult to spell.

As I returned to my desk in the city room of the New York Leader a great bitterness engulfed me. Here for two weeks I had been handling nothing but police news, chronicling, night after dreary night, sudden and stupendous outbursts of violence on the part of my fellow citizens. Why should my city editor invariably select me as one who reveled in the internecine strifes of the "Hudson Duster" gang and the "White Button Boys" along the embattled front of West Street? What were his reasons for suspecting that an amiable peace-lover like myself should suddenly take a Homeric interest in gruesome tales of slaughter, assault, mayhem, and arson? Until I was taken on this blasted sheet, I had led a life of comparative seclusion, far removed from the coarser passions of men.

Prior to my enlistment under this white-haired Simon Legree who cracked his whip across the city desk, the only dead body I had ever seen was that of a great-aunt of mine who had been interred among decent lilies in Dorchester, Mass. Now it seemed that, either telephonically or by actual contact with revolting realities, I was wading knee-deep through a world of gore. I was beginning to understand the sufferings of a hero of Greek tragedy or an umpire in a St. Louis ball park. He was picking on me, that's what that whited sepulcher of a city editor was doing. Instead of sending me out to write highly cerebrated articles about the new movements in the American drama as I had fondly expected when I entered what I called in my innocence "journalism," he was rapidly turning me into a combined morgue keeper, pistol expert and interne.

And then to me, thus darkly brooding, there came the musical voice of my dear old city editor, one of the straightest-shooting white men that ever okayed an expense account.

"Young man," he was saying, "you've been on this police stuff pretty regularly. Take to-morrow off."

Calling on all the genii that dwell in printer's ink bottles to shower blessings on his hoary head, I went out under a night of singing stars and hastened Bronxward to tell my wife the Great News.

She exulted with me and forthwith disclosed a plan she had been hatching in the event that some such dispensation of Providence ever did occur. "It's too wonderful," she exclaimed happily, "a whole day together! Twenty-four hours away from all this uproar and confusion. You can lie about and get a good rest and forget the horrid shootings and things. I know just the place for us to go."

It seemed that friends of ours named Angell had taken a pretty little place up the Hudson where they were putting in a quiet summer engaged in research work. A ridiculously wealthy father-in-law who had made his in Wall Street was financing this idyllic pursuit. The Angells, I had heard, were wont to start their evening prayers with the words, "Our Father-in-Law who art in Wall Street." And now they were having a perfectly jolly time writing their book on "The Need for a Housecleaning in Wall Street."

I could loaf there and invite my soul, play tennis with Jack Angell and generally retreat from life into the fastness of our friends' ivory tower. We called up the Angells the first thing next morning and were invited to come on the noon train.

We Escape From New York

A HOT wave had swept the city and when we got into the subway the heat, as I remarked to my wife, was of the sort that melts nickel anodes which are used in the process of electroplating heavy metals. (You get to know so much about so many different things in the newspaper business that it seems a shame to waste all the odds and ends of information you pick up. I save them to impress my wife.)

Next to extreme heat, the special policemen in the subway, college professors, and near beer, I hate traveling most. Everything about railroad stations is a source of confusion and bewilderment, so far as I am concerned. I can make very little out of time tables. Ticket sellers invariably take advantage of my obvious debasement in their presence and mumble brusquely and incoherently about the tracks on which my trains are supposed to depart.

When we finally struggled aboard our train we found ourselves sharing seats with an abundant Italian lady with a penchant for bananas, a garlic complex, and four future Garibaldis. She resented our abashed intrusion volubly. My attempts to open the window resulted in the usual finger-mashing futility. I sat down dripping and depressed only to find myself staring at a picture of the Prince of Wales held ostentatiously before my eyes by the owner of the rotogravure section in the seat ahead. I don't want anyone to think that I'm snobbish about the prince. He probably is a good little guy and it may very well be, as he would have us think, that it's his horse that falls down and he just goes along. But somehow that picture aroused in me a sudden and unexpected fury. Before I realized what I was doing, I had leaned forward and touched the man in front.

"Would you mind," I asked automatically as though indeed it were not myself but some belligerent stranger speaking—"would you mind putting down that dirty rag so that I can see out of the window?"

The man turned on me in red amazement. I caught a fleeting glimpse of my wife's astonished face. They both thought me mad. Well, I was in for it. For the next twenty minutes the gazer on royalty's lineaments and I exchanged the sort of pleasantries that lead to the very brink of physical conflict and—stop there. "Go on and hit me." "Come on out on the platform and we'll settle this." That sort of thing.

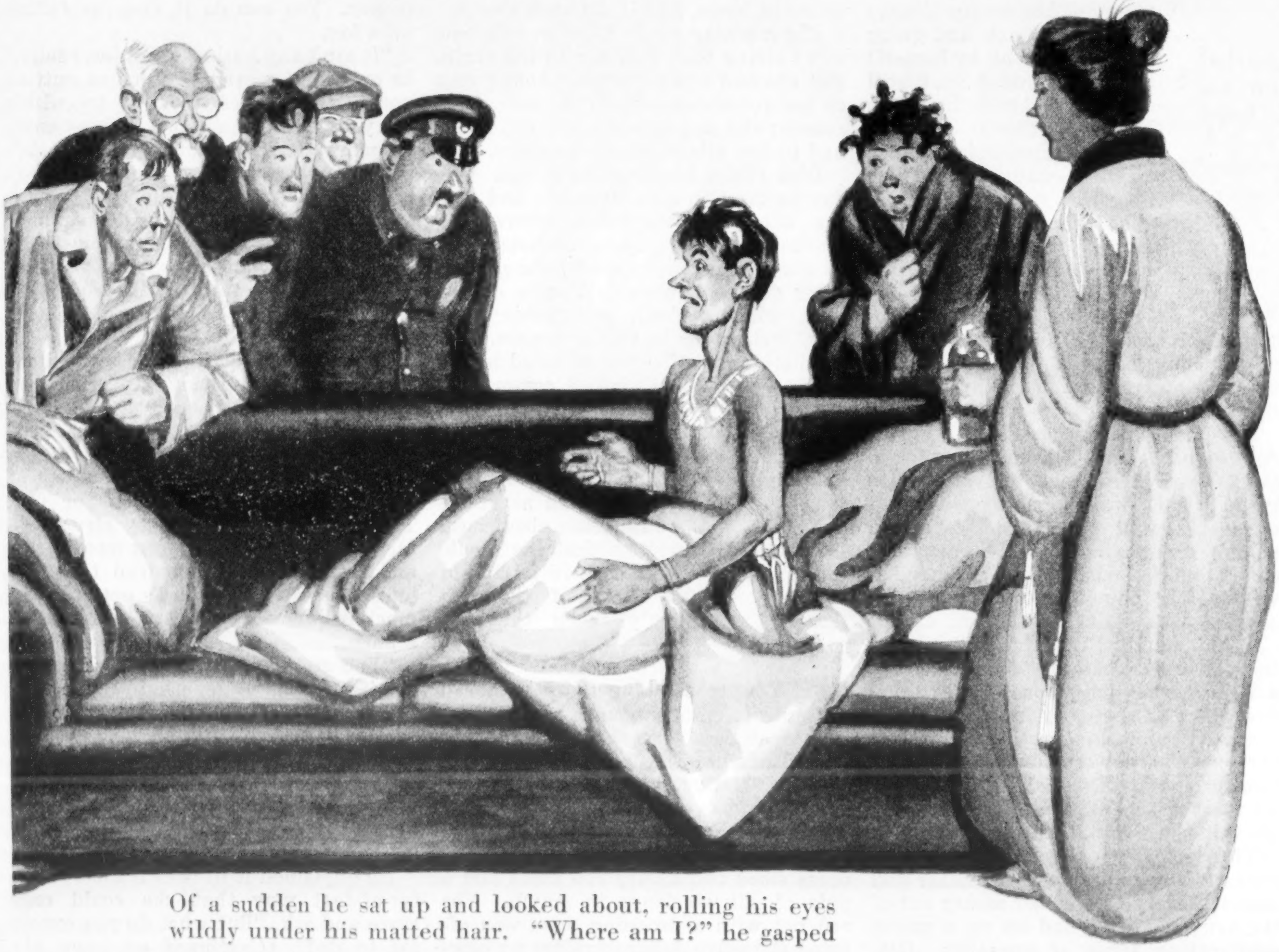
It was not until we had arrived at our destination and the train had already started up that I thought of the *mot juste* that would crush for good that red-faced boot-lick. I ran after the train bellowing, "You big stiff, get off that train and I'll knock you for a goal." Fortunately the train took on added speed and disappeared around a bend. I felt lots better as we went up to receive the Angells' greetings, despite the fact that I heard my wife saying something to Mrs. Angell about the poor boy's being overworked in that horrid newspaper office.

Angell was already in his tennis things. When I had changed and we walked down to the court behind his house, the quiet beauty of the river below and the mountains that sloped majestically up from it caught me by the throat so that all man-made things, newspapers in especial, seemed abominations.

"It's very lovely, Angell," said I, "you're to be envied with a view like this from your back yard."

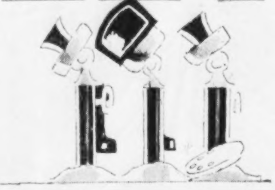
"Will you give me a hand with this net?" asked Angell, who has the true researcher's detestation of displays of sentiment. "It's much too low."

When dinner (*Continued on page 38*)



Of a sudden he sat up and looked about, rolling his eyes wildly under his matted hair. "Where am I?" he gasped

The farmer moves to WALL STREET



By G. L. TEEPLE

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HELD, JR.

38,000 farmers with one idea are playing the money game with the bulls and bears

LET Wall Street look out! The farmers are invading it. They are honeycombing it, "boring from within." They have headquarters right in downtown New York. The chief invader is Arthur Rule. You find him up seventeen floors in a skyscraper. On his door you read: "Federated Fruit and Vegetable Growers, Inc.—Coöperative." Thirty-eight thousand farmers own this Wall Street district firm. Rule is general manager.

He began in Florida years ago, when he was a young man buying fruit for an Eastern produce firm. That showed him the game. Now he's head of the most important coöperative marketing organization in its line in this country. It is less than two years old, but is already selling $38,000,000 worth of produce per year, increasing its sales by nearly fifty per cent the second year, routing nearly 50,000 carloads into 772 cities and thirty-nine states, besides shipping into Mexico, and overseas into Great Britain, Scandinavia, the West Indies and South America, paying its way and accumulating a surplus.

What turned him from buying fruit for a middleman into a coöperative chief?

"Twenty years ago," he says, "I called at the home of a Florida melon grower. From the country store post office there had just come a letter bringing the return for his year's crop—several carloads of melons he had shipped to a city produce firm. *The return was in postage stamps!* There stood the unfortunate man before his dilapidated home, his wife by his side in her faded calico dress, two children clinging to her skirts, quiet tears coursing down her cheeks. I shall never forget it.

"Such cases, less extreme perhaps, occur to-day by the hundred thousand. Florida citrus growers last season lost above $15,000,000. Desperate leaders wired Herbert Hoover offering a dictatorship of the industry, at a suggested salary of $200,000."

That's what started Rule, with his army of farmers, toward Wall Street. He knew what had brought disaster to that farmer and his wife and children: glutted markets; the simultaneous shipping by thousands of scattered, unfinanced, unorganized, market-blind farmers, who, for the need of immediate cash, pour superfluous produce by hundreds of tons into the streets of cities, to be bought by marketwise merchants who pick and choose and sell at a living profit what brings the farmer mere postage-stamp returns after freight is paid. Prices are set by a surplus that cannot be sold to city consumers under present unorganized methods at a value that will return to the grower the cost of production.

For Rule the remedy was farmer organization on a national scale; a disciplined-farmer marketing army in place of an uninstructed marketing mob; marketing in orderly intelligent, instead of disorderly unintelligent, fashion, on a national scale, and backed by nationally organized farmer finance. It's organized farmer finance that Rule took to the Wall Street neighborhood. That is the revolutionary idea in the air to-day. The American Farm Bureau, national body, livest force in American agriculture to-day, has been working on this idea for several years. National organization is already far along.

"I first got the bug," Rule continued, "when I went to California in 1909 with a bunch of Florida citrus men, to see how California had organized her citrus industry. We found the California folks had made big headway in bringing the orange growers out of a hopeless into a prosperous state.

"Well, there I had an idea—why limit the effort to citrus? Why not include all the perishables?

"You see, most fruits and vegetables are not grown just regionally, like citrus, but almost everywhere, from California to Maine, from Oregon to Florida. You have not only to organize your *sales* nationally; you have to organize your farmers nationally" (here's where the big combine idea comes in)—"another job and a bigger one, fruits and vegetables being two quite distinct species. Regional and local coöperatives have grown up in every state, and they fight for their regional and local rights. It is a big problem to get these elements of local and state pride harnessed together in national unity and strength. We're doing it, little by little.

"But I had to give up my idea of a national coöperative for perishables, for the time being, and fall back on the old-fashioned stock corporation, financed by large growers who had money, and faith in the national sales idea." Rule had expert Big Business advice. W. Chase Temple, a Florida orange grower, an ex-Big Business man, helped him.

"So we organized the North American Fruit Exchange, an old-line stock corporation, but grower-controlled. I was made general manager, and we ran it for a dozen years as a commercial concern on a brokerage basis, with steadily growing sales up to 25,000 cars per year."

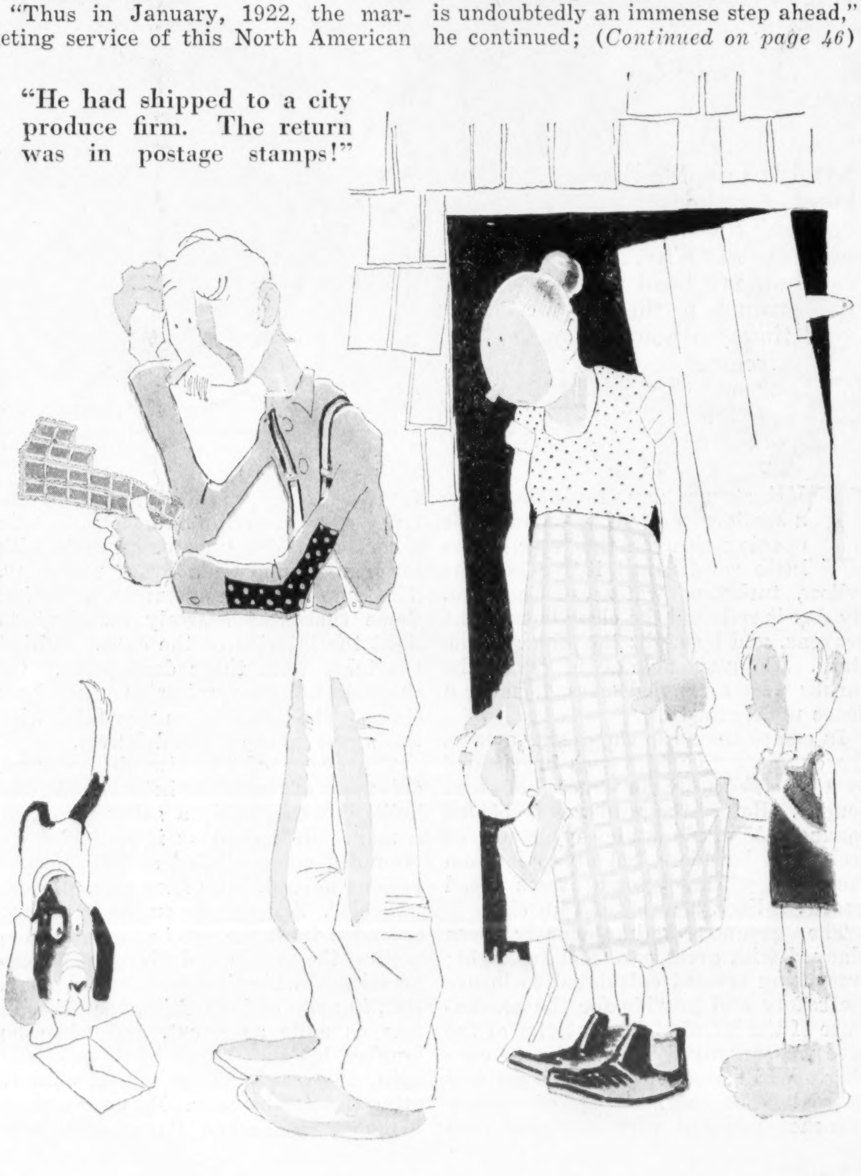
The war results gave the coöperative movement a tremendous impetus. In 1921 the Farm Bureau appointed a committee of twenty-one to see what could be done about coöperatively marketing perishables. J. S. Edwards, vice president of the Sunkist orange organization, was chairman and the natural leader.

"They picked the North American Fruit Exchange as the only one of three offering a sales service pure and simple, with the speculative element absolutely cut out, and with officers who had faith in the new idea.

"Thus in January, 1922, the marketing service of this North American Fruit Exchange was converted into a strictly coöperative farmers' marketing service."

What struck Mr. Rule about the change, personally, was the great opportunity. "Hitch the trained forces and business connections of the North American," he said, "with the new coöperative membership, and you get an unbeatable team. All the educational and inspirational forces of American agriculture naturally back it. Two Presidents and all the political parties have declared for its principles. Colleges and departments of agriculture and extension services, state and national, are for it. The million Farm Bureau members are behind it.

"The change to the coöperative form is undoubtedly an immense step ahead," he continued; (*Continued on page 46*)

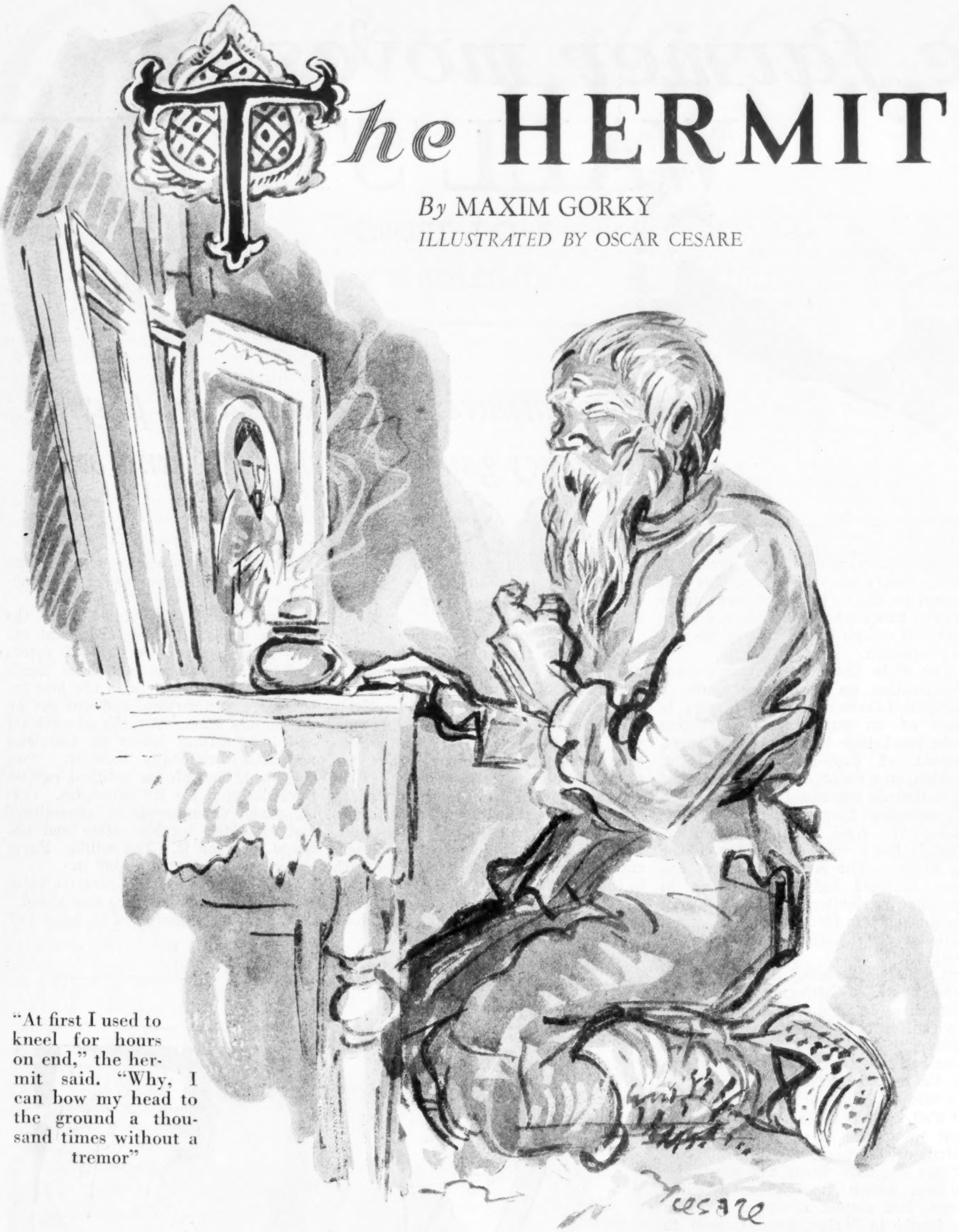


"He had shipped to a city produce firm. The return was in postage stamps!"

The HERMIT

By MAXIM GORKY

ILLUSTRATED BY OSCAR CESARE



"At first I used to kneel for hours on end," the hermit said. "Why, I can bow my head to the ground a thousand times without a tremor"

THE stream ran, invisible, down a shallow ravine that followed the opening between the trees of the little wood, until it reached the yellow, turbulent waters of the Oka. By day it reflected the clear blue of the heavens, and by night the silver of the stars. Along one side of the ravine the shrubs were a tangled mass, forming a dense undergrowth.

In one of the steep slopes was a cave, the entrance to which was barricaded by a gate skillfully constructed of stout boughs. Before the gate was a cobbled square. A crude stairway, made of rocks and bowlders, led up to it from the river. Three young trees stood guard: a lime, a birch and an elm.

The grounds had obviously been planned with great care and foresight; everything seemed calculated to insure the safety and provide for the convenience of the inmate. The interior of the cave was arranged with the same cunning. Walls and ceilings were entirely covered with a matting of willow branches smeared with clay and mud from the river. To the left of the entrance was a diminutive stove, and in a corner stood a communion table with an image lamp in a brass mounting. The lamp threw an uncertain, guttering flame that was scarcely sufficient to light the interior of the cave. Behind the table were three dark icons. On the walls hung several pairs of new bast shoes. The whole place was filled with the sweet odor of dried leaves.

The owner of this dwelling was an old man of medium height, robustly built, but externally a sorry wreck of a man. He looked as if he had been trampled upon, nibbled at by some ferocious animal. His face was a brick-red color. A deep scar on the left cheek extended from the ear to the chin, distorting the mouth and giving it an expression of whimsical and painful irony. But, in spite of infirmities, the old man was as agile as a cat, and when he laughed his eyes beamed with a kindly light, the soft wrinkles almost obliterating the terrible scar. He wore a shirt of good unbleached linen, dark blue striped trousers, cord bast shoes, and—instead of boots or leggings—the skins of animals.

It was on a bright May morning that I first went to see him. We became friends at once, and he asked me to stay with him overnight. During my second visit he told me the story of his life.

"I used to be a sawyer," he began as he lay under an alder on the river bank, warming himself in the spring sun. "I sawed timber for seventeen years. This scar I got from a saw. Everybody called me Savel the Sawyer. Sawing, my friend, is no easy job. You have to swing your arms way up in the air, and your face is hidden in a net; logs overhead and everywhere, nothing else in sight, and sawdust covering you like a cloud. I used to be a cheerful fellow, filled with life. Like one of those tourman doves—you know, the kind that soar high up in the sky, so high you can't see them; then fold their wings and tuck their head under one wing and come swooping down. They often kill themselves striking a roof or the earth itself. That's the way I was. Gay, harmless, maybe even a little simple-minded. The women and girls took to me, my word! Ah, it's pleasant to think of the past!"

Rolling about on the grass, he laughed the loud, ringing laughter of youth. But deep down in his throat his voice rattled, and the sound was echoed by the breeze. "Let's have a drink, friend," he proposed. "Bring the bottle here, will you?"

I went to the river, where a bottle of vodka had been set to cool. We each drank a small glassful and ate crackers and fish while the old fellow continued.

"A fine thing, liquor!" he commented, wetting his lips with his tongue. "A fine thing. I can't drink much of it, but in moderation it's a fine thing. Some say the devil was the first to make vodka, but all I say is, thanks to the devil for doing a good job." He was silent a moment and closed his eyes, then suddenly he raised his voice in a note of protest.

"I've been wronged, cruelly wronged. People have got into the habit of hurting each other. Conscience dwells like a homeless puppy in our midst. My wife Natasha was a handsome, kind-hearted woman. We were very comfortable and happy together. Of course she liked a bit of freedom; and I too was a rover, hardly ever at home, chasing after any woman who was attractive and loving. That's only natural, it's inevitable . . . I always came back home afterward, bringing some money and various odds and ends, but I found the neighbors laughing at me, gossiping about me and my wife. Well, I'd give Natasha a little beating just for the sake of decency, make love to her and give her a present. 'You little idiot!' I'd say to her. 'Why do you go about making me the laughingstock of the town? Am I your enemy or your friend?' Then, of course, she'd cry and swear the neighbors had slandered her. I knew people liked to lie, but I was an experienced fellow, and she couldn't fool me!"

Something rustled in the bushes behind his back. The old man shook the branches of the alder. That was where a hedgehog lived. "I stepped in on him the other day on my way to take a swim in the river. One of the quills went straight into my foot." The old man smiled, looked into the thicket, and suddenly took up again the thread of his story.

"Yes, I have been cruelly wronged. I had a daughter, Tatiana. I don't wish to boast, but she was a joy to the world, a shining star. I gave her the finest clothes money could buy, and when we went walking together on holidays she was the fairest of God's creatures. What dignity, what loveliness in her body! What eyes! Why, Kuzmin, the schoolmaster, used to call her by the most unimaginably wonderful names. When he was drunk he would take me aside and beg me with tears in his eyes to take good care of her. And I did. We were such good friends that people—well, they were envious of our happiness . . ."

He stopped short, twitching nervously on the grass where he lay. His face grew painfully distorted, his lips pressed tightly together; his scanty gray eyebrows drooped far over his staring eyes. The dusk deepened and the wind rose. In the far distance we heard a quail. The old man peered down at the bottom of the ravine. "From that time on," he continued, "things went badly. Kuzmin and the priest, the clerk and some of the peasants—especially the women—gossiped. How people love to ruin a man's character! Tasha wept; she no longer dared show her face in the street; the boys poked fun at her. Everyone seemed pleased."

"But what did your wife say?"

"My wife!" He repeated the word with astonishment. "Why, she died. Early one morning. But that was long before this trouble. Tasha was not thirteen then. My wife! She was a spiteful, hateful, evil woman."

"But you spoke so highly of her a moment ago?"

This did not trouble him in the least. He scratched his neck, took the end of his beard in his hand and, looking at it, said:

"What if I did? No human being is bad all his life; sometimes even an utterly unworthy creature deserves praise. Men and women are not stones; even stones change with time. My wife died a natural death. Heart trouble. Any sudden violent emotion would put her into a fit. It was dreadful sometimes . . ."

His sonorous voice rang out and seemed to mix with the balmy evening air and to become a part of the sigh of the breeze; it mingled with the scent of the grasses, the rustling of the leaves and the rippling of the stream. I felt that if he were to stop speaking the night would no longer be complete, harmonious. He spoke with ease, never at a loss for the right word; he fondled each phrase, dressing it up as a child dresses her doll. He told his tale so simply and persuasively that I was afraid to interrupt him. I felt that he used his words as if they were magic gems capable of turning a horrible lie into the beautiful semblance of a truth.

"Why, they even had an investigation. A bald-headed fool official with gold buttons—a sort of judge perhaps—asked Tasha all sorts of personal questions. The girl was embarrassed. They arrested me, took me to town and threw me into prison. The bald-headed official came to me and said I had only to confess; my punishment would in that case be light. I answered, rather as a joke, 'Let me go to Kiev, your honor, to see the sacred relics and obtain forgiveness for my sins.' 'Ha!' says he, 'you have confessed.' He thought he'd caught me, the bald-headed skunk! Of course I hadn't confessed a thing; I said that because I was bored, sick and tired of everything. I'd never been in prison before; I was in the midst of thieves and murderers, and I was thinking about Tasha and wondering what they would do to her.

"The tiresome business lasted more than a year, and then the trial began. You should have seen the court stare at my daughter when she first came in; she was a different girl. What clothes! Why, her blue dress was like a cloud with her bright soul shining through it.

"I was in a trance in that courtroom. There was a queer woman sat by Tasha's side, Maria Antzeferova, the squire's wife: a clever minx, but I knew she would worry the life out of me." And he laughed good-naturedly. "I had a lawyer who defended me for two hours, waving his hands in the air. Tasha also stood up for me . . ."

"But were you really—did you—? Were you guilty?"

HE SEEMED to be striving to recall something, then he said with a smile of indifference, "Why, as a matter of fact, we did seem very affectionate."

"What did your daughter say at the trial?" I inquired.

"Tasha? Some long rigmarole. Possibly it was Antzeferova who suggested it to her. She was under obligations to me. I was released. The trial was simply a farce, to protect the dignity of the law. The law's absurd; so long as we live according to our own laws, that's all that should be expected of us. See the way I live here, disturbing no one. Isn't that better?"

"But what about murderers?" I ventured.

"Kill them. He who kills must be destroyed at once. Yes, I am contented here. I am not afraid of thieves, for I have nothing here worth stealing. There is no greed, no envy about me. Riches breed thieves."

It was rapidly growing dark. The ravine was a black hole. An owl hooted in the woods. The old man listened. "That owl," he said, "lives in a hollow tree not far away. Sometimes she flies about too late and the dawn catches her away from home. I see her. 'You silly fool,' I say and stick my tongue out at her. She sits silently and makes no answer. If the day birds catch sight of her it's a tragedy."

I asked him how he came to lead his hermit's life.

"I left home, of course, and began wandering. Antzeferova, the sly fox, played a trick on me after the trial: she wouldn't let me see Tasha. I tried to get round her, but that was useless, so I went to Kiev and then to Siberia. I picked up a good deal of cash and went back to my old haunts. I learned that Antzeferova had been killed in an accident, run over by a railway car. Tasha had married a surgeon's assistant and gone to live in Kursk. I followed her, but learned she had gone to live in Ujun, in Persia. I went to Tzaritzin and took the boat there for Ujun.

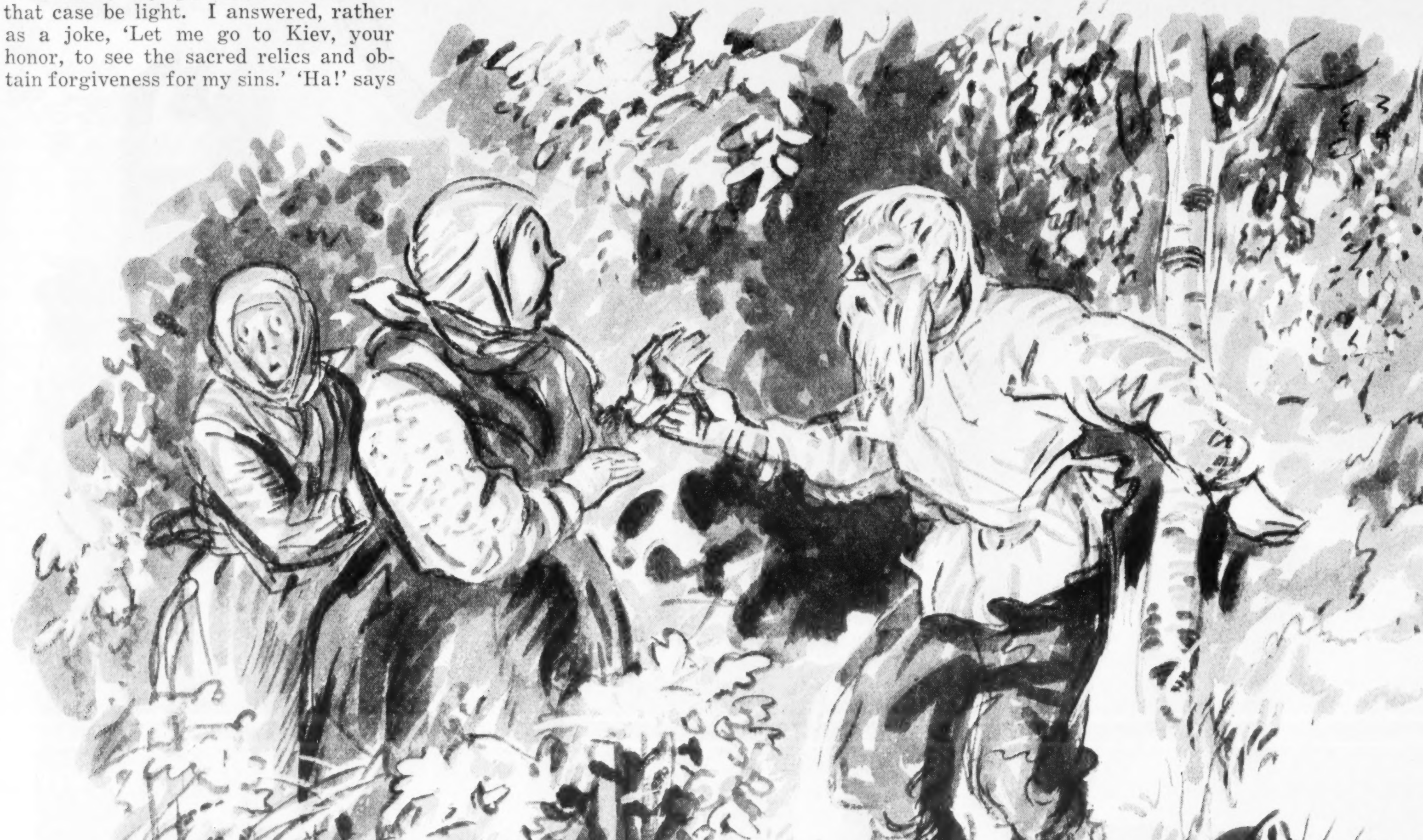
"Tasha had died. Her husband was a drunkard, a red-haired, red-nosed fellow, pleasant enough. He asked me if I happened to be Tasha's father. I said I wasn't. I didn't want to tell him who I was. . . . Then I went to Mount Athos, and came near settling there. It's a pleasant spot at first, but I came to dislike it. What with the roar of the sea, and the strange people, the hills and mountains, the pitch-black nights—well, you feel as if you were drowning in it all. And what hot days! So I made my way back. I've lived here nine years. See, I've planted trees, first that birch, three years later the lime, and then that elm over there. The people like me hereabout; I console them. Come again on a Sunday, and watch them."

I was curious to know why this hermit seldom used the name of God, so common on the lips of people in his situation. I wondered if he prayed much.

"Not very much. At first I did, earnestly. I used to kneel for hours on end. My hands and back were used to such strain. Why, I can bow my head to the ground a thousand times without a tremor, but my knees can't stand it. They ache. After a while I asked myself why was I praying? I had all I needed, people respected me, I was only disturbing God. God has His work to do, so why bother Him? Much better to help other people and spare God their worries. God cares for us—why should we not do something for Him? God lives for the big, important people—what time can He spare for me? I'm a poor, simple-minded fellow. So at night when I can't sleep I go out of my cave and sit down somewhere in the open. Looking up into God's heavens, I ask myself, does He feel up there? So pleasant I can't describe it to you. It's marvelous to dream such dreams when you're awake. Besides, it's not as tiring as praying. I don't ask God for anything nor do I advise others to do it. I just say, have pity on God, and come and see me: how useful I am to Him and to my fellow men!"

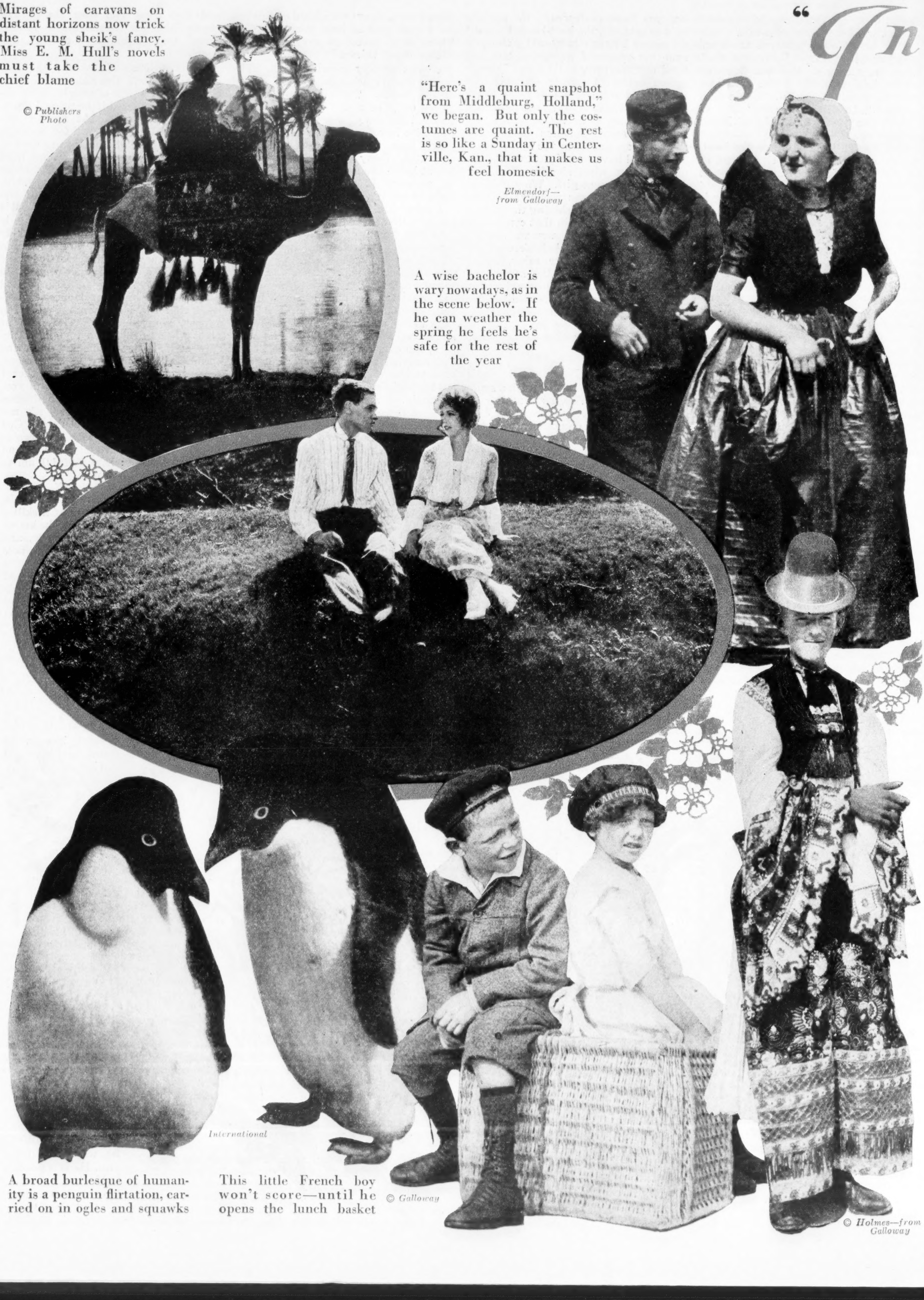
THERE was no trace of pride in this, only the calm assurance of a skilled artisan speaking of something he knows about. His eyes laughed merrily, and made me almost forget the hideousness of his face.

"You ask how I live in the winter? Why, my cave is very warm. The only difficulty is that the people find it hard to come here (*Continued on page 40*)



I heard the old man reassuring them: "Pay no attention to him; he won't disturb you. He is a poor, half-witted fellow. He won't bother us"

“In



Mirages of caravans on distant horizons now trick the young sheik's fancy. Miss E. M. Hull's novels must take the chief blame

© Publishers Photo

“Here's a quaint snapshot from Middleburg, Holland,” we began. But only the costumes are quaint. The rest is so like a Sunday in Centerville, Kan., that it makes us feel homesick

Elmendorf—from Galloway

A wise bachelor is wary nowadays, as in the scene below. If he can weather the spring he feels he's safe for the rest of the year

International

A broad burlesque of humanity is a penguin flirtation, carried on in ogles and squawks

This little French boy won't score—until he opens the lunch basket

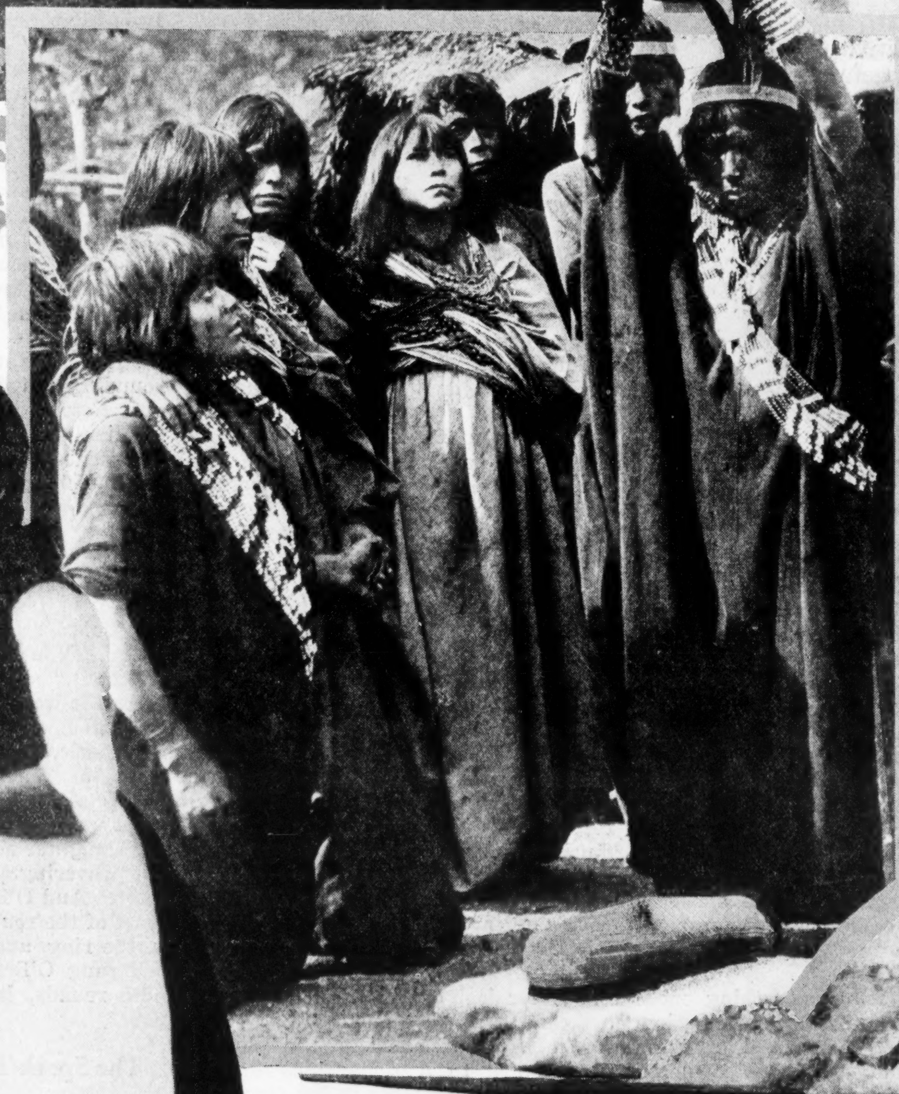
© Galloway

© Holmes—from Galloway

the SPRING—”

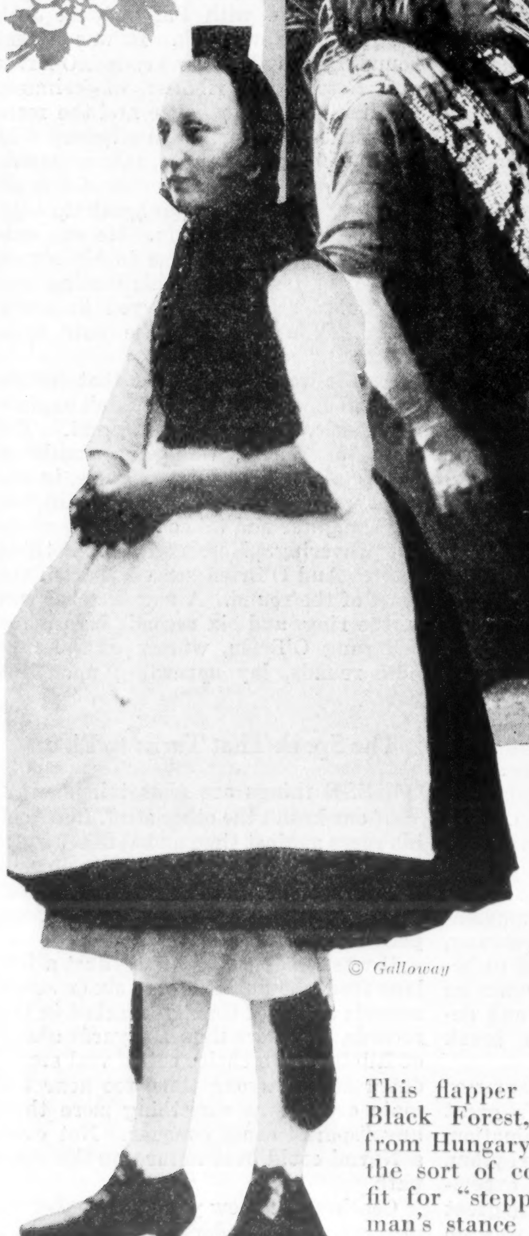
We don't recall the Spanish for: “Give me something to remember you by.” No matter. The point is that this pretty sentiment is universal

© Galloway



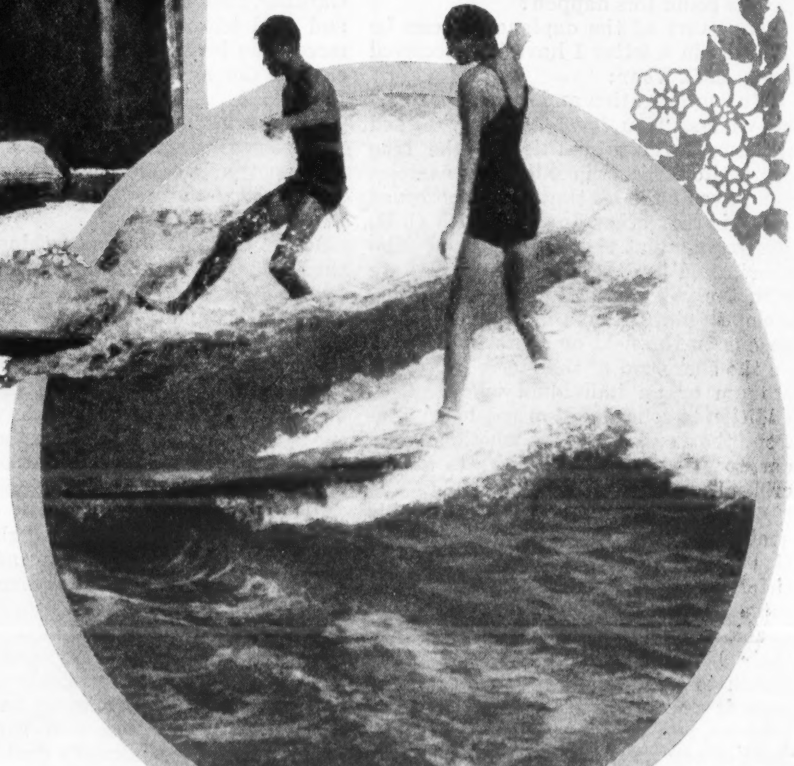
Chester—from Galloway

There's a touch of humor in the ceremony (at left) by which a successful courtship is celebrated in the jungles of Peru. Bride and groom kneel—then a priest legalizes their wedding by smashing up some crockery



© Galloway

This flapper at the left, from the Black Forest, and her boy friend, from Hungary (opposite page), sport the sort of costumes we deem most fit for “stepping out.” The young man's stance makes us suspect that he is about to break into a yodel



Galloway

On the beach at Waikiki if a young man is a “poor fish” he counts as an absolute zero. A youth with fancies has to do stunts in the surf or no one will give him a bit of notice

Their GREATEST moments

By GRANTLAND RICE

Courageous athletes who did "the impossible" and bettered their best when the supreme test arrived

When his great test came, Georgetown's Robert Le Gendre met it by breaking the world's broad-jumping record

ROBERT LE GENDRE of Georgetown had never jumped beyond 24 feet in his career. As a broad jumper he had not been classed with Hubbard and Gourdin of Michigan and Harvard, who had each careened through different atmospheres beyond 25 feet.

But at this given moment Le Gendre was engaged in a give-and-take battle with Lethnonen of Finland for the Olympic pentathlon crown at Colombes.

The broad jump, a pentathlon feature, was under way as Le Gendre keyed himself for the test. At this point the vital spark glowing within seemed to be so evident that one could detect it in Le Gendre's attitude. He left the take-off as if he meant to become a human airplane. There was a sudden shout from the closest part of the stands as his feet sent the dirt and dust flying, before any announcement was made. You could sense the unusual in the air. And Le Gendre in that last desperate leap jumped 25 feet 6 inches, breaking the record as he cleared something like 18 inches more space than he had ever cleared before.

How could this happen?

The start of the explanation can be outlined in a letter I have just received from L. R. Vear:

"In concentration and determination," he writes, "you have certainly picked the two largest qualities of the true competitor. But in all the examples you gave and in all that I have observed there is that other quality which C. H. Brewer, now at the University of Missouri, used to call 'The Spark.' I have seen the phlegmatic type, with all possible concentration and determination, go out on the field or court and return on the short end of the score, beaten by a team or an individual who had, in addition to concentration and determination, that extra quality which enables one to rise to supreme heights at the critical moment.

"These individuals who have this quality must have of course determination and concentration, but in addition they have the ability to draw on some hidden reserve of power which enables them in a crisis to play 'over their heads.' The ability to touch a match to this explosive, nervous dynamite is present in all the really great athletes, and it is the hidden gold which most of our coaches are seeking in their athletes. It is only brought out in competition. It is the plus sign above one's average best."

Just what is this "vital spark," the "plus sign" of the great competitor?

Up to June 1, 1912, Robert A. Gardner of Yale had never pole-vaulted 13 feet in his career, either in practice or in competition. But when the supreme moment came, that day with the intercollegiate championship under way, Gardner, then captain of the Blue track and field team, called upon something more than he had ever had before and cleared the bar at 13 feet 1 inch, an I. C. A. A. record that lasted thirteen years.

Here again was the Great Moment in a competitor's career, the one moment which rides down the years and triumphs over decades.

It is undoubtedly something more than concentration and determination. When Stagg's aggressive Chicago team had Illinois and Red Grange cornered deep in Illinois territory, over 80 yards from Chicago's goal, all the concentration and determination in the world couldn't have run the blockade without the presence of that all-conquering electric flash, the soul explosion of a crowning moment.

If there had been time left, concentration and determination might have hammered the ball in steady advances up the field. But seconds here were vital. They were as important as years. And in that great moment, battered, half-broken, weary and about spent, Red Grange suddenly became more than merely human as he eluded every Maroon tackler and ran more than 80 yards to Chicago's goal.

This vital spark is partly inheritance. It may be a national trait. During the Olympic games I asked one of the Finn stars why it was that Finland, with so many phenomenal distance runners and weight throwers, had never developed a sprinter or a jumper of any outstanding ability.

"We are built on different lines," he said. "We haven't the nervous energy, the quick relaxes, which other nations have. Distance running calls for something else, for training, for condition, for stamina, for courage, and for form. It doesn't call for the 'explosive force' which the sprinter and the jumper need. It doesn't call for the sudden relaxing of some spring.

"Your nation lacks what we have, for with less than 4,000,000 people we have beaten your best at every distance from the half mile to the marathon. You in turn have overwhelmed us in the jumps and sprints, in those things which call for nervous energy. If we had too much of that we would burn out in a 5,000-meter or a 10,000-meter race. We can call on something needed to finish with a sprint after running four or five miles. But we haven't yet the quality to call on the sudden flash needed for the 100-meter dash or the broad jump. We are cast in another mold."

Bill Tilden, tennis champion, has this vital spark to a remarkable degree. We recall two matches in the course of the last few years against Vincent Richards and William M. Johnston. One was an indoor championship, the other a national outdoor meeting. In each case Richards and Johnston were within one point of match, set and championship. In each case the high-strung, nervous Tilden suddenly seemed to become something more than human as he made impossible recoveries and delivered impossible thrusts to break through and win.

The Yale crew had it last summer when it eliminated the Navy's great eight in the final Olympic elimination. This Navy crew had power, rhythm, great courage and much more experience. And age and experience are great factors in this game. There was no lack of Navy determination or courage, no lack of skill or power. But just at the finish, as the big moment came, Yale's young crew had something else, the "flame," which is difficult to describe in mere words.

The basis of this "vital spark," lighting up the great moment, must be a foundation of much strength. There must first be skill, training, condition, determination and concentration. It isn't something that suddenly comes to one with these other qualities missing. It is all these things, and then something "plus."

How can one explain it? How can one explain Keats, the son of a hostler (wasn't he?), writing his "Ode to a Grecian Urn" in his early twenties? At least part of it must be born in a man or a woman, and the rest may come from outside inspiration. The inspired coach can give part of what he has to his men, to some of them at least. But never to more than a few at a time.

There was Stanley Ketchel in his famous battle with Philadelphia Jack O'Brien in New York. It was a ten-round fight, and for nine rounds O'Brien cut Ketchel to ribbons of crimson. O'Brien, the better boxer and the more experienced fighter, killed off every wild Ketchel charge. Ketchel, taking terrific punishment, was apparently doing all that any man could do to break through O'Brien's guard and win. He was outclassed. But as he came to his corner before the tenth round his leading second said: "He's beaten you in every round. Your only chance now is a knockout."

And it was at this point that Ketchel's soul caught fire. He couldn't explain it himself, but he was different. The basis, of course, was raw, undiluted courage. But men just as game, in another way, would have walked again into the slaughter and taken a beating without wavering. Ketchel did something more. And O'Brien sensed it from the start of the round. A new Ketchel was in the ring, and six seconds before the bell rang O'Brien, winner of the first nine rounds, lay sprawling upon the floor.

The Spark That Turns to Flame

THESE things are almost impossible if one hasn't the other stuff. In one of his races against time and Willie Ritola, Nurmi had evidently gone out for an inspired evening. He had the "vital spark" flaming to beat both great competitors.

It was to be his big night. Just a few laps from the finish he was six or seven seconds ahead of time, as marked in the records, and more than 100 yards ahead of Ritola. But a choice cut of veal steak, eaten at the wrong time, too near the main event, was something more than any "spark" could conquer. Not even a Nurmi could beat nature on the war-path.

Coaches can show you any number of men who are wonders in practice, but who in competition fade away as feathers caught in (*Continued on page 44*)

Right-about FACE

Uncle Henry says we're the most volatile race in the world. Latins may throw bricks, but we throw fits

"THIS here new Secretary of State?" asked Mr. Stubbs. "Did you ever happen to know him?"

"Know him?" exclaimed Uncle Henry. "Why, ten or twelve years ago I reckon I was closer to Frank Kellogg than any other man in the country. There were whole months that my hot breath never quit fannin' the back of his neck. Once I was plumb certain that I had him, but he took to water an' threw off the hounds, an' another time he dived head first down a prairie dog hole jes' as I was fixin' to let him have both barrels.

"Those were the happy days, 'Lonzo. A man cleaned up his work aroun' twelve o'clock an' then got his gun an' spent the afternoon huntin' Standpatters. Roosevelt was singin' Onward, Christian Soldiers, Wilson was preachin' the New Freedom, an' any home that didn't have an Old Guard pelt nailed to the door was looked on with suspicion. Almost everybody I knew had a banker's tooth danglin' from his watch chain, an' the Elks were threatenin' suit for infringement of patent rights.

"There was never goin' to be any more protective tariff. Any infant industry that hadn't been weaned would have to hustle its own bottle. Every city an' state was to have its own Initiative, Referendum an' Recall, an' the Direct Primary was to usher in the rule of free men who wore nobody's collar or tie or shoes. A Headless Ballot was designated for the headless voter, an' in Kansas old-time Populists were comin' down out of the hills an' gettin' ready to haul their pumpkins to the mint.

"Instead of havin' federal judges appointed for life, the plan was to hang 'em each mornin' before breakfast. Many a time I've heard a noise in the night, an' gone down into the cellar an' seen a supreme court justice tryin' to hide himself in the coal pile. The people were goin' to make their own laws, an' husbands an' wives came to renewed interest an' intimacy as they worked away in the evenin's on statutes that would end the tyranny of Special Privilege.

"Never in all my life have I seen such sport. Any time you went up an' kicked on a brushpile it was a cinch you'd scare up five or six Conservatives, a Vested Interest or two, an' sometimes a Malefactor of Great Wealth. I've put my dogs into a field that didn't seem to have enough cover for a baby chameleon, an' brought down a dozen plump Standpatters without leavin' my seat on the rail fence. Or you could hide by a water hole in the evenin' an' bag any number of Tariff Barons as they came down to drink.

"Boies Penrose escaped to Philadelphia, out of the reach of extradition, an' Oscar Underwood was another who fled the country, takin' refuge in Alabama. Out in Wyomin', Frank Warren put on horns an' licked rock salt all day long to throw off pursuit, an' in Indiana, Notre Dame trained its football team tryin' to catch Jim Watson. Wall Street was barricaded with sandbags, an' any man caught with whiskers was shot on sight. That was how New York's subways came to be built. J. P. Morgan was afraid to go home above ground.

"I used to feel kind of bad about it, for down in my heart I was somethin' of a conservative myself. Not enough to cut me off from my fellows, you know, but a sort of sentimental regard for old American traditions like the tariff, mustache cups, property rights, bootjacks, the Sugar Trust an' the Old Guard.

"An' look at things now, will you? Cal Coolidge in the White House! A man brought up to believe that he'd go to Wisconsin if he was bad, an' who had his mouth washed out with soap if he even so much as mentioned a word like Progressive. When it comes to standin' pat, Cal can make a block of New England granite look like a dish of blanc mange with the palsy.

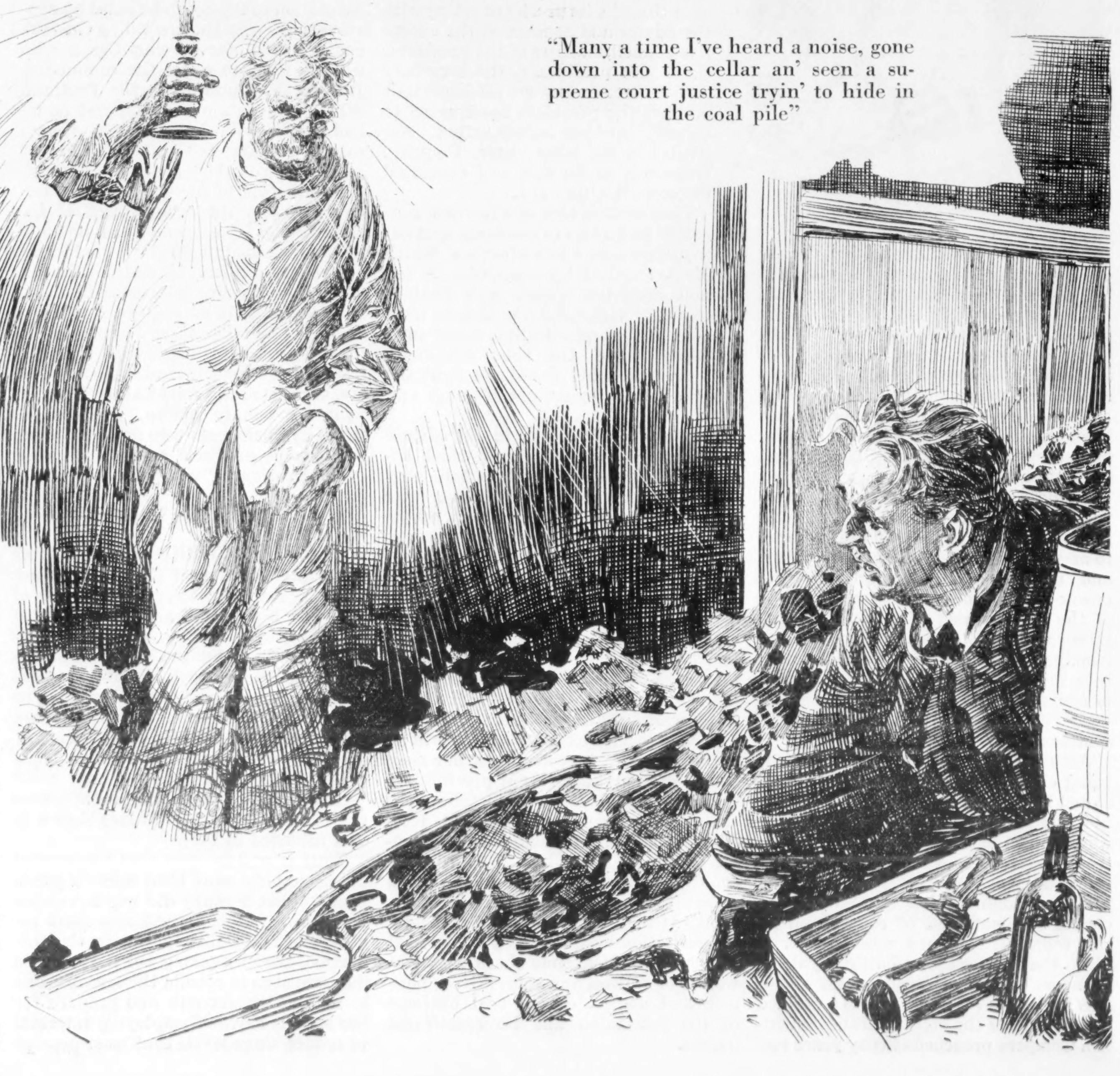
"An' there's Frank Kellogg as Secretary of State—Two-Gun Kell they called him, on account of killin' so many Free Silver Men in '96—an' right along beside him in the Cabinet are Harry New an' Big John Weeks. Why, I remember when the Roosevelt crowd had a price on their heads, an' the papers used to get out extras: Hank New Swims Wabash and Escapes Again; Massachusetts Hunter Reports Strange, Snuffling Noises About His Provision Cache; Thought to Be Weeks.

"An' cast your bulgin' eyes upon Wilbur as Secretary of the Navy an' Doc Work sittin' in Fall's seat as Secretary of the Interior. Sometimes it seems to me I must be dreamin'. Why, Wilbur was so hotly pursued by Hiram Johnson an' the other California Progressives in 1912 that he had to live in a divin' bell. As for Work, the forward-lookin' men an' women of Colorado kept Doc jumpin' from crag to crag until he was jes' one big stone bruise.

"An' what do we see on our right, all drawn up in a hollow square, but William Howard Taft as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. Yessir, there over Brandeis so that Looey's got to hold up his hand when he wants to go out. A good appointment at that, 'Lonzo. It's right that Taft should be sittin' on the Supreme Bench. Jes' to look at him you'd know he was made to sit.

"An' Jim Watson an' Charlie Curtis leadin' the Senate. An' now John Garibaldi Sargent as Attorney General! Compared to him, standpatters like Butler an' Wadsworth are studies in symphonic jazz. Even the people of Vermont aren't able to tell him from the Green Mountains unless the mountains move.

"Don't talk to me about the French, 'Lonzo. We're the most volatile race in the whole (*Continued on page 41*)



"Many a time I've heard a noise, gone down into the cellar an' seen a supreme court justice tryin' to hide in the coal pile"

LABOR tightens its BELT

By
JOHN J. LEARY, Jr.
ILLUSTRATED BY CLIVE WEED

How the new leaders of the American Federation of Labor are outgompersing Gompers

DURING the later years of Samuel Gompers' life a question large in the public mind was what would happen in the labor movement once he ceased to be president of the American Federation of Labor.

Since his death the question has persisted, statements in the press showing a wide difference of opinion as to what has happened so far, and an even wider difference as to what may be expected to happen.

Many things—from a dissolution of what has been called a "rope of sand held together by the cement of Gompers" to assumption of control by the radicals, and including the coming into real power of such men as Warren S. Stone of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, and Sidney Hillman of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers—have been predicted with a cocksureness that is confusing if not convincing. Seemingly the situation behind the scenes is complex.

Actually it is simple to the point of being obvious. None of the things predicted has thus far come to pass. None is likely to come to pass. Stone, never a factor in the real labor movement (he insists that his is a fraternal organization), is now more of a banker and promoter than a labor man. Whatever chance Hillman had of recognition by the federation passed with Gompers. Even the prospect of a battle royal for Gompers' place has disappeared.

What has developed so far is a decided swing back to the stricter trades unionism Gompers preached twenty years ago and a reversion to the policy of prewar days when the federation was actually directed through its executive council rather than by its president.

What is promised is peace within the federation, a centralization of effort upon organizing and regaining lost ground, and less attention than in the immediate past to anything but trades unionism and the immediate needs of the workers, as such, leaving to other agencies matters not strictly within the scope of trades unionism as expounded by Gompers in the earlier days.

Theoretically the federation, a voluntary body with no power to enforce any of its decisions, has always operated through its president acting with the advice and consent of the executive council, made up of the president, eight vice presidents, the secretary and the treasurer. On all important matters the president is expected to consult this body before acting. Actually, in his later years, Gompers frequently acted first and consulted the council afterward.

The result of this was friction, confusion and a loss in efficiency that became aggravated when Gompers' health finally broke and his associates in the council could not thresh such matters out with the vigor that would have been possible had a physically strong man sat at the head of the table. The members could not and would not fight the veteran broken by weight of years and labor.

They were, however, in an almost constant state of near revolt which became real revolt in the days following the recent convention in El Paso. The lack of spirit in that convention, which made it the dullest in more than twenty years, and the continued losses in membership (the four-year loss is approximately 1,000,000) convinced the members of the executive council, who with other old-line leaders constituted what had been called the Gompers machine, that, come what might, another year must see a new man in Gompers' place, with Gompers, if living, president emeritus.

The sudden, if long-expected, death of Mr. Gompers forced action earlier than they had figured. Truly it precipitated a crisis. The leaders could follow the earlier program arranged and elect James Duncan, the senior vice president, for the unexpired term or they could elect the man most talked of in recent years for the place—Matthew Woll. If they elected either, a stiff fight for reëlection would develop in the next convention. Meantime there would be worlds of politics and sparring for position and neglect of the real business of the federation and its constituent unions.

Or, if they could agree in advance of the deciding meeting of the council upon a man whom all could support in the next convention, the Kilkenny fight, bound to leave scars, could be averted.

The leaders chose the latter course, selected William Green, a miner who is a member of its advisory council, as the man for the place, and then literally dragooned him into agreeing to accept. Next they agreed to stand solidly behind him, thereby heading off any serious opposition to his reëlection for at least two—and probably more—years.

Green's selection and the decisively favorable response thereto demonstrated three things. One is that the federation continues to be ruled by conservatives, with the prevailing thought conservative, for it was Green who led the fight to expel the communist William F. Dunn from the Portland (Ore.) convention of 1923, just as he had fought radicals in his own organization. Another is that the federation is, for the time being at least, against the formation of any labor party, for Green fought the endorsement of La Follette and Wheeler and took no part in their campaign after the federation had endorsed them. The third is that the federation is more interested in trades unionism than in extraneous matters on which it had taken most decisive action, for Green is a "dry" in principle and practice who, as president of the Ohio senate, supported the Anti-Saloon League's fight for county option, whereas the majority of the men who named him are in principle as "wet" as the federation by declaration is "wet."

The Red is Fading

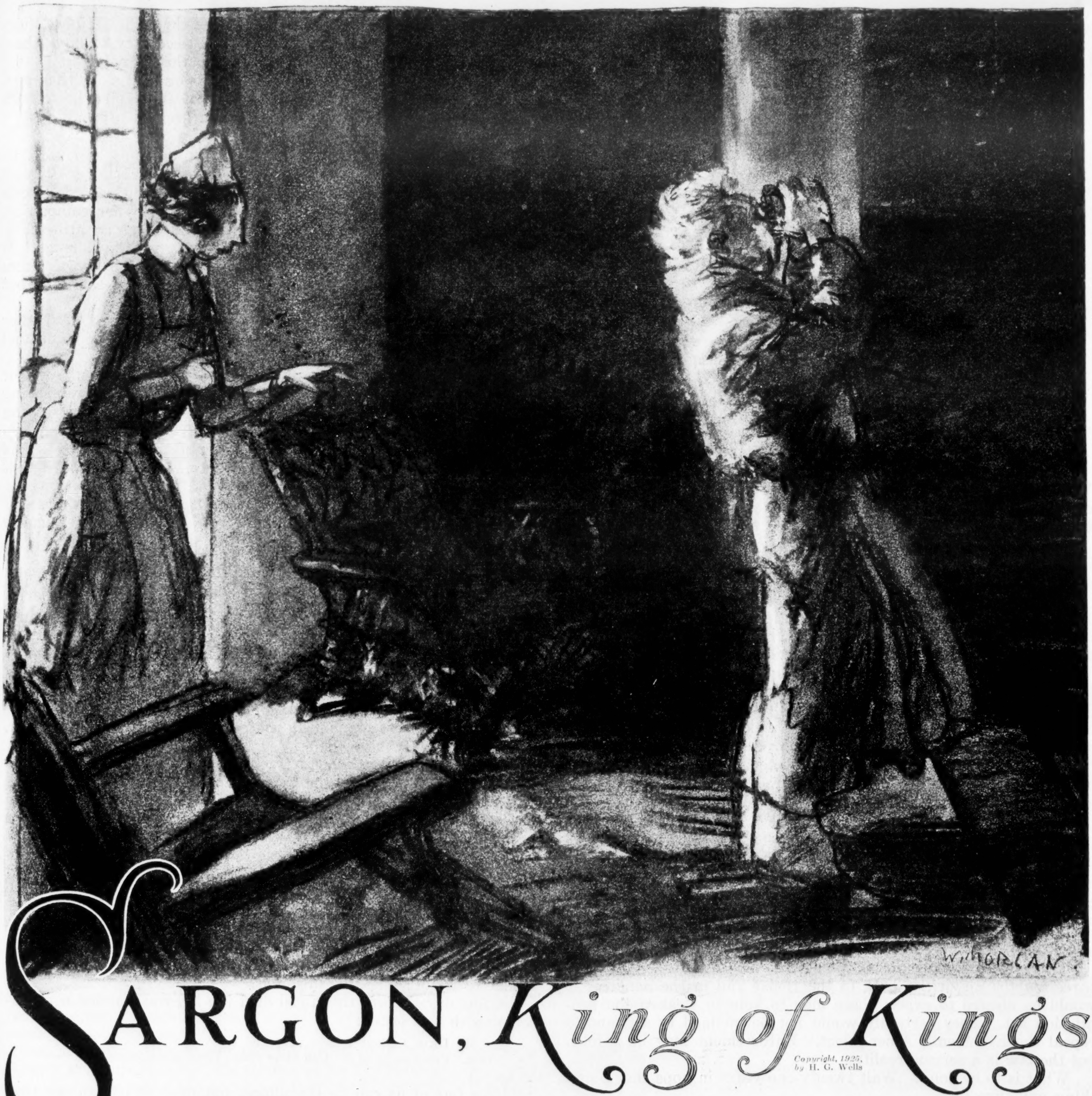
GOOD-FELLOWSHIP was no factor in the selection of Green. He is not of the "good fellow" type. Thousands of men call him "Bill" and he is a most friendly person, likable and companionable. But he is not the kind that strangers slap on the back or intimates exchange smoking-room stories with. The men who selected him wanted a man whom they could continue in Gompers' place, upon whose conservatism they could rely, with whom they could "team" at all times, and under whom the council would be the free forum it was intended to be.

Thus it will be seen that the council did something more than select a president. What it really did was to resume its ancient authority and once more become the real ruling power in the federation, thereby taking the first step in the campaign to rebuild the organization to its former strength and prepare for the serious drive of employing interests to reduce wage levels that most persons familiar with industrial conditions expect will develop in the next few years.

There is, it will be noted, little nourishment or encouragement in this situation for those in the labor movement who call themselves progressives and whom their opponents call "reds." These reached the apex of their power in the post-war period when, among other things, they secured control of that long-time citadel of conservatism, the International Typographical Union, and dominated without serious dispute such powerful organizations in the federation, as, for example, the International Association of Machinists. Outside the federation, the Amalgamated Clothing Workers waxed rich and powerful, financing various radical movements and threatening, in the opinion of many, the domination of the general labor movement.

Since 1922 these organizations have lost membership, wealth and power. In this period the conservatives, under the leadership of James M. Lynch, ten years in retirement, recaptured the printers' organization; the Amalgamated has lost strength and power through strikes and internal conflicts and in the decimated ranks of the machinists opposition has developed that threatens the hold of William H. Johnston, who headed the La Follette movement, on the presidency. Even in the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, Warren S. Stone finds it necessary to defend his business ventures.

Almost without exception the heavy losses in (*Continued on page 44*)



SARGON, *King of Kings*

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By H. G. WELLS

ILLUSTRATED BY WALLACE MORGAN

Chapter XIII

WHEN Bobby came to talk it over with Sargon it seemed to him that Devizes had taken the little man completely to pieces and presented him with the disarticulated portions of himself. Devizes went back to London on Monday; he took Christina Alberta with him in his hired car; but Lambone urged Bobby to stay on for a day or so to cheer up the patient. Lambone, so far as he could discover his own intentions, meant to stay on at Udimore for a week or more and work.

Bobby saw Christina Alberta off, meditated on her for an hour, then gave the rest of the morning to Aunt Suzannah and the afternoon to Sargon; and Sargon, who was distinctly better, sat propped up by two pillows and discussed the dissected structure of himself.

"Not a bit fatigued," said Sargon. "I'm having a tonic now. Every three hours."

He considered his next remark for some moments before he made it. "Who *is* this Mr. Paul Lambone?" he asked. "It is very hospitable for him to entertain us. Very. (*H'rrmp*) . . . Is he a friend of yours?"

"He's quite a well-known writer. He's a friend of Christina Alberta's."

"She has so many friends. Young people do nowadays. And what is this Dr. Devizes?"

"He is a nervous specialist and he was consulted—he was consulted about the possibilities of getting you away from that Place."

"Nervous specialist. He is a wonderful talker—most intelligent and (H'rrmp) understanding. I have a curious feeling that somewhere, somewhen, somehow I have met him before. In this life—or some other. It is all quite vague and he does not seem to have any corresponding recollection. No. Probably a coincidence of some sort."

Bobby saw nothing in the coincidence.

Sargon shut his eyes for a second or so.

"We talked of my recent experiences," he resumed.

"Naturally," said Bobby, helping.

"There has been a lot of confusion about my personality. It is a trouble more frequent nowadays than it used to be. Most of my life I have thought that I was a person called Albert Edward Preemby, a limited person, a most limited person. Then I had a light. I began to realize that nobody could really be such a thing as that Albert Edward Preemby. I began to seek for myself. I had reason—too long to explain—to suppose that I was Sargon the First, the great Sumerian, the founder of the first Empire in the world. Then—then came trouble. You saw something of it. I grasped at the scepter—one afternoon—in Holborn—rashly. Most painful affair. I was sent to that Place. Yes. It shook me. Humiliations. Hardship. Real uncleanness. I doubted whether I wasn't, after all, just that (*Continued on page 28*)

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IS PROHIBITION A JOKE?

"PRESENT enforcement is a joke."

These are the words of John A. Cashin, an attorney employed by the United States Government to prosecute violations of the Volstead Act in New York. He was talking not to enemies of the dry law but to a conference of those interested in law enforcement held at Columbia University.

The remedy for lack of enforcement, said that speaker, "lies in the community. The national prohibition act needs both teeth and sufficient appropriations to carry it on."

Admission that the lawyer was not taking too gloomy a view came from the director of the Prohibition Unit, who said: "Let us wait about twenty-one years. If it has not been a success in that time, then it may be designated a failure."

It may be that New York and Chicago and San Francisco and the great cities generally pay less attention to prohibition than does the rest of the country. The votes from these cities were not cast in favor of prohibition. The law was written into the Constitution and on the statute books by representatives of the smaller cities and of the rural districts. A sufficient number of voters and of members of Congress, however, favored prohibition, and it was adopted by the American legislative method of majority rule.

For all that, prohibition may still be a joke. Many laws are honored more in the breach than in the observance. The blue laws of early New England are commonly ignored. Where the laws forbidding Sunday baseball do not reflect the sentiment of the community, they are not enforced. Amendments to the United States Constitution passed in the fury of Reconstruction passions have been practically nullified in certain states. Is this to be the fate of the prohibition act?

The new Congress is dryer than ever. The prohibitionists have three-fourths majorities both in the House and in the Senate. It would be absurd to expect these men to vote to weaken the prohibition act. They certainly would not be inclined to attempt to repeal the Eighteenth Amendment. Enforcement may be a joke, but the law is a serious reality.

What is to be done? Wait twenty-one years in hope that something will turn up?

Collier's would like to hear from its readers on this subject. Is the prohibition law operative or enforcible in your community?

Agreement is Better

THE Supreme Court holds that it is unconstitutional to compel owners and employees to continue a business on terms that are not of their own making. Since ours is a free country, what other verdict could be given? The compulsory arbitration law of Kansas and former Governor Allen's industrial court are both out of luck. That legislation was a well-meant though ill-considered attempt to get continuous operation and production in essential lines of business service such as food, fuel and the like.

Business men, whether owners or workers, obtain that same result by contract. Slavery forces the desired end, contract secures it by agreement, and a thousand years of trial have shown which is better. Official authority cannot force agreement.

The decision read by Justice Van Devanter does not mean chaos in Kansas or anywhere else. It does mean that profit earners and pay earners must get together under arrangements which they themselves make and which they will see through. If both sides are shortsighted and slippery, it may be necessary to have these agreements enforcible by the courts.. But that is not yet.

Most of us would rather run a business or hold a job than conduct a lawsuit. The conquering growth of that spirit in modern industry is what makes state compulsion useless.

The Weaker Sex

TWO American girls will try to swim across the English Channel this summer. Both are vigorous young women. Gertrude Ederle is the holder of many international records, and her companion, Helen Wainwright, has a world-wide reputation as an athlete.

The English Channel is the swimmer's supreme challenge. It has been seldom crossed. Five men have fought their way from coast to coast despite cold water and powerful tidal currents, but many have failed.

The girl champions have a fighting chance of success. Whether they are able to accomplish the feat depends chiefly on wind and weather. Both could easily swim far greater distances.

The very attempt is peculiarly interesting at this time. For a lively controversy on the question of physical vigor is now raging in England between men and women. Women teachers are seeking equal pay for equal work, a good slogan. Their male rivals, however, have been saying that women are weak and therefore a bad influence in the schools. The schoolmasters have demanded that every lad above seven be taught by a man.

The visiting swimmers should be welcomed by champions of women's rights. What these girls can do is far more persuasive than tons of arguments about the effeminacy of women.

Planes for Commuters

AMERICA is waiting for commercial aviation; what America wants she usually gets. We'll have it just as soon as it pays. The time is close at hand.

There are literally millions of suburban property owners who will welcome safe aërial commuting. Suburban property along waterways will be sure to grow immensely in value with the coming of aërial commuting because of the ease and safety of landing on water. The first commuting routes will probably be over water, not land.

It is in carrying commuters around the great overcrowded cities of America—all of these cities are on waterways: the lakes or the ocean—that commercial aviation may doubtless first begin to pay. After that, longer distances and freight carrying will be accomplished.

The automobile built our near-town suburbs. The 150-mile-an-hour airplane will take America into the real country.

Many Fathers Might Use Such Discretion

ALEXANDER HAMILTON, Washington's great Secretary of the Treasury, had a boy Jim in Columbia College back in 1804. Son James had to speak a piece at one of the exhibitions and asked father to write something different.

A few days before that fatal duel the lad was handed a manuscript with this letter:

> MY DEAR JAMES: I have prepared for you a Thesis on Discretion. *You may need it.* God bless you. Your affectionate father—
> A. H.

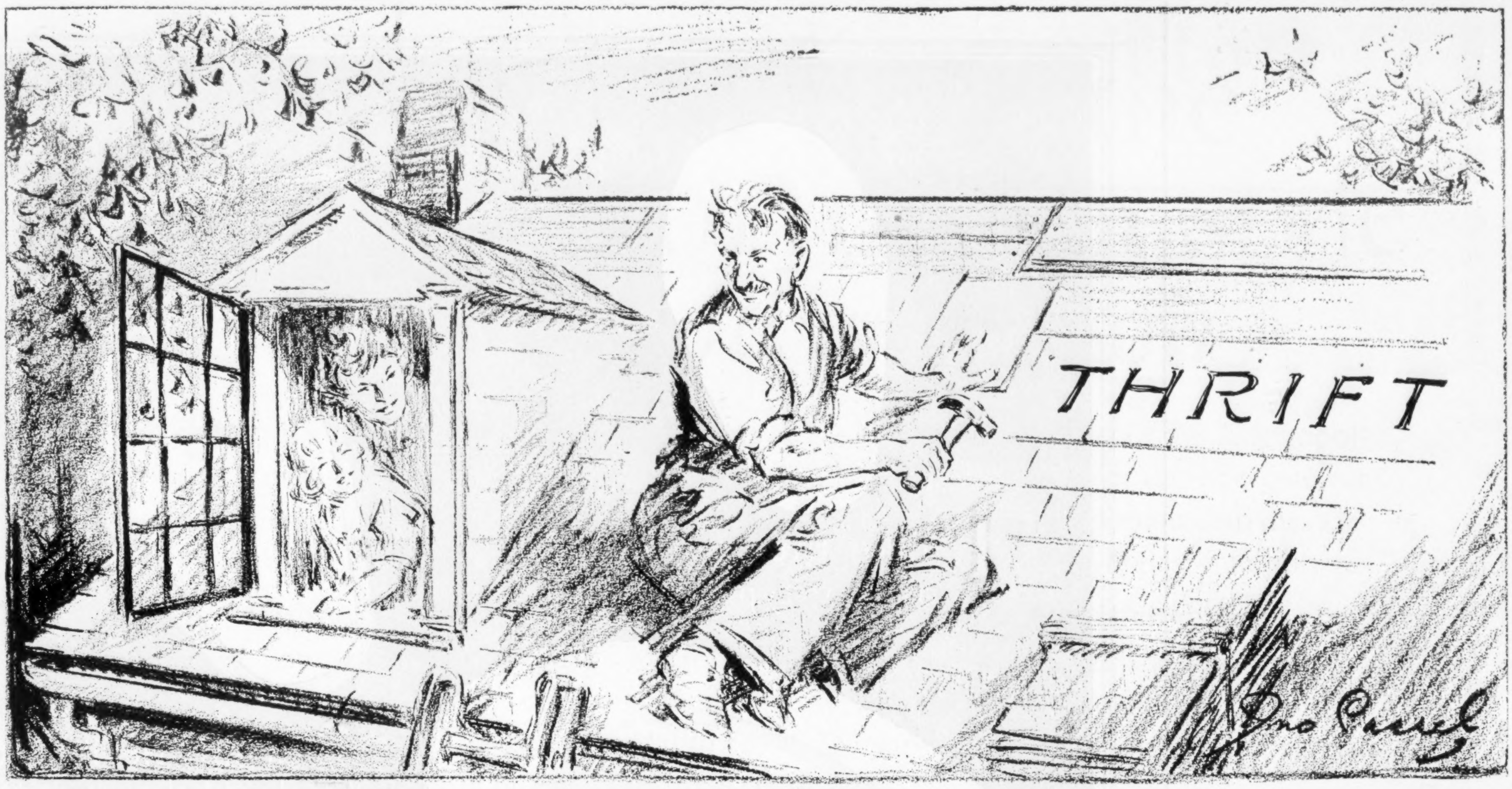
Very few of us can be Hamiltons, but most of us can use that sort of wisdom in trying to help young people, whether in school or out.

"More Brightful"

THEY are building a great cathedral in New York, and have asked folk of all manners and creeds to share in paying for it. Among these are even aliens, one of whom sent $2 and wrote to the bishop as follows:

> This is too little, but I wished to do so, to help your very best work in the world, and more brightful will bring to the people of this earth. I am one of the poor Japanese in this city but I wish to help to raise the fund of your divine among my friends to help Mr. Kashiwagi, who said that New York Japanese would contribute to the fund. Sure I wish to work on this best thing, as I can do my best, herewith only $2 please received. I thank that I could help.

English is a devious tongue, beset with dark ambushes for the stranger, leading him up rocky hill and down boggy dale. But for all that it can carry a message of friendliness and good will straight to its destination.



Repairing for a Rainy Day

WHAT THE SWINDLER STEALS BESIDES MONEY

By E. H. H. Simmons

President of the New York Stock Exchange

IF I could reach all the investors of America—and who is not an investor nowadays?—I would try to impress upon them the menace of the bucket-shop keeper and the security swindler.

You read in your morning newspaper of burglaries and holdups and shudder at the spread of that sort of crime. Perhaps you wake at night, startled by suspicious noises, and wonder if your own silverware is safe. You think of burglars and pickpockets as desperate criminals.

But are they as great a threat to your welfare as the swindler? It seems to me they are not. The burglar takes your jewelry and plate—your luxuries. The pickpocket takes your loose change or your watch. The security swindler steals your savings, your insurance, your protection against poverty. He does not use violence, but the results are sometimes more tragic than if he did. His career can be traced by broken hearts and ruined lives. He strikes at the foundation of credit upon which the success of individuals, as well as of the country as a whole, is based.

Our property and progress depend, in the last analysis, upon the savings of our citizens and the way in which these savings are used. The confidence that they will be forthcoming and that they will be productively employed constitutes credit. Anything which lessens this confidence interferes with our business stability and lessens the amount available for honest profits and well-earned wages.

One way to fight the security swindler is through education. The investors of the country are too often credulous and gullible. They assume a knowledge of the technical and intricate business of securities which they would not profess in any other business affair. They are careful in the purchase of their motor cars, horses, houses, clothing. It is only in the matter of securities that they are indifferent or careless.

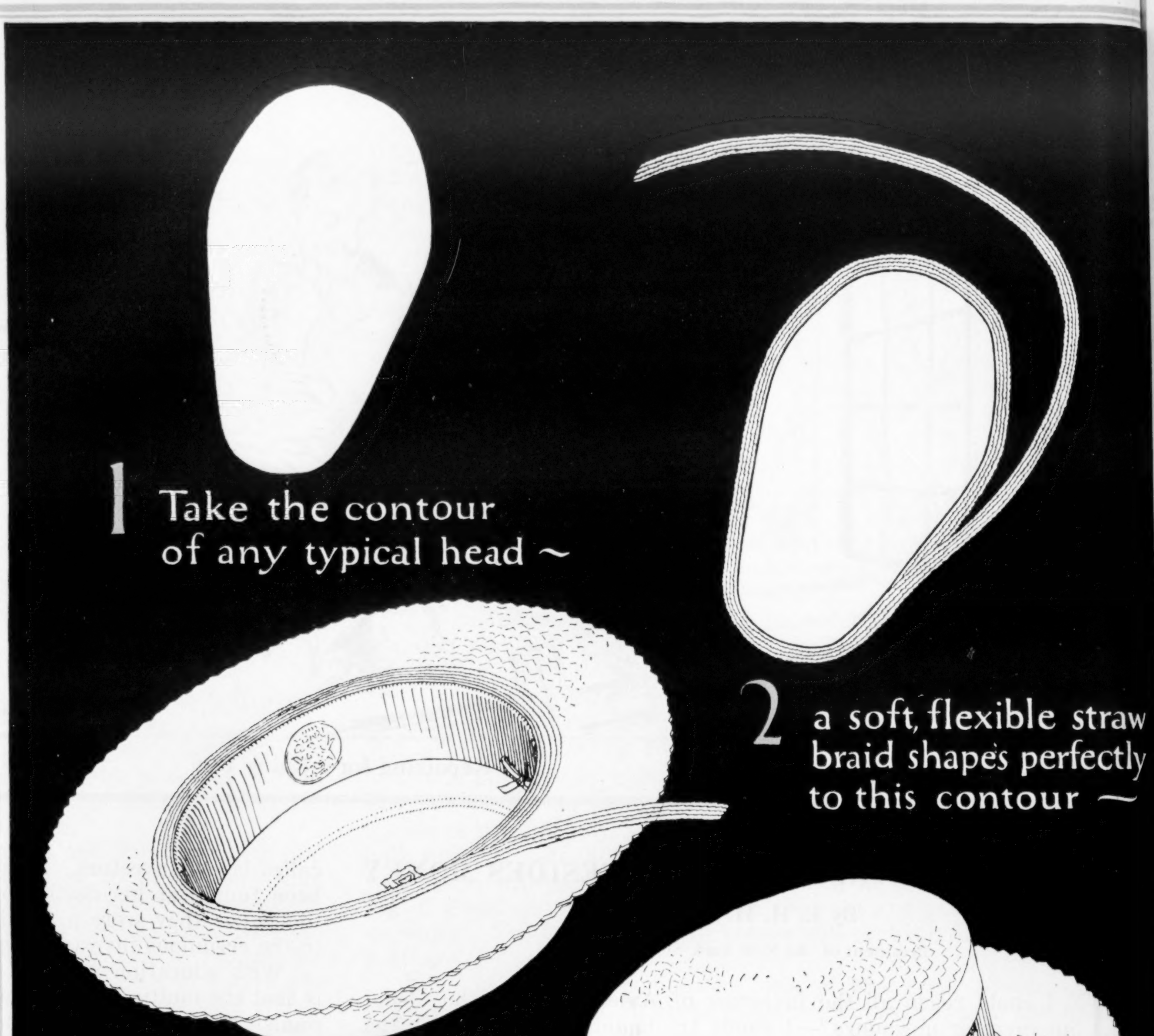
Nor does this apply only to the so-called small investor. The great aggregations of capital are made up of the funds of the small investor, and the great industries of the country are owned by him. He is not necessarily the swindler's ultimate prey. There are probably more small investors holding and owning high-class stocks and bonds, proportionately, than there are among the so-called larger investors. Many a wealthy man's safe deposit box has been found, at his death, to hold bundles of securities not worth the paper they were printed upon. Education should be directed to the credulous investor, regardless of the size of his bank roll.

With education must go enforcement of the law. The trouble is that the multiplicity of laws designed to protect the investor and punish the swindler hinders the purpose they are supposed to accomplish. These laws ought first to be simplified and then efficiently applied. Too often, at present, the element of politics enters into the situation, for crooks in the swindling business always try to identify themselves with political organizations. District attorneys in enforcing the law have often experienced the interference of politics without being able to trace such interference to its source. Law-enforcement officials are limited in many ways: the victim refuses to give information until it is too late, proper information is not submitted to the prosecuting officers, witnesses disappear, and every technical advantage of the law is taken by the crook, who hires shrewd attorneys, paying them with the proceeds of his thievery.

Business men, more than any other class in the community, have a direct interest in improving these deplorable conditions, for crooked business is the worst enemy honest business has. Coöperative effort on the part of the business men of each city and town throughout the United States would bring about definite results. We have to-day forty-four Better Business Bureaus doing splendid work along this line. These ought to be multiplied by twenty, supported, maintained and made efficient by the commercial interests and law-abiding public of the country.

Appropriations for the enforcement of fraud laws are not sufficient, and this lack of funds can be corrected by the voluntary efforts of private individuals. Where necessary the influence of business men's organizations should be put behind efforts to make fraud laws more strict and drastic and punishment more certain. The newspapers and magazines should coöperate. This is a campaign in which every good citizen should join, regardless of his political opinions. It is a national issue.

The swindler steals money, but he steals something far more valuable—the investor's faith in his own country. He is the enemy of every farmer, every teacher, every worker, every professional man, every law-abiding citizen. He is the meanest criminal. He can be, and should be, stamped out.



1 Take the contour
of any typical head ~

2 a soft, flexible straw
braid shapes perfectly
to this contour ~

3 this soft braid
is inserted into
the brim of the
"Metropolitan"★

4 *result* ~
the most comfortable and
stylish hat you ever owned

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DUNLAP C

Smart men wear the "METROPOLITAN" for style — and *one other reason*

THE sennet straw hat still holds its note of fashionable distinction. Possibly this is because men fancy a touch of summer tan beneath its smart, flat brim of straw.

Exclusive style has had much to do with the popularity of the Dunlap "Metropolitan." But there is one other outstanding reason, too. In the brim, close to the crown, there are rows of fine, pliable straw braid (a patented feature, by the way) which make the hat conform to its wearer's head as easily and naturally as a Panama.

Most of the wearers of the "Metropolitan" probably consider this new comfort feature even more important than the carefully proportioned style they infallibly receive in every Dunlap Celebrated Hat.

For naturally they expect style—but this new note of perfect comfort makes the Dunlap "Metropolitan" doubly desirable.

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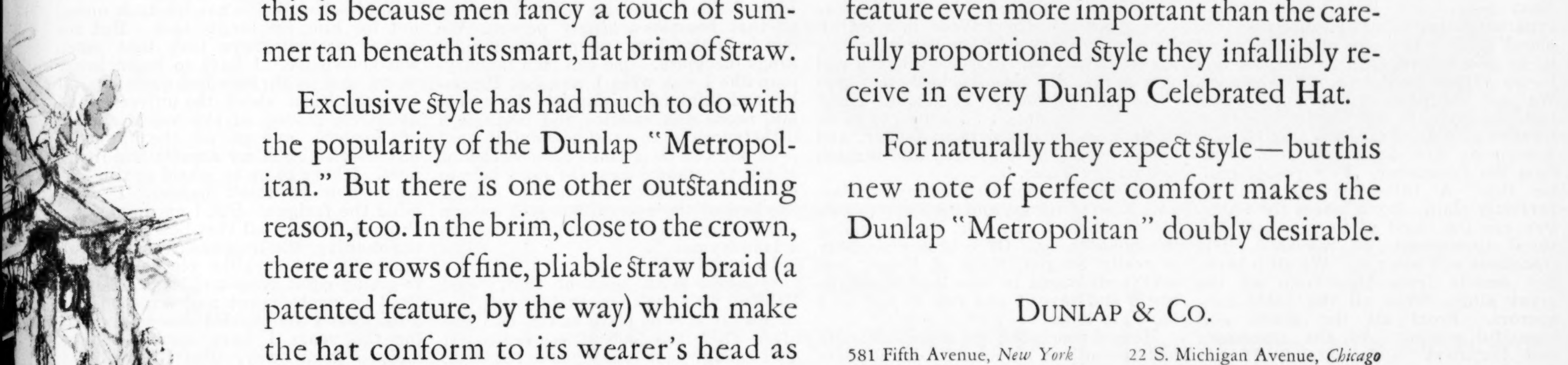


ebrated HATS

Sargon, King of Kings

Continued from page 23

little Preemby. A human rabbit. My faith faltered. I admit it faltered."

He mused painfully for some moments.

Then he laid his hand reassuringly on Bobby's wrist.

"I *am* Sargon," he said. "Talking to your friend Devizes has cleared my mind greatly. I *am* Sargon, but in a rather different sense from what I had supposed. Preemby was, as I had supposed, a mere accidental covering. But—"

The little face puckered with intellectual effort. "I am not *exclusively* Sargon. You—you perhaps are still unawakened—but you are Sargon too. His blood is in our veins. We are coheirs. It is fairly easy to understand. Sargon, regal position. Naturally many wives. Political—biological necessity. Offspring numerous. They again—positions of advantage—many children. Next generation, more. Like a vast expanding beam of intellectual and moral force. You can prove it—prove it by mathematics. Dr. Devizes and I—we worked it out on a piece of paper. We are all descended from Sargon, just as we are all descended from Cæsar—just as nearly all English and Americans are descended from William the Conqueror. Few people realize this. A little arithmetic—it is perfectly plain. Long before the Christian era the blood of Sargon was diffused throughout all mankind. His traditions still more so. We all inherit. Not merely from him—from all the great kings, from all the noble conquerors. From all the brave and beautiful women. All the statesmen and inventors and creators. If not directly from them, from their fathers and mothers. All that rich wine from the past is in my veins. And I thought I was just Albert Edward Preemby! And at Woodford Wells I went for a silly little walk nearly every afternoon with sixpence in my pocket to spend and nothing in the world to do! For twenty years. It seems incredible."

THE blue eyes sought confirmation from Bobby, who nodded.

"There was I walking about Epping Forest in a suit of clothes I never really liked—a rather exaggerated golfing suit with baggy knickerbockers that my wife chose for me—they seemed to get baggier every year—and I was quite ignorant that I was the heir of all the ages and that the whole earth down to the center and up to the sky was mine. And yours. Ours. I had no sense of duty to it; I hadn't woke up to self-respect. I wasn't only Sargon, but all the men and women who have ever mattered on earth. I was God's Everlasting Servant. Instead of which I was rather timid about horses and strange dogs, and often when I saw people approaching and thought they were observing me and speaking about me I did not know what to do with my arms and legs and became quite confused about them."

He paused to smile at the thought of it.

"It has been interesting to talk to your Dr. Devizes of the absurdity of that contracted blind littleness in which I lived so long. We talked of the Great Man I really was, the Great Men we really were. All the incorporated Great Men. You and I, the same. Because in the past you and I and he were one, and in the future we may come together again. We have just separated to take hold of things as the hand separates into thumb and fingers. We talked of the time when the spirit that is in us made the first hut, launched the first ship, rode the first horse. We could not remember those great moments as exact incidents, but we recalled them—generally. We recalled a blazing day when a band of men went out across a sandy desert for the first time and when a man first stood upon a glacier. It was—slippery. Then I remember watching my people heap up the earth walls of my first city. We went out against the robbers of the first herds. Then Dr. Devizes and I stood in imagination on a sort of quarterdeck and watched our men lugging the great oars of the galley that took us to Iceland and Vinland. We both saw. We planned the great walls of China, I counted our lateen sails upon our grand canal. You see, I have built a million wonderful temples and an innumerable multitude of lovely sculptures, paintings, jewels, and decorations. I had forgotten it, but I have. And I have loved a billion loves—I have indeed—to bring me here. We all have. We talked it over, your Dr. Devizes and I. I had not dreamt the millionth part of what I am. When I thought I was Sargon wholly and solely I still did not realize my great inheritance and my enormous destiny. Even now I am only beginning to see that. . . . It is preposterous to think that I, who have all this past of efforts and adventures behind me, should have been content to run about Woodford Wells in a ridiculous suit of tweeds with plus-four breeches that was extremely heavy and uncomfortable—they tickled me, you know—on hot days. Yet I did. I did. . . . Not realizing. . . . I used to go on until I could endure it no longer, and then I would have to stop and scratch behind my knees. . . .

"Of course when I called myself Sargon, King of Kings, and proposed to rule all the world I was—Dr. Devizes called it—*symbolizing.* Of course everybody is really Sargon, King of Kings, and everybody ought to take hold of all the world and save it and rule it just as I have got to do."

He had concluded his exposition. He had spread out his disarticulated parts before Bobby just as Devizes had returned them to him.

"But just what are you going to do?" said Bobby.

"I have been thinking of that."

For a little while he continued to think.

"It becomes all different," he said, "when one realizes that one is not the *only* Sargon. I thought of being a great king, a great leader, with the rest of the world just following me. I doubt if I ever felt quite *up* to a job of that sort, but I couldn't see any other way of being Sargon and a king. Now I do. I did my best, but even when I went to Buckingham Palace I realized that the thing was going to be too big for me. I was telling Dr. Devizes—I told him, that since he was Sargon and King just as much as me and that almost anyone might become Sargon and King, then it wasn't a case for palaces and thrones any longer, or for being proclaimed and crowned—such things were as much out of date as flint implements—and that the real thing was to be just a kingly person and work with all the other kingly persons in the world to make the world worthy of our high descent. Anyone who wakes up to that becomes a kingly person. We can be active kings even if we remain kings incognito. One can be a laundryman like I was when I was just Preemby, and think of nothing but the profits and needs and vanities and fears of a little laundryman—and how dull it was!—or one can be a king, the descendant of ten thousand kings, the joint heir to the inheritance of all human affairs, the lord of the generations still unborn—who happens to be living in exile as a laundryman."

He paused.

"I agree with most of that," said Bobby. "It's—it's reasonable stuff."

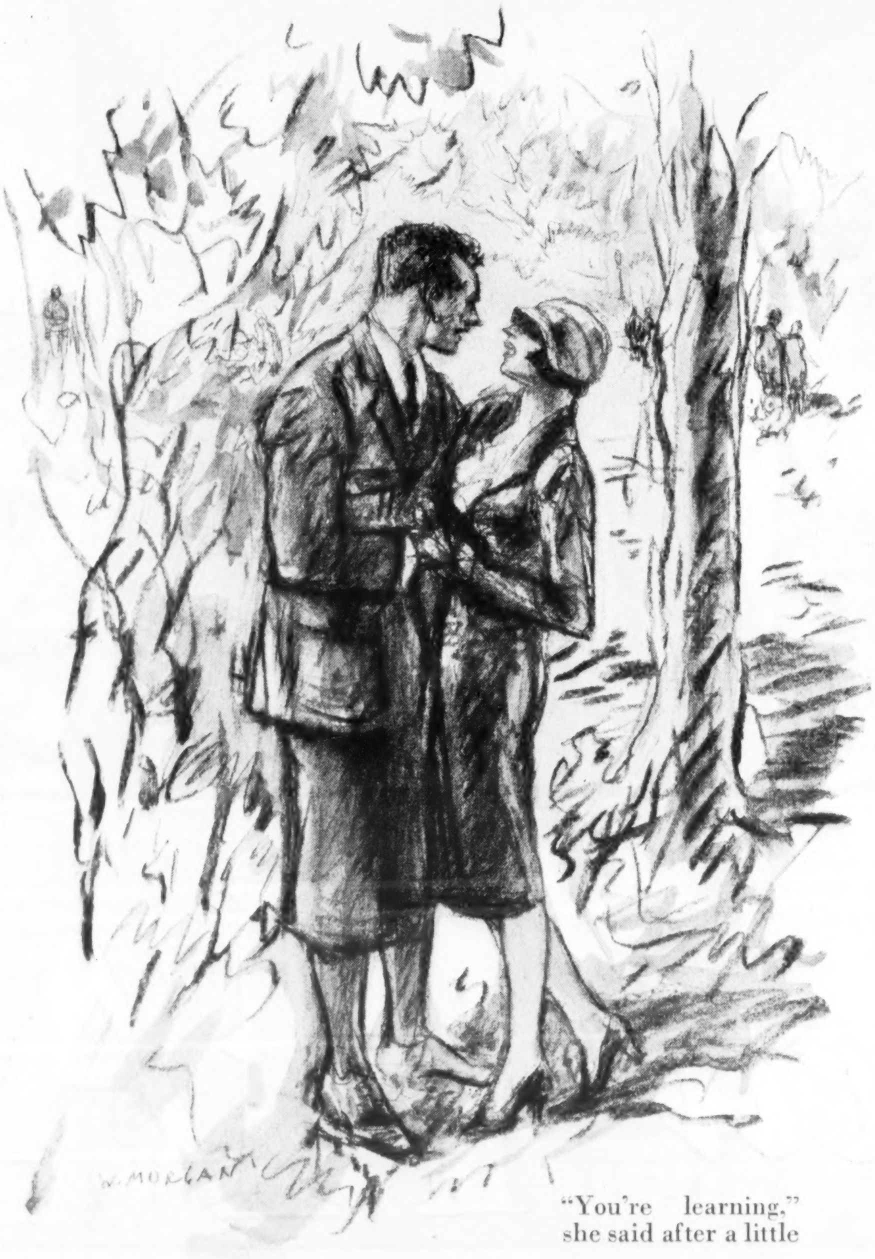
"So far it is as plain as can be. But after that the difficulties begin. It isn't enough just to say you are a king; you have to be a king. You have to *do.* You can't be a king and not do kingly things. But it's just there that Dr. Devizes and I—we weren't so clear. There's a lot to be thought out. What is my kingly task? In this frail body—and what I am? I am not clear. Yet the mere fact that I am not clear shows clearly where I have to begin. I have to get clear. I have to get knowledge, find out about my kingdom. That's reasonable. I have to learn more about my great inheritance, our great inheritance, the history of it, the possibilities of it, the ways of the men who misrule it. I have to learn about business and economics and money; and then when I see it all plain I have to exert myself and vote and work, and I have to find out what particular gifts I have and how I may best give them to our kingdom. Each king must glorify his particular reign with his particular gift. We agreed about that.

"SO FAR I do not know my particular gift. Dr. Devizes says that so far as he is concerned he must work out human motives and human relationships; his gift and his natural interest is for mental science. He has his task meted out for him, his kingly task. But for me at present there isn't that much self-knowledge. I have to begin lower down and with broader questions. I have to learn about the universe and about the history of this world empire of Sargon's and of all the things I have neglected in my dreams and littleness. I have to go to school again. To learn how to think harder. I don't mind the fatigue. But I am impatient. When I think of all that lies before me, the reading, the inquiries, the visits to museums and suchlike places, I want to get up right away and begin. I have lived so unobservant and irresponsible a life that I am puzzled now to account for the years I have spent. I have mooned them away. But I am glad I have awakened to my kingship before it is too late.

"I am quite a young man still. I am a little past forty, but that is nothing. Half of that was childhood and boyhood and much of the rest inattention. For all I know I may live another forty years. I'm not half through. And they may be the best years, the full years. I can spend three or four just learning—learning the round world. I shall begin to find out politics, and why men and women are servile and little-minded. I shall begin to realize how I can extend to those others this great liberation that has come to me. I shall begin to have a political life. A man who has no political life is like a rat which lives in a ship rather than like a man who navigates it. Then within that I shall begin to find my own proper life, my particular task. It is premature, I think, but I am very greatly drawn to the riddle of madness and asylums. I do not understand why there is madness. It puzzles and distresses me, and Dr. Devizes agrees with me that when a thing puzzles and distresses the mind the thing to do is to gather all the knowledge and ideas one can about it—scientifically. Presently it ceases to distress; it interests and occupies. And when I was in—that Place, I talked to some of those poor creatures. I was very sorry for them. I made them promises to help them when my kingdom came. And now I begin to see what my kingdom is, and the way in which I must enter in to possess it. Perhaps in good time I shall learn and spread knowledge about asylums and make things better in them so that they will not simply imprison people but help and cure them.

"It was Dr. Devizes' idea, I think—or we may have worked it out together—that there is a real and important purpose in madness. It is a sort of simplification, a removal of checks and controls, and a sort of natural experiment. The secret things of the mind are laid bare. But then if poor souls are to suffer for that sort of thing, to yield knowledge for others, they ought to be treated properly, they ought to be cherished and made the utmost use of and not handed over to such brutes as we had. . . . I can't tell you. Not yet. Brutes they were. . . . And in their sane moments—they all have sane mo-

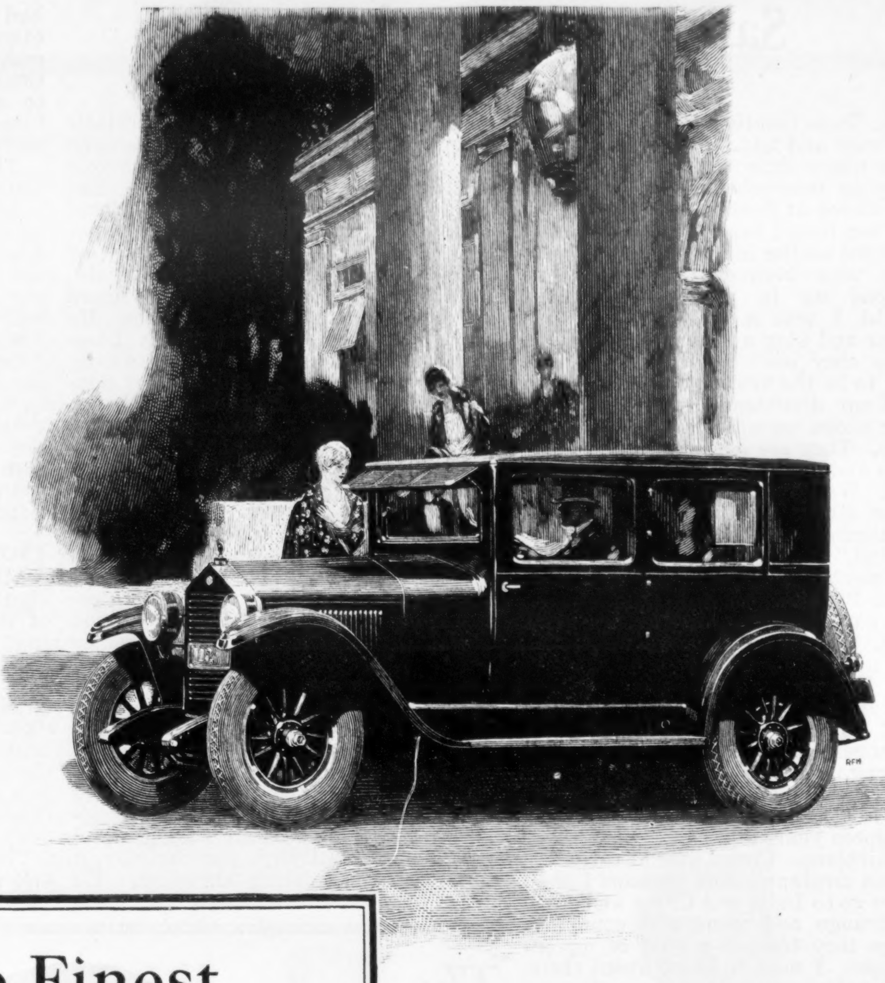
(*Continued on page 30*)



"You're learning," she said after a little

This Amazing ESSEX Success

The Result of Value



Built by Hudson, Essex not only shares the advantages of the famous Super-Six patents, but also the value-building supremacy of their enormous combined production.

It is the one issue in the most astounding sales success of motordom. The greatest of all Essex values is responsible for the greatest of all Essex years. No car, at or near the price, rivals it in actual proof of value—which is SALES.

Why It Outsells All Rivals

Only among far higher priced cars will you find comparison for Essex quality, performance and riding ease. It is a totally different type. It gives results no other car ever gave. It is low priced, without disappointment in looks or reliability. It provides stability and finest roadability without unnecessary weight. It has economy without sacrifice of performance.

You will enjoy driving it for the smooth vibrationless performance of its quiet motor. It is so easy to steer and comfortable to ride in that even over long journeys and rough roads it gives a satisfaction associated only with large, costly cars.

The Finest Essex Ever Built

The easiest driving and riding Essex ever built.

The finest Essex in materials and workmanship ever built.

The smoothest, most reliable Essex ever built.

A car you will take pride in owning.

It is better looking and better arranged.

It gives freedom from tinkering and frequent repair costs.

Its price—$895—is the lowest at which Essex has ever sold. You cannot get comparable performance and reliability in any other car within hundreds of dollars of its price.

THE COACH

$895

Freight and Tax Extra

Essex requires little attention to keep in top condition. You sacrifice no motoring pleasure, comfort or good looks that large, high-priced cars can give. And with it you know all the satisfaction that comes with its distinction as a fine and beautiful car.

Built by Hudson On Hudson Patents

In quality Hudson and Essex are alike. The patents which account for Hudson's famous reputation for performance, reliability and long life are responsible for the same qualities in Essex.

We believe it is the most economical car to own and operate in the world.

Because greatest value for the money has always been the one policy and issue with Hudson-Essex, they have earned their reputation as the "World's Greatest Values." Everyone says it. Sales prove it.

Hudson-Essex Now World's Largest Selling Six-Cylinder Cars

More Than 1000 Cars Daily

Sargon, King of Kings

Continued from page 28

ments, these lunatics—they ought to be comforted and told."

The queer little round face, with its sprouting mustache and its pale blue eyes, stared at Bobby.

"When first I saw you," said Sargon, "I did not realize in the least how things really were between us. I was still wrapped up in vaingloriousness; I thought I was a great prophet and teacher and king and that all the world had to obey me. I thought you were going to be the first and best and nearest of my disciples. But now I know better about myself. And about other people. They are here not to be my followers and disciples, but to be my fellow kings. We have to work together with all the others who are awakened, for our kingdom and the great progress of mankind."

He went on talking rather to himself than to Bobby.

"I have always wanted to know things, but now I shall have the will really to know them. I shall be different now. It seems incredible that a little while ago I was bothered about what I should do with my time. Now I am only eager to get at things, and however long my time may be I know it will be full. It is astonishing to me that there has been flying in my kingdom for a dozen years and I have never been in an airplane. I must look at the world from an airplane. And perhaps I shall need to go to India and China and suchlike strange and wonderful countries, because they too are a part of my inheritance. I need to know about them. And jungles and wildernesses that we have to subjugate; I have to see them. The beasts are under us; we have to cherish them or destroy them mercifully as the necessities of our kingdom may require. It is a terrible thing even to be lord of a beast. All the beasts, wild or tame, are under our dominion. And there is science. All the wonderful work men do in laboratories and their marvelous discoveries are our care. If I do not understand, I may hinder. How blind I have been to the splendor of my life! When I think of all these things, I can hardly endure to be here in bed; I am so impatient to get on with them. But I suppose I must be patient with these poor wheezing lungs.

"Patient," he repeated.

He looked at his wrist watch, and it had stopped. "Can you tell me the time? At seven I ought to take some more of that excellent tonic. It is working wonders in me. But no! don't trouble; the nurse will be thinking of it. . . . It puts fresh life into me."

BUT Sargon did not live forty years more, nor thirty, nor twenty. He lived just a day under seven weeks from that conversation. He stayed in bed for two days after Bobby returned to London; then Lambone also went, and he became intractable. As his strength returned he bothered his nurse more and more for books he couldn't name or describe, and for volumes of the "Encyclopædia Britannica;" and when she declared that seven volumes of that monumental publication were surely as much as any invalid could need at one time, he got up and put on his rough little dressing-gown and came paddling downstairs, H'rrmping resolutely, to the library. After that he got up for three days running. A fire was made in the most bookish corner of the downstairs room and screens put to keep him warm. But his tonic was driving him—perhaps it was too stimulating a tonic—and he would not stay in his protected corner.

The nurse seems to have been a weak, complaining character, indisposed to act without authority. She telephoned through to Devizes in London, but she did not succeed in making clear to him the gravity of Sargon's misbehavior. The crowning offense came when he wouldn't go to bed at seven, but instead slipped out, in an overcoat and a wrapper indeed but in slippers, upon the terrace before the house. His bare ankles and legs were exposed to the cold wind. The slow-moving periodic beams of light from the lighthouse upon the coast, sweeping across the phantom hills under the clear starlight, had drawn him out—those processional lights and Sirius, that white splendor, and the steadfast sprawling glory of Orion. It was a clear November night, with frost in the air. The nurse heard him cough and rushed out to him. He was looking at Sirius through Lambone's field glasses, and she had to drag him in by main force. She lost her temper; there was an ungracious struggle.

The next day he was in no state to leave his bed. Yet he tossed about and exposed his inflamed chest in feeble attempts to read. "I know nothing," he complained. For a while he got better again, and then it is highly probable that he went to his open window in the night and sat for a long time wondering at the stars. After that came a relapse and a week or so of struggle, and then after a phase of delirium came great weakness and then, one night, death. He was alone when he died.

Bobby had not expected the death at all. He heard of it from Christina Alberta with great astonishment. He had been told nothing of Sargon's being worse, nor of his misbehavior; he had been thinking of him rather enviously as growing steadily stronger and better and gratifying day by day a happy and expanding curiosity. He had looked forward presently to another talk and another phase of this odd, belated adolescence. It was as though an interesting story had come to an abrupt end in the middle, as though all its concluding chapters had been torn out rudely and unreasonably.

This mood of frustrated sympathy lasted over the cremation of Sargon at Golders Green. Bobby went to that queer ceremony. He arrived late with Billy; the coffin that held the little body stood ready to glide into the furnace, the Church of England burial service had already begun. There were very few people in the chapel. Christina Alberta, in the black she had worn for her mother, was in the front seat as chief mourner between Paul Lambone and Devizes. Behind her, with an air of earnest support, were Harold and Fay Crumb, astonishingly in deep mourning and following the service meticulously in two prayer books.

BOBBY became aware of the voice of the officiating clergyman driving high, like a flying bird, over the welter of his thoughts. "*But some man will say, How are the dead raised up? and with what body do they come? Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die: and that which thou sowest, thou sowest not the body that shall be, but bare grain, it may chance of wheat or of some other grain: but God giveth it a body, as it hath pleased him, but to every seed his own body. . . .*

"*The glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another. There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars: for one star differeth from another star in glory.*

"*O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is in the law.*

"*Man that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live. . . . He cometh up, and is cut down, like a flower: he fleeth as it were a shadow. . . .*"

Set in motion by unseen hands, the coffin went gliding toward the furnace doors, which opened to receive it. There was a deep roar, a sound like a mighty rushing wind, an elemental and chaotic sound. . . .

Life is a faint, dispersed film upon one little planet, but flames roar like this and great winds rush and whirl, out to the remotest star in the unfathomable depths of space. That deep, disorderly tumult is the true voice of lifeless matter, not of dead matter, for what has never lived cannot be dead, but of lifeless matter outside of and beneath and beyond life.

IT WAS a very warm, serenely still May evening, and Lambone's party sat after dinner in the twilight, some just inside the house and some on deck chairs upon the terrace. They looked out over the marsh and over the still sea. The sky was like the inside of a deep blue globe on which an ever-increasing multitude of starry midges was alighting and Rye and Winchelsea crouched low beneath it: black, low lumps with a street light and a window or so showing minutely. Receding out to sea was a liner quite brightly lit. With swift steadiness the beam of the nearer lighthouse swept the distant levels, came near, lit the faces of the talkers, lit the room, called a church tower and a group of trees into existence and dropped them back into the darkness and forgot about them and passed on. And then presently it was coming again, a thin, white streak of light far away across the levels.

When one's attention wandered from the talk one became aware of an abundance of nightingales. They were nightingales newly come from the south. One, or it might be two, were in the trees close at hand; others remoter wove a gauze curtain of faint sweet sounds over the visible universe.

Bobby sat on the step between the room and the terrace with his back against a pillar and with his empty coffee cup beside him. He had put himself there by the feet of Christina Alberta, who was deep in a big armchair and very still. Her face was dim except when her cigarette glowed and showed a red-lit, unfamiliar face. And yet that afternoon she had been the most familiar thing in the world to him; she had kissed him and pulled his ears and he had kissed her bare shoulders and held her in his arms. Devizes too was silent and preoccupied. He sat over against Christina Alberta on the other side of the opening of the room, and he was so much in the twilight that, except when the lighthouse beam lit his face, only his shining shoes and socks were clearly visible to Bobby. There had been times when Bobby had thought that Devizes was in love with Christina Alberta, and he had a vague, inexplicable feeling that to some extent she was or had been in love with Devizes. He had a sense of unfathomable deeps in their relationship, but he did not know where these deeps lay. If Christina Alberta loved Devizes, she would have said so. Bobby knew of no reason why she should not. But to-day she had hugged and kissed Bobby so that it was impossible to believe she loved anyone else.

Yet in the last three or four months she had gone about with Devizes a lot; Bobby had seen her mind responding and changing with her talks with this man. She used to quote him and she would say things exactly like the things he said. It had been a great inconvenience and trial to Bobby, this preoccupation. And then suddenly he found Devizes wasn't the lover at all, never could have been a lover. That day she had proved that up to the hilt. And

(*Continued on page 32*)

The DEAF GIRL *who became*— —*A Dancing* STAR

By
DONALD
MacGREGOR

She hears the music through her eyes and toes

AFTER Elsie Wachta went to New York the usual difficulties arose. Back in Chicago she had learned classical dancing, but she had trouble getting a job. At last, in a furnished room in the Fifties, she found herself living on spaghetti—cooked three times a day on a curling-iron stove.

When the tip came that a musical show was starting rehearsals on the Century roof, Elsie and Arthur Corey, her partner, applied for a job. The stage director waved them away, but they still hung around, unnoticed, and concocted a plan. Presently there was a lull in the rehearsal. Corey stepped to the center of the stage, and Elsie, having changed quickly to rompers, made a wild leap into his arms. He caught her and she twirled on his shoulders. She hooked a leg around his neck and executed a sensational spin, the climax of their act.

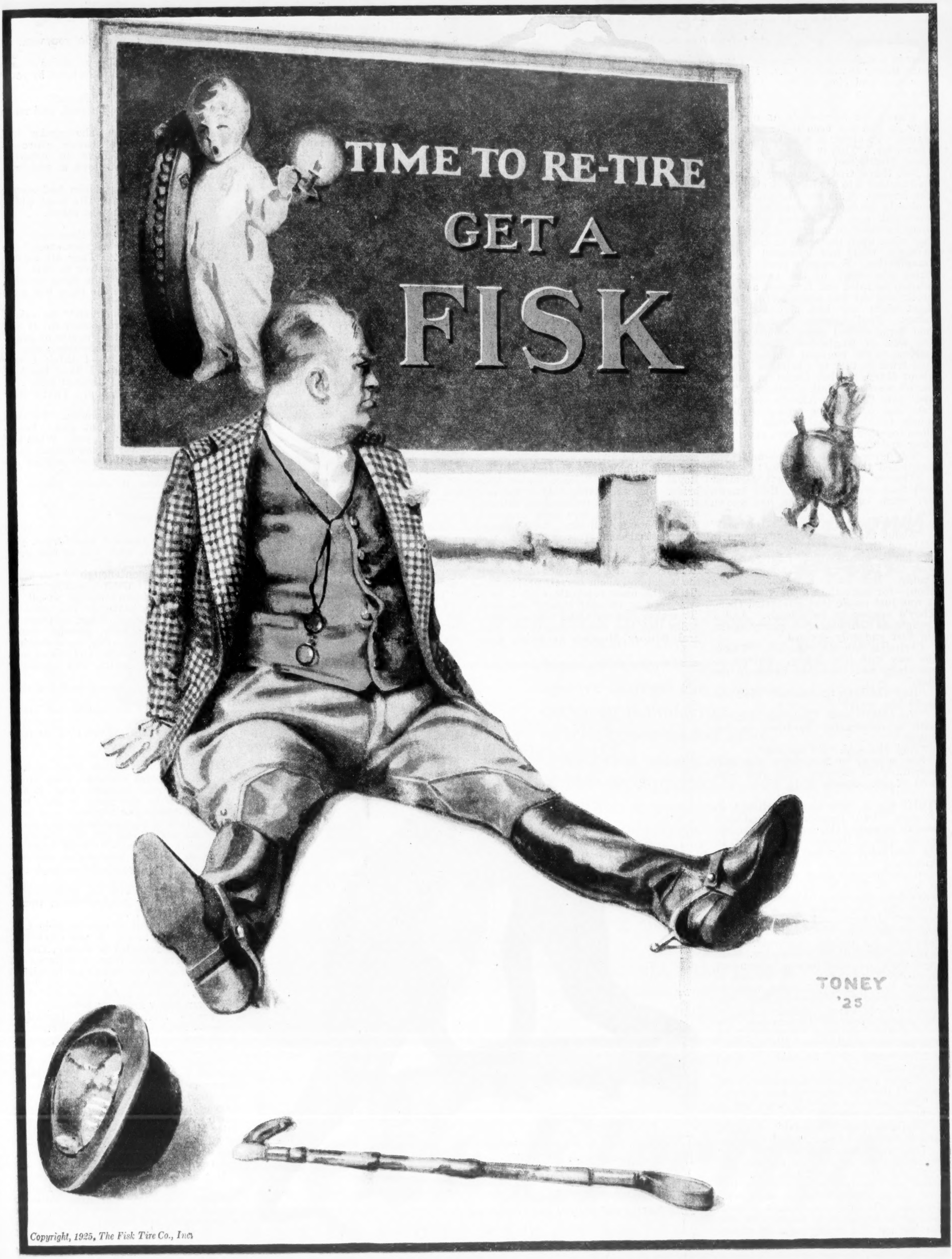
"Fine!" the amazed director exclaimed. "You've got a job!"

But victory wasn't complete. Elsie hadn't explained that she was deaf!

Nobody noticed her defective hearing during rehearsals. She got the tempo from the chorus girls. But on the opening night she was blinded by the blazing spotlights, which previously had been omitted, and she could neither see nor hear. The chorus girls, confused, were out of time. She hesitated, half-paralyzed. Then she gritted her teeth—and kicked her way gracefully down the steps. She didn't know until the curtain had been raised and lowered half a dozen times for the encores that she'd made a hit.

Corey and Wachta now are feature dancers in musical shows and vaudeville.

"I'm not badly off," the ninety-two-pound girl explains, "I get the tempo all right. First, my partner's motions tell me what I'm to do: the way he grips me—lots of little things. There's the orchestra, too: the swing of the violin bow, the fingering of the cornet and the leader marking time with his baton. I feel the vibration of the bass drum on my body. I work barefoot and there's vibration in the stage. There are a dozen little things that help me out, and I don't worry because I'm deaf."


TIME TO RE-TIRE
GET A
FISK
TONEY
'25

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Sargon, King of Kings

Continued from page 30

now in a state between pride and servitude Bobby sat at her feet. He sat at her feet and close to her; Devizes in the darkness was remote, a full three yards away.

Except for Lambone's unquenchable flow, it had not been a very talkative party. To-night it was less talkative than ever. "This is too perfect," Margaret Means had sighed. "I can't talk. I just thank God I am alive," and she had nestled into her big deck chair upon the terrace. This was the girl—it had suddenly become apparent to Bobby a fortnight ago in London—whom Devizes intended to marry. Abruptly she had come upon the scene to destroy the triangle that had obsessed Bobby's imagination. A sweetly pretty, fragile thing she was: in the twilight she seemed as faint and fragrant as night-stock, and she was a wonderful pianist. Last night she had played for two hours. Paul's sister, Miss Lambone, had been evoked from somewhere in the west of England to come and be hostess to the engaged couple. Bobby had tried to talk to Christina Alberta about Margaret, but Christina Alberta hadn't wanted to talk about her. "You see," said Christina Alberta compactly, "she has opened the whole world of music to him. That's what brought them together. She's clever; she's very clear and clever."

"I'd never heard of her—until you mentioned their engagement."

"They've gone to concerts together and that sort of thing. He's known her much longer than he has known me."

"When did you first meet Devizes?"

"About the time my Daddy came to Midgard Street. As recently as that. It's hardly six months. Paul Lambone took me to him to get advice about Daddy. But *they* have been going about—for more than a year. I thought it was just music that interested them. They'd seemed to be friends. And I thought he didn't mean to marry again. He just suddenly decided."

Christina Alberta reflected. "That's the way with life, Bobby. Things accumulate, and then you suddenly decide."

"Had she been undecided? Had she made him wait?"

"Not her," said Christina Alberta with a remarkable hardness in her voice.

"No," she said. "*He* decided."

She seemed to feel there was still something to express. "He just took hold of the situation."

THIS was Bobby's second visit to Udimore. Paul Lambone had suddenly seen fit to gather this party; apparently on the spur of Devizes' engagement. In the interval Bobby had seen Christina Alberta a number of times and developed an immense sense of relationship to her. It filled his life. He had always been dreaming things about her from the time when he anticipated her with blue eyes and a fragile person, and always she was and did things that tore his dreams to shreds. This made her profoundly interesting. More and more he had become dependent upon her for interest. He wanted to marry her if only to make sure he wouldn't lose the interest of her. She had refused—twice. Without any of the graces proper to the occasion. "No fear, Bobby," she said. "It wouldn't do. I'm not the woman you take me for."

"You never are," he said. "I don't mind that."

"You're the dearest companion," she said. "I like the way your hair grows."

"Then why not make it yours and be companions forever?"

"Nothing more frightful," she said, and so dismissed the proposal.

They went about together; they spent much of their spare time together except for those distressing occasions when she would suddenly throw him over to go to a theatre or walk with Devizes. Or to go to Devizes to talk. She never hesitated to throw him over for Devizes. Yet Bobby got a lot of her. She didn't know much about theatres or music halls or restaurants or dancing places, or that sort of thing, and Bobby was discreetly competent in that province. The Malmesburys felt themselves deserted, and Susan was vindictive in her resentment at his frequent absence from her bedtime rituals. Tessy, Bobby declared, remained his dearest friend; but when he tried to tell her all about himself in the old, old fashion—which he did when Christina Alberta was away with Devizes—he naturally had to tell her all about Christina Alberta. But Tessy declined in the most emphatic way to be told about Christina Alberta. It was extremely surprising and disappointing to Bobby to find out how incapable Tessy was of appreciating the endless interestingness and charm of Christina Alberta. It was a blind spot in her mind. She seemed to assume that Christina Alberta was no better than she should be, whereas she was much better. It estranged Bobby and Tessy very much, and it was a great sorrow to Bobby.

Because Christina Alberta *was* good—and interesting—beyond dispute. She was growing with tremendous rapidity mentally and in her knowledge of the world. Every time he met her she seemed more of a person, with richer, fuller, more commanding ideas. She seemed to be living every moment of her time. She was working now at the Royal College of Science under Macbride. She was taking hold of her new studies there with tremendous enthusiasm. She was in love with comparative anatomy. Bobby had always thought that comparative anatomy was dry pedantic stuff about bones, but she declared it lit up the whole story of life for her. It changed her ideas about the world and about herself profoundly. "It is the most romantic stuff I have ever read or thought about," she said. "It makes human history seem silly."

She took him three times to the Natural History Museum at South Kensington to show him something of the fine realizations that stirred her mind. She made it clear to him how the bones of a wing or the scratches of a flint could restore the storms and sunlight and passion of ten million years ago.

AND then suddenly, a week ago, Christina Alberta had consented to marry Bobby. She had taken back her two refusals. But the way she did it made it like everything else she did, astonishing and disconcerting. She had a confession to make, and for a time, until he could think it over thoroughly, that confession seemed to Bobby to explain her refusals completely and to clear up everything about her.

She got him to take her to Hampton Court. But they did not go into the gardens because they saw through the park gates that the chestnuts of Bushey Avenue were in full blossom; they went instead by the pond and up under the riotously flowing branches. A belated spring was coming now in a hurry, warm and brilliant. The trees were glorious. It was as if a bright green sea was splashing up warm creamy foam under a shower of cannon shots. The blue sky hummed with light.

"The spring has come fast now that it has begun to come," she said.

He felt she had something to say and waited.

"I never know, Bobby—this year less than ever—whether spring is the happiest time in the year or the most miserably restless. Everybody and everything is falling in love."

"I didn't wait for spring," said Bobby.

"But what of the frogs that can't find water?" said Christina Alberta.

"There's water where there are frogs," said Bobby.

"Everybody is marrying and giving in marriage," she said. "I thought—I thought—Dr. Devizes at least was an inconsolable widower. But the spring tides have caught even him. They catch everybody."

"They've caught you?"

"I don't know. I'm miserable, Bobby, and restless and all astir."

"Then let yourself go."

"One aches—alone."

First National

There once was a Dinthyosaurus
Whose manners were most indecorous.
He got in a fight
With a playmate one night,
And passed out several æons before us.

J. B. K.

"But are you alone?"

"Fairly."

"There's me."

"Bobby dear, what do you want in me?"

"*You.* To be with you. To be always about with you. And to be loved by you."

"It's kind of you."

"Oh, nonsense! *Kindness!*"

"Listen, Bobby," she said, and made a long pause.

Her voice when she spoke had adopted the ease of casual conversation. "Do you believe in chastity, Bobby? Could you love a girl who wasn't—chaste?"

Bobby winced as if she had struck his face with a whip. He went white. "What do you mean?" he asked.

"Plainly," she said.

For a time neither of them spoke.

"You have had *your* experiences," she thrust. "In France. They all did."

Bobby made no answer to that.

"Now you know," she flung at him.

For a little while the light had gone out of Bobby's world.

"Did you love the man?" he asked.

"If I did, I don't remember it. It was just—curiosity. And the stir of growing up. And the intolerable sense of being forbidden. No—I think I was almost—cold-blooded. I liked the look of him. And then I disliked him. . . . But there it is, Bobby. That's how things are."

Bobby weighed his words. "I'd care if it were any girl but you. You—you're different. I love you. What has or hasn't happened to you doesn't matter. At least—it doesn't matter so much."

"You're sure it doesn't matter so much?"

"Quite."

"Sure for good?"

"Yes."

"From this moment you forget, you begin to forget, what I have told you? As I want to forget it?"

"It will go soon enough if you want to forget it. It doesn't matter at all. I see now, it doesn't matter at all."

"But why on earth do you want to marry me, Bobby? What is there in me? I'm ugly, rude, greedy, inconsiderate. I've no purity, no devotion."

"You're incessantly interesting. You're straight, swift, and endlessly beautiful."

"Bobby, truly! Does it look like that to you?"

"Yes. Doesn't my manner—? Don't you *know?*"

"Yes," she said gravely; "I suppose I know."

SHE came to a stop in front of him with her arms akimbo. They stood looking at one another, and Bobby winced as if he was going to cry. Her face was grave and troubled, and then at the sight of his expression her smile broke through. Her gravity vanished. She was a different Christina Alberta. She was suddenly the gayest conceivable thing to him, confident and impudent.

"If you were to kiss me, Bobby, right here and now in Bushey Park, would they lock us up? . . . "

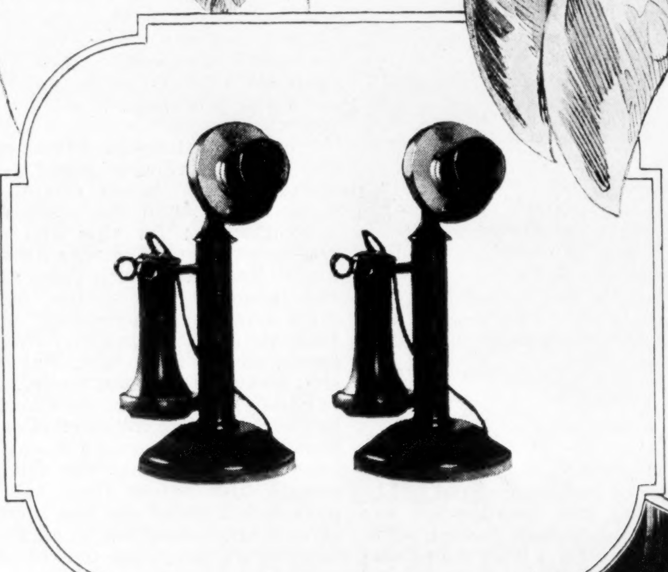
Most wonderful it was to Bobby to take her in his arms. A new Christina Alberta was revealed to Bobby; Christina Alberta seen from a distance of six inches or so, an amazingly beautiful Christina Alberta. One might have thought she had never lived for anything but being loved by Bobby.

"You're learning," said Christina Alberta after a little while. "Now do it all over again, Bobby. Nobody seems to be looking. . . . "

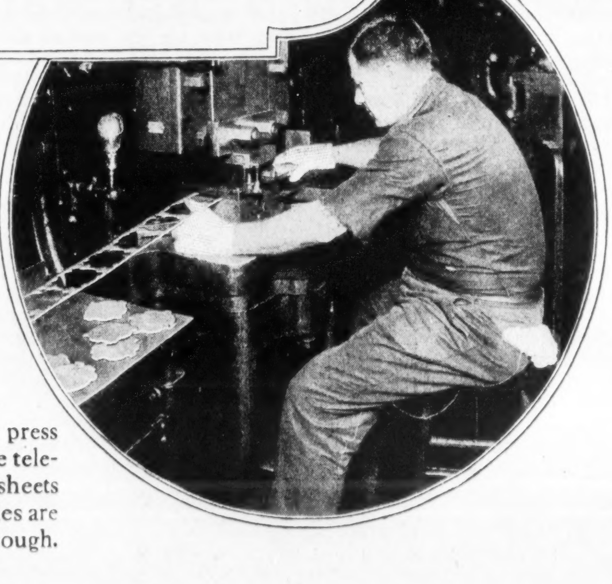
Neither Lambone nor Devizes had seemed in the least surprised at their engagement. Indeed, their attitude of gratified expectation was almost embarrassing. The young couple had come down to Udimore with Devizes and Miss Means under the ample protection of Miss Lambone almost as though they had been appointed for each other from the beginning of things.

But at Udimore there were further surprises and perplexities for Bobby. All day Saturday Christina Alberta seemed to be not so much in love as in a thoroughly bad temper. She seemed

(*Continued on page 34*)



Instead of "as like as two peas," why not say "as like as two telephones?" To the smallest detail one telephone is a "speaking likeness" of another.



Here is a powerful press punching one of these telephone parts out of sheets of brass—just as cookies are cut out of strips of dough.

As like as two ~~peas~~ telephones

WHEN Nature develops a good pattern, she doesn't throw it away every year. Neither does Western Electric. Long ago we learned the economy of simplification in manufacture—making millions of telephones exactly alike.

And that means exactly alike not only in outward appearance, but also down to the little screws and mica washers and magnet coils inside. Each of the 201 parts in your telephone is interchangeable with the corresponding part in your neighbor's telephone.

Making many parts to one pattern instead of to many patterns simplifies the whole manufacturing process. The thorough application of this principle is one of the fruits of the long experience of Western Electric—since 1877 makers of the nation's telephones.

Western Electric

SINCE 1869 MAKERS OF ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT

Sargon, King of Kings

Continued from page 32

far more concerned by the fact that Devizes was going to marry Miss Means than by the generous devotion that Bobby was prepared to lavish upon her. She was inattentive to his various little maneuvers to get isolated with her. The two couples played tennis after tea until it was time to dress for dinner; she was badly out of practice and fundamentally unorthodox, and Margaret played with a smoothness and sweetness that roused her to a pitch of viciousness only too evident to Bobby's fine perceptions. It seemed to Bobby that Devizes also noted her annoyance, but Miss Means was blissfully unobservant of anything in the world but Devizes.

ON SUNDAY morning Christina Alberta carried off Bobby through the distant cheerfulness of church bells for a walk to Brede Castle. And she announced to Bobby that she did not intend to marry him.

Bobby protested. "You don't love me?"

"Haven't I kissed you? Didn't I hug you? Haven't I ruffled your hair?"

"Then why don't you want to marry me?"

"I do not want to marry anyone. I don't love anybody. Except, of course, you. But even you I can't marry. I want to be loved, Bobby, yes. But not to be married."

"But why? Not the—the old reason?"

"No. I took your word about that. But, all the same, I don't want to marry you, Bobby. . . . I think it's because I don't want to be bound up with anyone's life. I don't want to be a wife. I want to be my free and independent self. I've got to grow. That's it, Bobby. I want to be free to grow."

Bobby made protesting noises.

"I don't want someone seeing me grow all the time. You'd always be looking at me, Bobby; I know you would."

It was useless of Bobby to say he wouldn't. He would.

"I didn't know that things were going to take me like this until I fixed to marry you. I wanted to marry you when I consented—honestly, I did. I wanted dreadfully then to get close to someone, as close as possible, and to be kissed and told 'There! There!' and to keep there. It was a comfort for me, Bobby. You are a comfort for me. I'd ache to madness without you. But how close we come when we love, Bobby, and how far away we are all the time! How can we know each other when we hardly know ourselves? When we don't *dare* know ourselves?

"You are such a dear, Bobby. You are so warm and kind that it seems ungrateful not to give myself to you with both hands. But I just can't. I'm not a normal woman perhaps. Or something has happened to me unawares. Perhaps life has cheated me out of something. . . . Oh, I don't know, Bobby. I want someone dreadfully; I want you dreadfully, and I don't want you at all. I'd rather be dead than a female thing like Margaret Means. If *that's* marrying—!"

"But I thought," said Bobby. "After all that's happened—"

"No."

"I'll wait ten years for you," said Bobby, "on the chance of your altering your mind."

"You are the dearest comforter," said Christina Alberta and stopped short. . . .

And suddenly she had put her hands upon his shoulders and clung to him and broken into a wild passion of weeping.

"Wetting you instead of wedding you," she sobbed and laughed. "Oh, my poor Bobby! You dear lover!"

She clung to him for a time. Then she detached herself and stood wiping her eyes, the Christina Alberta he generally knew, except for the traces of her tears. "If women can't control their emotions better," she said, "they'll have to go back to Harems. We can't have it both ways. But I *won't* marry you. There's no man in the world I can marry. I'm going to be a free and independent woman, Bobby. From now on."

"But I don't understand!" said Bobby.

"It's not because I don't want you to love me."

He was baffled. *"Bobby!"* she whispered, and seemed to glow.

Bobby took her back into his arms and held her and pressed his cheek and ears against hers and kissed her and kissed her again, and it seemed to him to mark his own unworthiness that he should think at such a time that there were no such wonderful kisses in the world as kisses flavored with salt tears.

And yet she wasn't going to marry him! She had snatched herself back from him, and nevertheless she was in his arms.

He was enormously perplexed at what was happening, but it was quite clear that the end of his engagement was not to be the end of his lovemaking. Anyhow, here was love. It was so manifestly the time for love. High May ruled the world. About them there were hawthorn trees white with blossom and great bushes of elder just breaking into flower.

(To be concluded next week)

FANNIE KILBOURNE saw her come in. She was young and wore twenty-six-dollar shoes. There were dimples. "You're trying to figure out where you've seen me before," she said. "I'm the girl on the baking-powder can." Van Sant grinned suddenly. And the first thing he knew he had undertaken to make an "educated lady" out of her in next to no time at all. . . . For particulars, see "The Education of Sallie May," which begins

in next week's

Collier's

The Genial Crook

Continued from page 13

"Why, it ain't my business at all, Els," he replied. "I ain't doing anything here myself. I've got plenty of money. Only, I know Seymour, you see, and I could put you in the way of doing yourself a good turn. It would be just like earning a commission by taking a patient to a doctor. You wouldn't have any responsibility at all—only get her in touch with him and then drop out of it. And I'd see that Seymour paid you a commission of two hundred and fifty dollars. That's pretty good money for an afternoon's work—and no responsibility on your part, you see; soon's you got him in touch with her, you'd drop out of it—go over to Miami or Palm Beach if you want to."

"But what would I do? Call on her?"

He negatived that promptly. "That would be no good. She'd be suspicious. You've got to hit her in the eye with it. See what I mean? You've got to show her something that gets her excited to begin with. One way to do it would be like this: She goes over there in the park and sets on a bench almost every afternoon. She takes to that new park where we was because there ain't anybody there—flocks by herself, you see. Well, she's setting on a bench all by herself, and you come along the path, all excited—in a hurry, you know, kind of out of breath. You get down and look under the bench, and fetch up a woman's handbag. Then you set down on the bench with her, all of a lather, as you might say; all stirred up, you know. You show her the handbag you've found under the bench and you tell her you was distracted about it. You'd lost it, you see, and it's got all your money and your railroad ticket home in it. You show her the money and the railroad ticket." He interrupted himself to inquire with a sudden interest:

"Maybe you got a railroad ticket home?"

"Yes."

"Back to Lurton?"

"Back to Kalamazoo."

"FINE," he announced. "That'll save the bother of buying one, and it'll be more convincing, too, because you can talk about Kalamazoo and Lurton without losing confidence. Well, you'd lost your handbag with all your money and your ticket home, and you was up in the air about it. And a woman told you about Prof. Seymour, and you went to him and he told you where to find your bag. See? You've got his card. And you spiel to her about him. I'll tell you what to say. It's easy. The point is, Els, that you're a nice-looking girl. You look good. And you're dressed like a country girl; and you can talk it—farms and cows and hay and butter and all that. She'd fall for you. I'd bet my head on it. You'll get her terribly interested about Prof. Seymour. You'll have his card with the address on and the hours when he sees people—four to six and eight to ten. If she don't go to see him the first shot, then in a couple of days you can call on her at her house and set on the porch with her and help her knit and talk about country, and all the while slip in some more Seymour spiel. Then she'll go to see him. And remember that as soon as she goes to see him your job's done. You get your two-fifty, good money, and you can drop right out of it. No responsibility on your part, you see, and easy money, and it won't do her any real harm at all. It'll do her a lot of good. I'd call it a cinch."

She knew, away down in her heart, that there should have been nothing to think over. When he proposed to buy clothes for her she had said no promptly and positively. There had been nothing to think over then; it was simply out of the question. On the other hand, she had let him take her on a long automobile ride and buy food for her, without really debating whether she ought to or not. She had seemed to feel firm ground under her feet. Some things were plain and easy like that; you knew what to do. But this thing was mysteriously different; there seemed not to be any firm ground on either side.

She knew she shouldn't. But that was like knowing a moral text written down in a copy book. There was no conviction about it. Two hundred and fifty dollars—and then just drop out of it! . . . Of course, now that she had made her grand revolt from Lurton, she did mightily want to see Miami and Palm Beach. "Probably," she commented, with wistful eyes, "I'll never get another chance." And in that red dress. She could see herself in it or, better yet, feel herself. . . .

There was heartache in the thought that it would never have come to this if only Jimmy had stood by her when he must have known that he had the chance. If he had raised the banner of revolt with her. . . . But she had sadly concluded that there were no banners of revolt in him, no glow and lure and riot of a red dress. He was good and steadfast—and stick-in-the-mud. The bitterest thing, that hurt most, and that she could least forgive, was that he let his mean old father bully him.

MRS. HENRY MEGGS sat on the vine-clad veranda of her rented cottage knitting. The oil had come late in life, after twenty-five years' struggle with a half-sterile farm. Broad, blunt hands that held the shiny needles were gnarled like a workman's. The bent fingers, however, moved with practiced swiftness, for the agitation of her thoughts made her knit fast. For two days she had been beset by a great temptation.

Then she saw the brown-eyed girl who had so strangely found a handbag under a park bench coming up the cement walk, and the needles stopped automatically; for this girl embodied the temptation. She was nice-looking; not all daubed up with paint and wearing immodest clothes like most town girls nowadays; moreover, she came from the country and had lived among farms all her life. Mrs. Meggs gave a shy, awkward, nervous smile.

Elsie smiled also, brilliantly, and helped herself to a chair. Considering the nature of her errand it was strange, even to herself, that she felt so composed. But before their talk on the park bench ended she had apprehended Mrs. Meggs—essentially, as Pixley had said, a woman from one of the more backward farms near Lurton, such a one as she had known all her life. From the moment of that apprehension she had felt an utterly wicked yet triumphant assurance that, as Pixley put it, she could "handle" her.

The abandoned young caller did not, of course, begin with Prof. Seymour. On the contrary, she began with the knitting, exhibiting an intelligent curiosity as to Mrs. Meggs' method of narrowing the sock to the toe. In only two minutes they were talking as freely as though Mrs. Meggs had been one of the farm women with whom Elsie boarded when she taught a country school. From time to time the caller made some odd secret comments to herself, "How I lie. . . . I must be a natural-born crook. . . . But I don't care."

Like slow thawing of ice the talk gradually became more intimate on the part of Mrs. Meggs, who spoke with a sort of elemental, unemphasized slowness, in short sentences:

"We never had but the one child. She come after we'd been married nine years. She'd 'a' been a little older'n you if she'd 'a' lived. She was a pretty girl like you—not takin' after her ma." A smile accompanied that statement. The speaker's flat, wrinkled face could never have had any pretensions to beauty and her false teeth were shinily unbecoming to her. Elsie found the smile disconcerting.

"The oil come along. I dunno why. 'Tain't the money. I'd be better off with only enough to live on. I suppose

(Continued on page 36)

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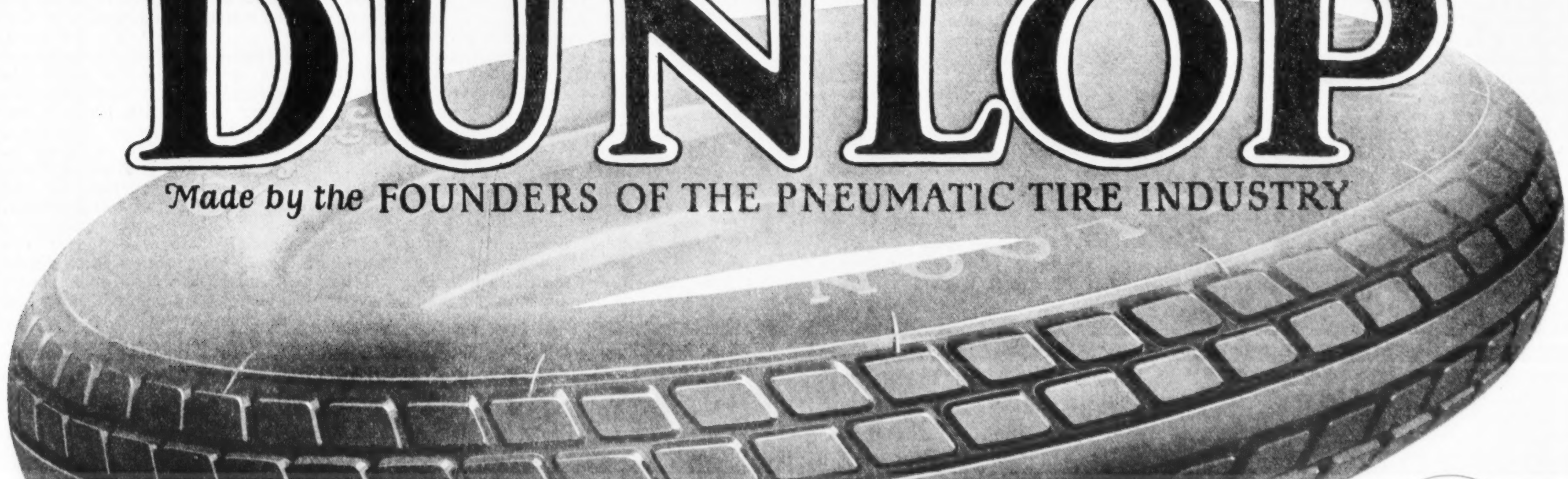

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The Genial Crook

Continued from page 34

I ought to try and do some good with it, now I got it." She seemed to put that rather as a question, and Elsie murmured, "Oh, yes."

With an absent and bewildered air Mrs. Meggs observed, "It's hard to know what to do." A moment later she repeated, " 'Tain't the money. But I don't want 'em to say I was an old fool and got my head turned and didn't know enough to keep it." Then, helplessly, "I don't want to be swindled." She began to rock a little with an inner agitation. "I been thinkin' about this man Seymour. Do you suppose he's honest?"

"Oh, I think so," the caller answered, her assurance slipping. "Anyway, you could try, you know—see what he says and what he tells you. That could do no harm. I know he has done some wonderful things." And she rattled off one of the stories Pixley had supplied her with. But she was not comfortable.

MRS. MEGGS looked into the bougainvillæa vine on the corner of the porch for a long moment, and apparently spoke to it rather than to her caller. "The money ain't brought me much. My husband died in less'n two years. Money don't keep you from gettin' lonesome. . . . Sometimes I'd give it all for just one day back on the farm —with Henry and Luella. . . . He was a good man."

She turned to the caller with a sudden appeal. "You go there with me."

In great confusion Elsie answered, "Why, yes; I could go with you. . . . But really, Mrs. Meggs, it would be better for you to go alone. You can go in broad daylight, you know. There's nothing to fear. Just go and ring the bell—why, it's almost like going to a doctor's office. That's what he is, really —a professional man, like a doctor."

That statement of the matter seemed comforting to Mrs. Meggs. She considered a moment and gave a little sigh, saying, "Well. . . . I'll go to-morrow."

Elsie had no further suggestion to offer at the moment, and Mrs. Meggs appeared to ponder upon her decision. Then she looked up at the caller. Her gnarled hands, crushing the unfinished wool sock between them, began to tremble, her voice was uncertain, "I hope he's honest. . . . If he can make me talk to Henry and Luella, if it's only for a minute, I'll give him plenty of money." A tear ran down either wrinkled cheek.

"Well, I hope he can. . . . I'm sure, I think he can. You can try, anyhow. They say he's a good medium." That much, at least, the caller babbled, and probably much more before she got herself off the porch and out of the handbreadth of dooryard. Then she found herself walking up the street with senseless rapidity as though she were running away from something—and in great confusion and consternation.

Of course, she hadn't bargained for this. This wasn't funny at all. It was quite the contrary. But she was in for it now. Mrs. Meggs was going to Prof. Seymour to-morrow—and that two hundred and fifty dollars was coming to her. Shame-money. . . .

But maybe it wasn't so bad, after all. Maybe this Prof. Seymour was a real medium. She had her own opinion about spiritualism; but many wise and learned people believed in it. What did she know about the subject anyhow? Of course, if Prof. Seymour was a real, honest medium. . . . What would Dick Pixley be doing with a real, honest medium? And that hocus-pocus about finding a handbag under a park bench —and giving her two hundred and fifty dollars! That didn't smell of honesty.

IN HER consternation a simple idea came to her. Why not go to Prof. Seymour herself and look him over?

Seeking the address, she presently found herself in a newly built region of an unpretentious character where at least half the lots were still vacant. Here was her number—a small, new, one-story, yellow dwelling, the steps to its porch leading directly up from the cement walk. Its very modest aspect mysteriously reassured her.

Climbing the steps she pushed the electric button in the door jamb two or three times and waited so long that she was on the point of giving it up, thinking nobody was at home. Then the door opened and she was confronting a big, cross woman in a mussy pink wrapper. The woman was blond and fat and coarse, but she had once been handsome in a way—or might be so still when properly made up. Now her hair was untidy, one plump cheek was redder than the other, and a pattern was faintly printed upon it. Anyone might have guessed that the lady had been taking a nap, with that cheek on a sofa pillow. That would account, also, for her ill-natured expression.

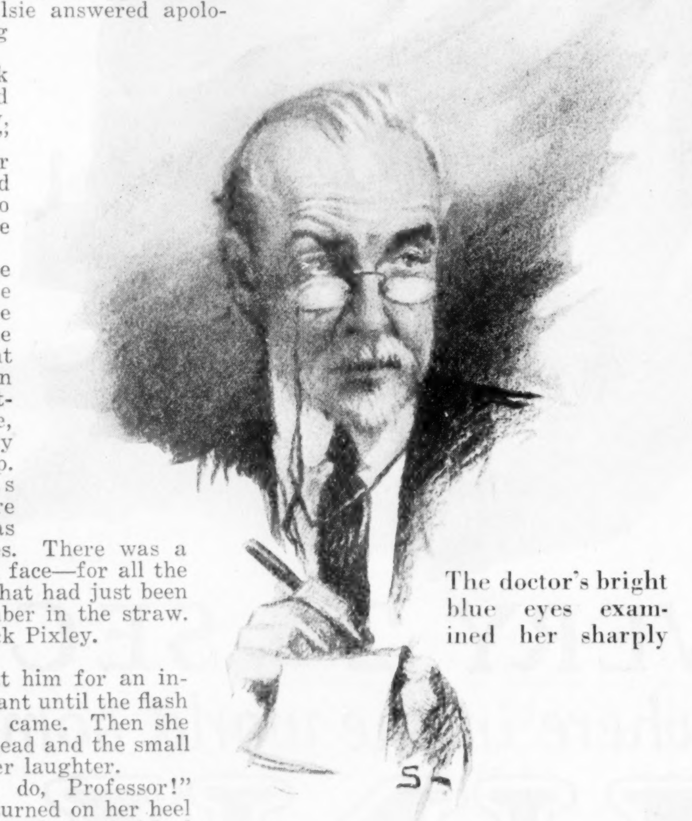
"Does Prof. Seymour live here?" Elsie inquired, with a little flutter, for it seemed the lady would rather slap her face, on general principles, than not.

"What do you want of him?" the woman demanded. It was about as rude as a slap in the face.

"I want to see about an appointment —consult him," Elsie answered apologetically, wishing she hadn't come.

The woman took stock of her and said ungraciously, "You can come in." She swung the door wider and stepped back a little to make way for the caller.

Wishing she hadn't come, Elsie put a foot over the doorsill. Then the door to her right opened and a man looked into the little hall at her. He, too, had obviously been taking a nap. His hair was mussed; he wore no collar and was in his shirtsleeves. There was a sleepy look on his face—for all the world like a pig that had just been roused from slumber in the straw. The man was Dick Pixley.



The doctor's bright blue eyes examined her sharply

ELSIE gaped at him for an incredulous instant until the flash of comprehension came. Then she tipped back her head and the small hall rang with her laughter.

"How do you do, Professor!" she mocked and turned on her heel and ran out past the astonished woman in the mussy pink wrapper.

Hastening toward Central Avenue she had to laugh and laugh. It occurred to her that these people on the veranda past whom she sped, bubbling, must take her for an escaped lunatic; yet she had to laugh again. . . . Of course, she might have guessed it at the beginning! Wasn't he the doggonedest liar that ever stood in shoe leather? . . . The impudence! . . . Had anybody ever heard of such cheek? It would make a horse laugh.

She had a considerable distance to walk, and she moved swiftly, from the turmoil in her mind. It took some time for the shock and turmoil to subside. Then she began to see, in a very sobering manner, that the discovery left her with a weighty problem on her hands.

No doubt she could go to Mrs. Meggs and warn her; but shame prevented that. Beside, the more she thought it over, the more her indignation rose against Dick Pixley. The cheeky liar, making a fool out of her that way! This was how he got his money—swindling women like Mrs. Henry Meggs, playing on their wounded affections. There was nothing funny about that. It was just cheap and mean. Combativeness rose along with her indignation. She'd show him he couldn't make a fool of her like that!

The outcome of her cogitations was that she stepped into a telegraph office on Central Avenue, where she wrote a note to Prof. Albert Seymour, at the proper address, and hired a messenger boy to deliver it. Then she wrote a telegram which she carried away with her.

A good ten minutes before eight o'clock she was on that bench under the bamboo in the new, unpopular, little-frequented park, watching and waiting. Five minutes before the hour mentioned in her note, Dick Pixley's large, trigly clothed figure came into view beneath the electric light, bearing down upon her, glossy walking stick with a silver handle swinging with a jaunty air. She was on her feet when he came up. She had a piece of yellow paper in her hand.

"I'm not going to argue with you about it, Dick, because it's no use," she began with unmistakable decision. "You're a liar and a swindler. Mrs. Meggs was coming to see you to-morrow, but she's not. You're going to get out of town."

He was sticking out his jaw and scowling piggily, and about to speak; but she cut him short, peremptorily:

"No use arguing about it. You're going to get out of town. I'll give you twelve hours, and that's more than you deserve." She held up the yellow paper. "This is a night telegram to Mr. Weems. It tells him your address and the name you go under. I'm going to file it as soon as I can walk up to the telegraph office. He'll get it in the morning. That gives you twelve hours' start. Now pack up and get out of town."

He comprehended that she was going to do exactly as she said, and turned his head to glance about, but nobody was in sight. When he looked back at her he was very piggy indeed, but there was nothing funny about it. He called her a name that she had never expected to hear applied to herself. There was a flash in which some subtle sense knew, helplessly, that he was going to strike her. The next instant she lay on the ground, dazed and torn with pain.

A few minutes past eight, several lodgers, enjoying conversation and the balmy evening on the veranda of the Merriweather Apartments, were paralyzed to see the young woman who occupied a third-floor rear room come staggering into view and clutch at the balustrade to help herself up the steps. She was all bloody. Her clothes and hair were in disorder. One hand grasped a simple brown straw hat, as with the other she pulled herself up. After the first deadening shock, humanity asserted itself and they hastened to her aid.

Holding the balustrade she swayed on her feet and made a supreme effort to gasp, "A car struck me." Then she collapsed on the steps.

THE doctor was kindly and loquacious. As his hands skillfully manipulated the bandages he commented, "Beats all how an automobile could have hit you that way. Two ribs broken and that cut in your head. If I didn't know, I'd have said, now, that somebody kicked you in the ribs and in the head."

She considered a moment and replied gravely, "I tried to dodge and slipped. The mudguard hit me in the side and I struck my head when I fell."

"And the dirty dogs drove on without even stopping to see whether they'd killed you or not!" said the doctor in just indignation. "Lot of these motorists ought to be shot. Well, lucky it's no worse. A few days in bed will put you right; but I'll drop in in the morning."

This doctor had bright blue eyes and a gray beard trimmed to a point. He seemed a kind, honest, competent man. Elsie was thinking about him next morning in a great distress and dilemma. Her head was clear again. During the accident on the previous evening she had lost the telegram to Mr. Weems. She thought Dick Pixley had taken it. At any rate, he knew it had not been sent. Maybe he believed she would keep still about him. And Mrs. Meggs had said that she was going to consult the medium this afternoon. The more she thought about Dick Pixley the more probable it seemed to her that he would wait for that consultation. And here she was bedfast, unable even to write, for her bruised right hand was bandaged.

The doctor came in very cheerfully and, after looking her over, said she was getting on fine. He stopped to talk a little while. But he was getting ready to leave now. Her limbs moved restlessly under the bedclothes. She took a little bite of a corner of her lip and spoke abruptly:

"Doctor, will you do something for me? I must send a message."

"Why, of course!" he answered.

Her limbs stirred again and the medical man perceived that her dark eyes were full of trouble. "It's confidential," she said. "I don't want anybody else to know. But I can't write myself."

The doctor's bright blue eyes examined her sharply for an instant. "You dictate and I'll write it for you," he said, and got out his fountain pen.

"It's to Mrs. Henry Meggs," she began, and gave the address. The doctor put that down and waited. Elsie looked over at the whitewashed wall and dictated:

"I have found out that Prof. Albert Seymour is a fraud. He means to swindle you. Don't go near him or have anything to do with him. I am dictating this to the doctor because I met with an accident and can't write. . . . That's all. Sign it Elsie Turner, please." Her eyes returned to the amanuensis. "You mustn't tell anybody, Doctor."

"Confessional," said the doctor, eying her and pondering. "Mrs. Henry Meggs—oil man's widow. Her husband was a patient of mine once. I know her. I'll see she gets the message."

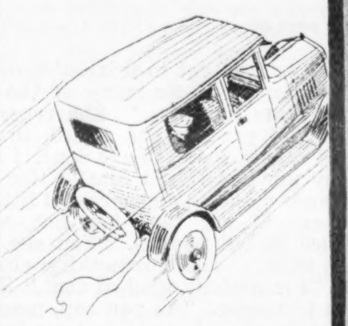
"Thank you," Elsie murmured. Of course, she would have liked to explain it to him, but it wouldn't bear explaining.

In the afternoon a knock at the door set her heart aflutter, as though she had been a miner imprisoned by an explosion and waiting for death or rescue. "Come in!" she called out loudly, for fear the knocker would not hear.

The door swung open and Mrs. Henry Meggs, in shapeless black, ambled into the room. "Doctor Howard said you'd been hurt," she explained apologetically. "I thought I'd come up and see how you was. . . . He said I better."

The patient would have clasped this

(*Continued on page 38*)



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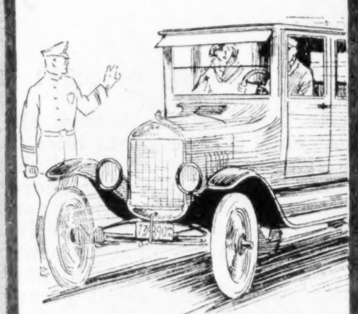

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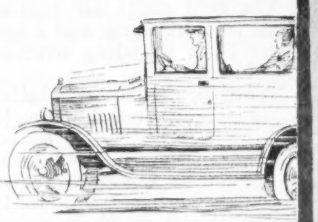

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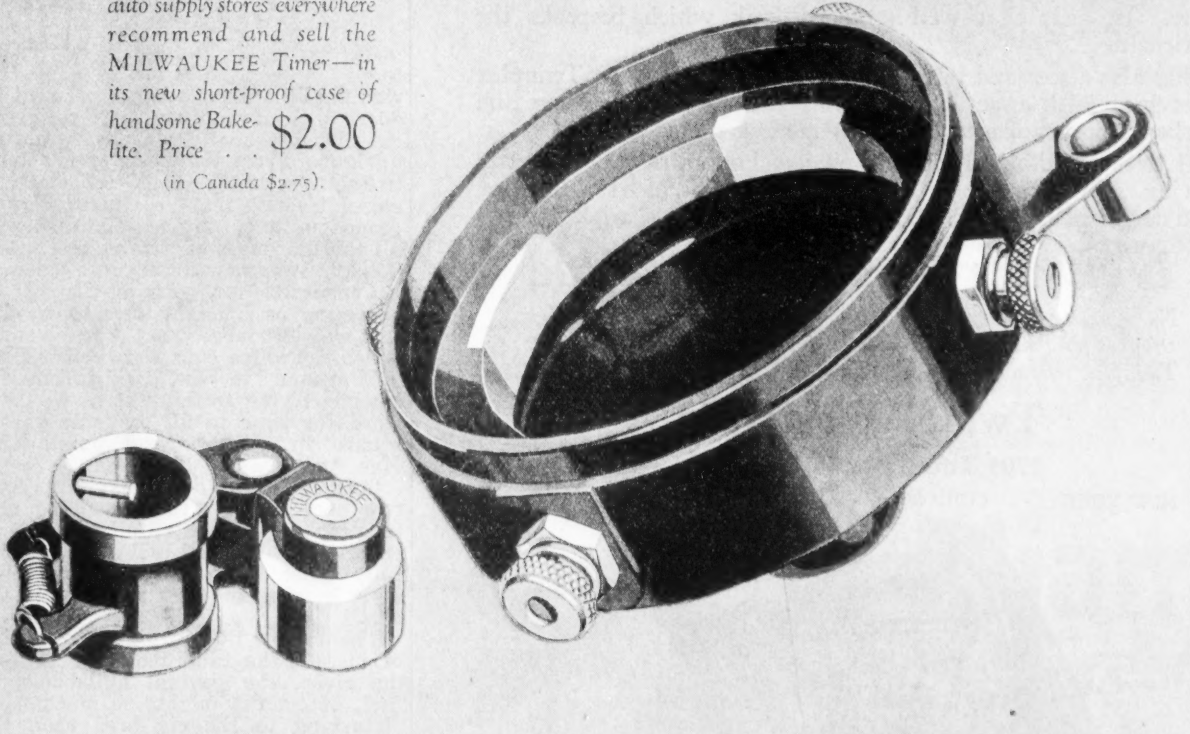

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The Genial Crook

Continued from page 36

homely figure in her arms if she had been physically able and the proprieties had permitted. At any rate, her eyes were eloquent and her voice lilted. Figuratively she clung to Mrs. Meggs as to the one plank in a boundless sea of lonesomeness.

And Mrs. Meggs would have had to turn far back in her memory for a time when she'd had such a good visit. The girl talked and talked. First she talked about Prof. Albert Seymour—how she had known him when he was a boy and she a child in her home town in Michigan; then he had gone away and she hadn't seen him again until she ran upon him here in St. Petersburg. He told her that he had become a spiritualistic medium and was very successful at it. Maybe he had done some strange things, but she was satisfied, now, it was only a lot of clever tricks that he had learned. At any rate, she was sure that he was an awful liar and that he had swindled people. She intended to warn Mrs. Meggs, but met with the automobile accident and had to get Dr. Howard to write a note for her.

It was a very sketchy explanation, with many true and amusing details about Lurton, Mich., and sort of a fog over the St. Petersburg part. It was not strictly true. Really, for her own part, she wouldn't have minded telling Mrs. Meggs the strict truth; but that was a dismal, depressing sort of story and she didn't want her caller to be dismal and depressed. She apprehended clearly enough that, on general principles, this lonely old woman was sufficiently dismal and depressed anyhow. What she needed was brightening up.

But Mrs. Meggs showed not the least inclination to raise questions about the St. Petersburg part of the story. On the contrary, Prof. Albert Seymour seemed to have only the slightest interest for her.

"I wasn't goin' to see him anyhow," she said. "I got to thinkin' it over after you left. . . . So many of those mediums are swindles." She regarded the invalid gravely and added, in a hush, "Anyhow, the dead are dead. I made up my mind to forget him." Her gnarled hands made an embarrassed little movement in her lap; her flat, wrinkled face looked wistful. "You see, I'd got to thinkin' about something else."

"I'm awfully glad of that," Elsie put in promptly. "As you say, most of 'em are frauds. I ought to have been more on my guard myself. Why, there were Mr. and Mrs. Backus at Persopolis. That's four miles from Lurton." She then related at length the unfortunate adventures of that couple with a fraudulent spiritualistic medium. Some of the details were comical and both of them laughed heartily.

The good visit proceeded, Elsie exerting herself to entertain the caller and naturally taking charge of the conversation. It was only after some time that Mrs. Meggs got back to the point at which Elsie had interrupted:

"I wasn't goin' to see him. . . . I'd got to thinkin' about something else. I've always wanted to tour around the state some. I'd like to see Palm Beach and Miami and other towns. I've got a car and a good, careful driver. But it's awful lonesome goin' all alone." She made an awkward little pause. "I'd travel a good deal more'n I do if only I had somebody I liked to go along for company." The unwonted flush of a suitor faintly dyed her bony cheeks; her unbecoming false teeth showed in a propitiating smile. "If you'd go along I'd pay your expenses and something over. The lonesomeness is pretty bad when you get my age. I'd keep you with me long's you'd stay."

Before Elsie's round and misty eyes a remarkable transformation occurred. The angular figure in a shapeless black dress became a radiant creature with wings and a starry wand.

Oh, for a Day in the Country!

Continued from page 14

was finally announced and we went indoors to clean up, it was with the greatest difficulty that I was able to stand upright. From the backs of my knees to the tops of my shoulder blades outraged muscles indulged in an orgy of pained protest. My neck burned with all the fierceness of a three-alarm fire. Great blisters reared redly on my hands.

Conversation at dinner was not as sparkling as it might have been. The talk was left largely to the two women. When the coffee cups were removed we sat around in the living-room for a while trying to think of a two-letter word for bone to fill the only vacant square in a cross-word puzzle that Mrs. Angell was doing.

"I should think," said my wife some two hours later, "that you'd be able to sleep soundly after all that heavy exercise you've had. It's so delightfully quiet here too. Such a relief after hearing the cars all night in the city."

Then across the chirping of a myriad of insects, the faint toots of boats on the river, the general hullabaloo, in fact, of country nights so much more disturbing to the city-bred than the pleasing monotone of urban sound, there came the sharp, short cough of a pistol shot.

"Bang! Bang! Bang!" The pistol spoke again, this time, to my great satisfaction, loud enough to bring my wife up to a sitting position. There was silence for an instant and then the sound of a voice shouting for help. I heard the Angells moving about and in a moment there was a knock at our door. Angell was outside, his face white and anxious in the light from a kerosene lamp which he carried in his hand. He had on his raincoat over his pyjamas and his feet were encased in bedroom slippers.

"Get something on quick! There's trouble down there!"

As we stumbled through the darkness amid the trees that lined the path to the river I saw other lights moving in our direction and heard voices calling. Those shots had roused up the little settlement. We arrived with several neighbors on a wind-swept dock where men in grotesque garb were running excitedly about preparing to launch a rowboat. They informed us breathlessly that they could just make out a black spot far out on the river from which had come the sound of shooting and the cries for help. Just then shots sounded again and this time we could plainly see flashes of fire that followed them.

Angell cupped his mouth with his hands and shouted:

"What's wrong out there?" With startling distinctness these words came to us across the watery wastes:

"A bird has fell out of a balloon."

The cold night air had set Angell's teeth to chattering and I could feel the goose flesh crawling over my scantily clad body.

"They're dr-drunk," clattered Angell.

"Must get them anyhow," I answered, making a brave show of boarding the rowboat, which slipped away from the dock even as I started for it. We held the lamp high between us to guide the rescue party on their return. A cultured voice at my rear drawled something about "the splendid symbolism of the thing. Spirit of Liberty enlightening darkness and all that." I turned to recognize my old friend Jenkins, professor of political economy at Columbia and a neighbor of Angell's. His short, brown beard bristled in the wind. Around thin ankles flapped soft blue pyjamas. His eyes were dancing with suppressed excitement behind his horn rims. Over Jenkins' lean shoulder I caught a glimpse of what seemed at first to be a Follies chorus at impromptu rehearsal, but on closer inspection turned out to be the assembled wives of the rescuers forming a modest background for the scene.

And now the rescue party was returning with creak of oarlocks and indistinct and excited noises. As they came into the circle of light thrown by our lamp we beheld a fearsome sight. A man in a blue uniform at the bow of the boat was leaning over an ominously limp figure whose head lolled across the knees of a rower. From time to time the man in the blue uniform slapped the figure smartly.

"Get him into a house," commanded the blue uniform, on whose rotund front gleamed a policeman's badge.

"We'll take him in," said Angell and the procession started up the hill, with Mrs. Angell running ahead to make preparations. We deposited our dripping burden wrapped in a blanket on the sofa in the Angells' living-room and for a full five minutes worked furiously over it. At the end of this we were rewarded by the faintest sort of weary sigh. Mrs. Angell darted forward with a bottle of contraband gin, a liberal portion of which she poured through the man's blue lips. Of a sudden he sat up and looked about, rolling his eyes wildly under his matted hair.

"Where am I?" he gasped.

Mrs. Angell beamed on him and said: "It's all right. You're with the Angells."

Uttering a hollow groan, the man fell back and relapsed into unconsciousness. One could hardly blame the poor fellow. His mental conception of angels was undoubtedly severely jarred when he awoke in what he believed was Heaven to find himself surrounded by bespectacled commuters in raincoats and pyjamas.

Came dawn, rosy-fingered, across the dreaming mountain-tops, as the fancy film writers would put it, and we had dispatched our visitor, the parachute jumper, for such we learned was the occupation of Pink Tights, swathed in Angell's overcoat, very grateful to us all and slightly mellow from Mrs. Angell's gin. It seemed that he had been appearing at a country fair across the river, that the wind had blown him unexpectedly over the water instead of inland, that he had jumped in desperation and hung to his floating parachute while the policeman sought for him in a rowboat. All would have been well had not the officer lost both his oars while endeavoring to hoist the half-frozen balloonist into his craft. He had shot off his pistol to summon aid.

By the time we had finished the remaining gin, and Jenkins and the Angells and my wife and I had rehearsed every detail of the affair, my nerves were shrieking for quiet and my hand shook like an absinthe addict's. Far off I heard the whistle of a train city-bound. I started to my feet.

"By golly," I exclaimed, unconsciously adopting the verbiage of my host, "I must get right back to town and write a piece about this. When does the next train leave?"

It left in twenty minutes with us aboard. As we looked out on sleepy little towns touched with the first light of day my wife, stifling a yawn, bent a suspicious glance upon me and said:

"Why, your old paper doesn't go to press until ten o'clock to-night. Why all this rush to get a couple of sticks in type?"

I fell back on Coleridge.

"Oh, Sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole."

and straightway went to sleep on her shoulder.

The telephone on my desk was ringing when I entered the city room of The Leader that night, refreshed by slumbers taken to the tune of backfiring trucks, flat-wheeled street cars and staccato taxi horns just outside our apartment window.

"This is Jimmy Harrigan," said the telephone, "I gotta story about a riot at 135th Street where two guys was shot and a lady cut with a razor."

"Shoot, Jimmy," said I.

"The END *of the* Rainbow"

A. H. Allen, of Muskegon, Mich., makes a comfortable living by raising gladiolus bulbs for market; but each year he gives away as many as he sells. He hopes to be able some day to give away all he grows on his 11-acre "glad," as a gladiolus farm is called.

During the summer, Allen distributes his flowers of gladness, as he calls them, to Muskegon hospitals, the county jail, the infirmary and other places where he finds people in sorrow and without flowers. He also gives gladioli to various missions and welfare organizations which distribute them in scores of flowerless homes and many other places where there is suffering.

He says he never has sold an even dozen bulbs or flowers, but has always added a few extra with the admonition that they be given to someone who needs flowers but has none. And he has a novel sales policy that promotes his mission of mercy. He will double the purchaser's order if the purchaser will agree to give half his flowers to persons who have no flowers. And his patrons like the idea. Last year nearly three hundred of them made such an agreement with him.

Allen calls his farm "The End of the Rainbow." It isn't hard to guess why.

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SAWS FILES KNIVES STEEL

The Hermit

Continued from page 17

when the snow's too deep and I have to go without bread for two or three days. There was one time I had nothing at all for eight days. At the end of that time I fell down in a faint. A young girl happened in and brought me to. She had been a servant in a convent and had married a schoolmaster afterward. I suggested the idea to her. 'Lenka,' I said, 'why are you living all by yourself?' She said it was because she was an orphan. 'Marry then,' I said, 'and you won't be an orphan any longer.' To the schoolmaster, whose name was Pevtzov, I said, 'Misha, take a look at that girl.' Well, soon after that they were engaged. They are happy together.

"In winter I go off to various towns—Sarov, Optime, Oransky, Diveisky—where there are monasteries. But the monks don't care for me. They are always wanting me to join their orders. That would be a good thing for them, because I have quite a following among the people, but I don't want to become a monk; it wouldn't suit me. I'm not a saint, but just a quiet, ordinary fellow. The nuns like me. I'm not boasting—they do. I know women thoroughly—noblewomen, tradespeople, peasants. I can read their souls as I can my own. I have only to look into their eyes. I understand their restlessness. I could tell you tales. . . ."

Again he broke off his narrative to urge me to come when the people were there. "And now, what do you say to another glass?" We drank, and once again the old man smacked his lips. "What a fine, wholesome thing is drink!" he exclaimed.

The short night had already melted away, and in the cool of the dawn I offered to help him build a fire.

"What for?" he inquired. "Are you cold? An old man like me doesn't feel cold, but you—well, you better go into the cave and lie down for a bit. If you light a fire it will attract all kinds of insects. They'd fly into the fire and get burned up. I don't like to see that. The sun, the father of all fire, kills nothing. We should not sacrifice these little insects merely for the sake of our personal comfort."

I agreed with him and retired into the cave. For some time I heard him moving about, then he went to the river for a swim. Through the splashing I could hear him murmur to the fishes: "Psht! What are you afraid of, you little fools!" Now and then he sang softly in a high-pitched, trembling voice.

WHEN I awoke and came out of the cave I found him in a kneeling position, deftly plaiting a bast shoe, talking at the same time to a chaffinch singing madly, furiously in a near-by bush.

"Fire away!" he said. "Go on, sing, the day is yours! . . . Ha"—this to me—"did you have a pleasant nap? Get washed now—tea is ready. I'll wait for you."

"Didn't you sleep at all?"

"I'll have plenty of time to sleep when I'm dead, my friend."

On a Saturday, three days later, I went again to see him. He greeted me like an old friend. I had thought he might have forgotten all about me.

"Ah, you brought wine! And wheat bread! You are really very kind. People must love you. They like those who are good to them. It's human nature. And sausage? No, I don't like sausage; it's food for dogs. You may eat it if you like. This fish, though, I'm very fond of. It's a ribet, a sweet fish that's caught in the Caspian. Why, you must have spent over a ruble and a half on this food. You are a queer one. Well, never mind. Thank you again."

He seemed more cordial, more radiantly alive than before, and I thought to myself, "Am I really beholding a completely happy man?" I too felt uplifted. With soft, catlike movements he bustled off, putting my gifts away, talking all the while in that caressing way that beguiles and intoxicates. The movements of his well-built body were as agile as an adder's. He appeared almost handsome, despite his scar and his staring eyes. He radiated the beauty of a complete and variegated human existence, which was emphasized and heightened by his physical deformities. Once again we spent the night talking, and I observed with interest how his plumed whiskers bristled and his little gray beard trembled with excitement as he burst into long peals of laughter, showing his long white cat's teeth.

Down below in the ravine there was not a sound, while overhead the wind sighed and moaned through the pines and rustled the dry oak leaves. The sky above showed deep blue between the stormy clouds that almost covered it.

"Hark!" The old man lifted a hand in warning. I heard nothing but the wind and leaves. "A fox! She's stealing up on us. Her hole is not far off. Hunters often ask me whether there's a fox hereabouts, but I lie to them. I dislike hunters, confound them!"

I HAD noticed before that the old man seemed to want to swear in the good old-fashioned Russian manner, but, realizing that to do so was not fitting, he would use only such expressions as "Confound you!" "Devil take you!" or "You son of a hen!"

He took a sip of wine and, closing his eyes, continued: "This fish is delicious. Thank you again. I like good things to eat."

I was anxious to learn more of what he thought about God, and I cautiously directed the conversation to the subject. He was reticent at first, and answered in the way usual with wanderers and pilgrims. But I felt he did not mean what he said; that it bored him. Suddenly, coming close to me, he lowered his voice and began:

"Let me tell you about a puny little French priest I once knew. He was a very dark-skinned fellow and wore gold spectacles on his little nose; his hands were the hands of a child. He looked like one of God's playthings. I met him for the first time at the Potchaevskaia Lavro. That's way off, over there." He waved his hand vaguely toward the east. Then, stretching out his legs and propping his back against the rocks, he went on: "I was chatting idly with a monk, who was telling me that in his opinion people should be punished more often than they were. I laughed at him and answered that if everyone were to be punished according to his deserts we should have no time left for anything else—we'd be torturing each other all the time. The monk flew into a rage, called me a fool and left. But the little priest, who had been sitting in a corner all the time, now came up to me. What a man he was! Why, he seemed like John the Baptist. He found it hard to speak in a foreign language, but what he said was uttered with deep feeling. 'You haven't much faith in what that monk says,' he began, 'and you are quite right. God is not an enemy, but a compassionate friend. His infinite mercy has melted into our lives like sugar in water. But the water is dirty, so dirty that we forget God is a part of it. Nevertheless, His spirit is always with us; it flows everywhere among men, dwelling in every soul like a spark. We should seek God in man, and then gather together the diverse elements of Him into one great being. Satan will come to Him and say, "You are great, Lord, and infinitely powerful. I knew this not—forgive me. I will struggle no longer with you, but ask only to serve you." Then an end will come to all evil, all dissension among men will cease, and they will return to God like rivers flowing into the great ocean.' "

The old man spoke with great intensity, the dilated pupils of his eyes gleaming with a strange light:

"Such talk touched me deeply, went straight to my heart. My soul seemed flooded with light. I tried to tell the little priest what I felt, but I couldn't, so I just muttered, 'You mortal in the form of our Lord, let me press you to my heart!' We embraced and wept like children who have found their long-lost parents. And we were both elderly men—his hair was very gray round the tonsure. I had to tell him how much he resembled John the Baptist and Christ Himself, though I couldn't resist saying that he also resembled a starling. He kept on abusing Vitali, the monk, whom he dubbed a nail. Just like a nail, so sharp, you know. . . . It's hard to make clear to you what joy I felt, my friend. You, of course, can read and write and learn things for yourself, but at that time I was ignorant, blind. My eyes were open, but I saw nothing. I didn't know where God was. . . ."

As the morning wore on I noticed that the old man glanced occasionally at the sky and paused from time to time to listen to the murmur of the wind in the trees. It seemed to me that his expression bespoke pain.

At last he rose. "Someone is coming."

I could hear nothing.

"Women. Don't say anything and don't get in the way or you'll frighten them off. Hide over there and don't stir. Sh!"

Two women crept noiselessly out of the bushes, one of them middle-aged and stout, with meek brown eyes like a horse's; the other young, with the gray face of an invalid. Both stared at me in terror as I began climbing the slope. I heard the old man reassuring them: "Pay no attention to him; he won't disturb you. He is a poor, half-witted fellow. He won't bother us."

I stood and gazed at the old man, thinking to myself: "Is he really a saint, with infinite compassion and love for humanity?"

Right-About Face

Continued from page 21

world. The effervescent Latin may throw bricks, but we throw fits. One day we're radical an' the next conservative, an' by the time we catch the man we're runnin' after with a club in one hand an' a pitchfork in the other, our mood's changed an' we kiss him.

"Two years ago the Farmer-Labor ticket threatened to sweep the country, an' Charlie Dawes was organizin' Minute Men to protect the Constitution from everybody but themselves. Today he takes his naps after lunch with not a care on his mind, an' Magnus Johnson is afraid to undress on a platform for fear the audience will tie his shirt in knots. I can remember when Coolidge would have had to wear smoked glasses an' false whiskers goin' through Kansas, an' now he has to keep his legs crossed or Bill White'll be sittin' in his lap.

"One day a man's runnin' for office an' the next he's runnin' for a cyclone cellar. Let even the lightest sort of wind blow up an' the air is full of Fixed Convictions. Free Speech demonstrations always end up in a battle royal because they don't like what somebody's sayin', an' a meetin' to protest against the iniquities of a tariff usually winds up with resolutions demandin' high duties for the protection of the banana growers of Connecticut.

"A short memory an' a merry one—that's our motto. A man starts out as a leader of a movement, an' by the time they've gone half a block he commences to realize that his life depends upon keepin' in the lead, an' a good safe one at that. Honest, if I was a candidate for office to-day, I'd make the race in a swivel chair so as not to let any considerable number of Americans get behind my back for any appreciable length of time. An' still they wonder why men never enter public life if they're able to make a livin' any other way."

"The voice of the people," oracularly commenced Mr. Stubbs, "is the—"

"Oh, the voice of the people is all right," wearily murmured Uncle Henry, "if it would only get through changin'."

What the Stars Told Mrs. Harding

Continued from page 6

to me suddenly. A direct pressure was being made upon her husband to withdraw, a pressure sharpened by the promise of other honors. Neither he nor she was disposed to accede to it, and I think I strengthened her determination to resist.

When she appeared again a few days later she showed signs of the increasing strain. The pressure for Harding to abandon his candidacy was becoming acute. He himself was questioning the wisdom of continuing the fight.

When she left me there was a renewed sparkle in her eyes, and from what she told me later I have reason to believe that he would have withdrawn during the next forty-eight hours had it not been for her insistence.

And so the month of behind-the-scenes battles and bitter secret conferences drew to an end. The scene now of crisis was transferred to Chicago, and the various candidates, with genuine or assumed confidence, moved their headquarters and their wire-pulling westward.

One night my telephone called me when I was on the point of retiring.

"This is Jupiter," said a low voice at the other end of the line. Mrs. Harding and I had already agreed that in our communications she should adopt the name of the House of Preferment which crowned her husband's horoscope.

"I can't come to you," she continued, and the agitation in her tones could not be mistaken. "But they are with the senator now—men who say they represent the deciding interests of the campaign. And they are insisting that he announce, in the morning, that he is out. What shall I do?"

"Get him to Chicago as soon as you can," I said promptly, "and *stick!*"

"You are sure, Marcia?"

I knew from the uncertainty in her voice that, for the first time, she herself was wavering.

(*Continued on page 42*)

The Rum Runner's New Enemy

Wm. G. Shepherd

James H. Hare

There's a real war going on in the Atlantic now. So Collier's sent two veteran war correspondents to see *it*—William G. Shepherd, with his photographic eyes, and Jimmie Hare, with his camera. No other writing men have cruised Rum Row with the Coast Guard. The series of articles which begins in next week's Collier's is a "scoop from the front."

Is America losing its appetite?

TODAY, health authorities point to loss of appetite as a growing menace in American life, due to the increase of indoor workers. Millions of people sit down to their meals without the appetite to enjoy them. And the less they eat the more urgent it is that *what* they eat shall contain the vital elements of nourishment.

* * *

A food that tempts the breakfast appetite of millions and makes a vital contribution to their health

YOUR appetite tells you what you like to eat, but it does not tell you the things you *should* eat. For modern appetites are tuned to modern foods. And the average diet of today does not give you a sufficient quantity of the various food elements necessary to vigorous good health.

Without a scientific knowledge of foods, how can you know which foods will give you these vitally necessary things? You can't. Neither can millions of others. That is the reason an expert in food-values originated Grape-Nuts.

This delicious food was designed purposely to supply important food elements often deficient in the average diet—dextrins, maltose and other carbohydrates for heat and energy; iron for the blood; phosphorus for the teeth and bones; proteins for muscle and body-building; and the essential vitamin-B, a builder of the appetite. With milk or cream, Grape-Nuts is an admirably balanced ration.

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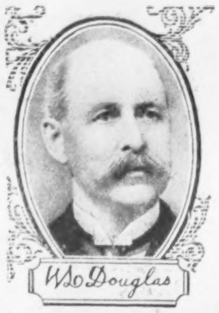

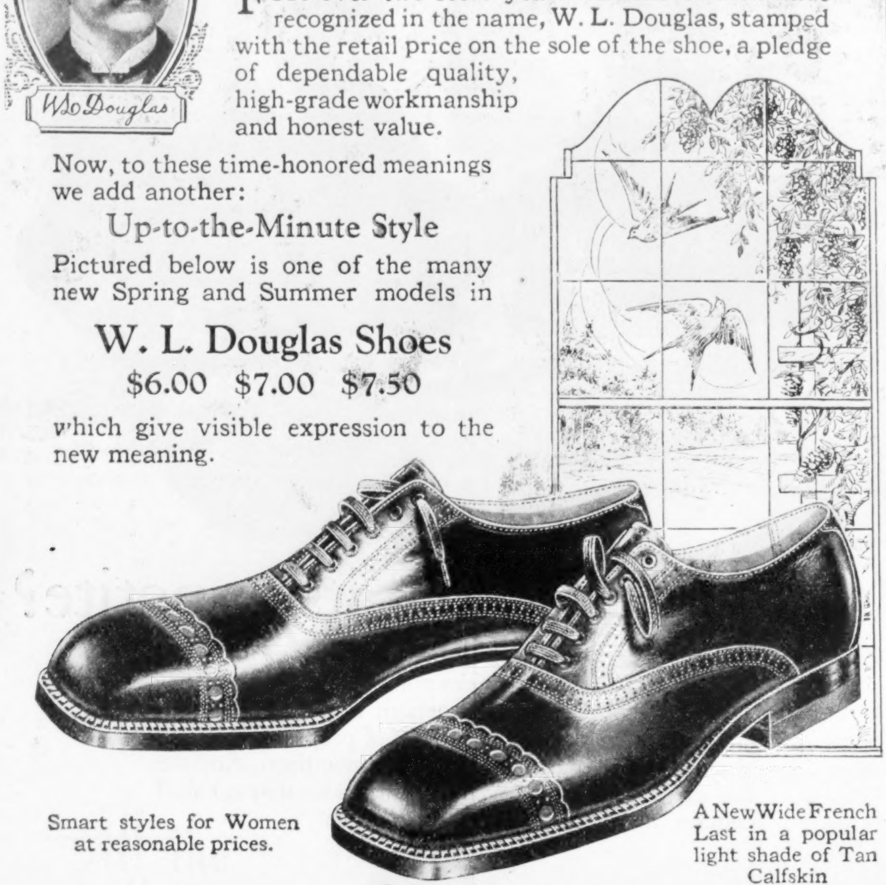

Adding a NEW Meaning To a Time-Honored Name

FOR over two-score years millions of men have recognized in the name, W. L. Douglas, stamped with the retail price on the sole of the shoe, a pledge of dependable quality, high-grade workmanship and honest value.

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At all druggists', $1.25, or postpaid.
Liberal trial bottle, 10c., postpaid.

W. F. YOUNG, Inc.
Springfield, Mass

Absorbine Jr.
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

What the Stars Told Mrs. Harding

Continued from page 41

And then I determined to tell her that which, up to that time, I had withheld.

"I am so sure," I answered, "that I will give you the day and almost the hour on which Mr. Harding may expect the nomination!"

From my desk I drew out a mass of figures, for the reduction of the movement of the astronomical bodies to the time calculations of the earth had meant a task of days. With these figures before me I turned again to the telephone.

"Mr. Harding," I told her, "will be nominated just after the sun has passed the meridian on the last day of the week of the convention! I will stake my reputation that within an hour after twelve o'clock of that day he will have the nomination!"

There was a moment's silence, and then she answered, "We will go to Chicago, Marcia!" And I knew that she meant it.

The bitterly fought convention battle of that June week is now almost ancient history, the battle which up until the concluding Saturday morning seemed to be fated to end in a hopeless deadlock.

Shortly before noon of that last sweltering day, Mrs. Harding was seated in the auditorium of the convention hall with a friend when a hurriedly scrawled note was brought to her from her husband, again urging her to sanction his withdrawal in the interests of harmony.

"Stay until after twelve," she wrote back, "and then we will talk about it."

Mrs. Harding told me this when I saw her after she entered the White House.

At ten minutes past twelve came the ballot which broke the deadlock and made Warren G. Harding the Republican standard bearer.

For two months I heard nothing more from Florence Kling Harding. I had telegraphed my congratulations, but my message had brought no answer from her whom I had known as Jupiter. With somewhat of a sense of hurt I was trying to dismiss the incident with the cynical reflection that in the sudden elevation Mrs. Harding had forgotten her friends and interests of humbler days. And I declined to follow my unanswered telegram with a letter lest she think I was trying to presume upon our relationship. How grievously I wronged her I did not know until later.

On the morning of August 22d the post brought me from the Harding home in Marion the note which I have given in this reminiscence. The old, familiar signature, and the cunningly concealed initials in it, which hinted more eloquently of her own memories than a lengthy letter, told me that she had not forgotten.

We had an exchange of several letters over the next few months, and I received one telegram from her at the November election, but it was not until she came to Washington as the wife of the new President-elect that I was given the real explanation of her two months' silence of the summer.

The turmoil of the inauguration was over, but Washington was seething with all the political rumors which usher in a new administration, when she sent for me. I was received in the private bedroom, shared by the President and herself, for the Hardings rarely used separate sleeping-rooms.

As I stood hesitating in the doorway of the big chamber, which, in spite of the magnificence of its appointments, always suggested to me the stiffness and unfriendliness of a great hotel, I saw her standing by one of the windows, gazing out over the lawns. She was alone.

Suddenly she turned, and as I advanced, holding out my hand, she came toward me with a little rush. Ignoring my hand, she threw her arms around my neck.

Her greeting was so unexpected that I stood silent and confused as she clung to me. When she raised her face I saw that she was much thinner than when I had last seen her, with a suggestion of nervous tension in her whole attitude that was rather startling to me. Her first words did much to explain it.

"Marcia," she said abruptly. "I want to know the rest of the horoscope—the part you did not tell me!"

I could see her lips tighten as I turned my eyes away.

"Look at me!" she commanded. "Don't you think that I already know—or guess? That was what made it so hard for me this summer after the convention—when everyone was envying us and showering us with congratulations, and I had to hide in my own heart the fear of what was really ahead for us so that nobody, not even he, would suspect. You will never know the bitterness of it, Marcia—and something tells me it is not going to be any easier!"

I reached over and pressed her shoulder, and tried to force into my voice a cheerfulness that I knew was a failure.

"But you are going to make that fight—and you are going to win it, Jupiter," I told her.

"What does the horoscope say?" she insisted.

"It promises you victory—in the end," I answered steadily, "and a great work well done!"

"But does it promise happiness, Marcia?"

"Happiness is always to be found," I replied, and did not answer the question more directly then, nor on the other occasions when she returned to it during the two years that followed, for our first interview in the private bedroom of the White House was the beginning of many.

I had assured her that I was always at her command—that her summons should have precedence over all else. And she found me as good as my word. If I was her unofficial confidante and often adviser, my services were never offered. They were always requested.

Looking back, I think that our relationship was something to which she clung without questioning why, and that often it seemed to steady and strengthen her and to give her new assurance, for I am convinced now that if Florence Harding did not know the truth of her husband's horoscope as early as she intimated she did know when they entered the White House that he would never live to finish the term.

On several occasions she went out of her way quite voluntarily to show that she had not forgotten me. Once when I was ill a great bouquet of flowers came from the Executive Mansion with the card of President and Mrs. Harding attached. After that incident I was a suddenly famous personage in our neighborhood! On one New Year's Day a messenger brought me a greeting card, with a splendid engraving of the White House and a handwritten line of good wishes below from Mrs. Harding.

And yet again came a small golden ornament from her in the shape of a carved elephant. She knew of my fondness for elephants, and had remembered it when she chanced on the ornament in a gift shop.

During her long and critical illness my visits to her were necessarily lessened, although we kept in frequent touch with one another. I knew that her sickness was not to be fatal, a fact which she was insistent upon knowing, for her condition at times was more dangerous than was generally realized, and her constant prayer was to be spared during the remaining days of her husband.

When she rose from her bed the conviction was stronger upon her that these days were not to be long, and finally she demanded, in a tone which I could not refuse, those details of the President's horoscope which I had not yet revealed to her.

It was an interview that is burned into my memory.

Were two women ever placed in a stranger position—one the wife of the President of the United States and the other an humble astrologer—as she clung to me there in the bedroom of the First Lady of the Land? And was ever a woman called to a harder task than mine?

PRACTICALLY
PERFECT COPY

Edward Hope, a new writer, has written a short story about a young husband and wife and an advertisement which O. Henry would have applauded—

in next week's

Collier's

"The truth, Marcia!" she said again.

"Fate has placed you here," I said gently, "but, you yourself have known, for only a short time—a very short time."

"How short a time?" she insisted. And I knew that evasion was no longer possible.

"Death will claim the President before the year is ended!" I told her.

Without a word she walked slowly to one of the windows of the big room. I stood watching her slender figure from my position between the twin beds occupied by the President and herself.

It was a gray, drizzling day outside, under a dull, overhanging sky. The landscape lawns of the White House stretched away in a bleak expanse of grimy sod. I knew the dreary perspective into which she was gazing, but I knew that she was seeing nothing of her physical environment.

Florence Kling Harding was trying to pierce the forbidding vista of the future—trying to steel herself for what she knew she would find there.

Slowly she turned back to me. Her eyes were filled with a curious brooding light.

"You are certain, Marcia?"

"It is not I who am certain—it is Destiny that is certain!" I answered.

The brooding light deepened in her eyes, and she flung out her arms in a bitter gesture.

"Power—glory—they make us slaves, Marcia—*slaves!* They are killing my husband—they are killing me! The price is too great, Marcia, too great, too cruel for us to have to pay!"

It was not the First Lady of the Land—it was the woman from Marion, Ohio, who was rebelling. I have often wondered if Florence Harding ever talked to her husband in the shadows of the night behind the majestic walls of the White House as she talked to me!

"Pray for me, Marcia!" she told me.

"I always do!" I answered.

The picture she made as she stood there—a slender, wistful figure in the gathering dusk: just a woman groping in the shadows of fate—will always linger with me. Silently I made my way out to the Secret Service operative who had been assigned to escort me to and from the private entrance of the White House on those occasions when the summons of its mistress called me from my horoscopes.

Only a few hundred miles between the great edifice of splendor and that other modest, unpretentious home in the little Ohio city—and yet I knew it was a distance that could never again be bridged.

I looked back as I walked away. I wondered if she, whom the world called the Mistress of the White House but who called herself Jupiter to me, was still staring out into the gathering shadows.

And I was glad she had not asked me another question, which had to do with her own horoscope—for my charts had told me that within a period of not more than eighteen months, and probably much less, after Warren Harding's death she herself was fated to follow him into eternity.

Why Some Folks are SUPERSTITIOUS

By PROFESSOR WILLIAM F. OGBURN
of COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

THE greatest enemy to the spread of science has always been superstition. Superstitions, like many customs, persist with great tenacity. We still use mistletoe at Christmas though the origin of the custom was a ritualistic practice, at the winter solstice, of the pagan festival of the Druids, long before the coming of Christianity into western Europe. Similarly, customs regarding broken mirrors, riderless horses at funerals, planting crops according to phases of the moon, wedding rings and horse shoes are survivals from an earlier, less scientific age when their vitality was much greater.

So also at one time it was important to predict the future by palmistry, through fortune telling with cards and by astrology. King Saul sought a witch, the Greeks consulted the oracle, the Egyptians read the course of the stars, and the fate of Rome was foretold from the entrails of a goat. Some of these practices still persist.

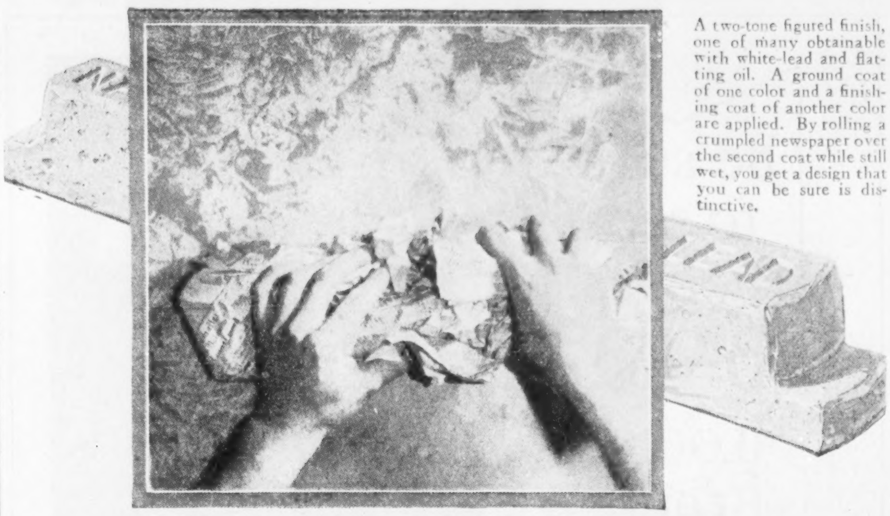
The reason why such superstitions regarding the foretelling of events persist is the overwhelming desire of man to know what to do in a crisis or in a strange situation. Suspense is a great mental strain, particularly in times of travel, wars, sickness, marriage and birth. It is a tremendous relief to turn to something that tells us what to do or what will happen. Magic and superstition supply an answer in most cases quicker than science.

For this reason quack remedies for illness flourish, so that the public has to be protected against them. History shows the course of scientific medicine to have been a hard one, and not the least obstacle has been a faith in an erroneous custom.

We live in a scientific age, but science is, so far, a sort of top layer. A large newspaper in a Western city publishes daily a horoscope; but one day through an error in the make-up the horoscope was omitted. The paper, so I was told, received the next day more than four hundred letters asking for the horoscope. Science is a top layer and, up to the present time at least, must be maintained by organization. Where that organization is weak, superstition flourishes.

In central and eastern Europe when that organization broke up in the aftermath of the war there was, and is now, a strong revival of occultism. People cherish these superstitions that give them facile answers in their time of

(*Continued on page 44*)



A two-tone figured finish, one of many obtainable with white-lead and flatting oil. A ground coat of one color and a finishing coat of another color are applied. By rolling a crumpled newspaper over the second coat while still wet, you get a design that you can be sure is distinctive.

Interior finishes once found only in the houses of the rich~

Now made available for every home by white-lead and flatting oil

WHEN great-grandfather was a boy, the interior beauty and charm of American homes were due in large measure to the beautiful and artistic woodwork finishes. These handsome woodwork finishes, built up with as many as five or six paint coats, were used generally throughout Colonial mansions. You may have seen and admired these rich, velvety finishes in reproductions of Colonial houses and in the finest modern homes. But these finishes were expensive and took a long time to put on.

Up to a short time ago such interior paint finishes were a luxury that only the wealthy could afford. But there is available today for interiors of homes everywhere a flat paint finish that is similar in beauty and durability to the old rubbed-down finish.

This flat finish is easier to apply than the rubbed-down finish, much more economical (because fewer coats and less labor are required) and very durable. Not only for woodwork but for the painting of walls this finish is ideal. With it many very beautiful and distinctive effects can easily be obtained, among them two-tone figured finishes, like the one shown above, two-tone mottled effects, two-tone glaze and Tiffany finishes.

What paint to use

Dutch Boy white-lead and Dutch Boy flatting oil make this new flat paint. White-lead, the pigment ingredient, is made from the metal, lead.

Dutch Boy white-lead is the highest grade white-lead obtainable. Mixed in the right proportions with Dutch Boy flatting oil, it makes a paint that can be quickly applied, and that produces a finish absolutely free from brush marks, laps or streaks. This paint makes a tenacious, durable, moisture-proof film that really becomes part of the covered surface. This film can be cleaned easily with soap and water without any harm to the paint.

Experts help to select colors

Dutch Boy flatting oil and Dutch Boy white-lead can be tinted to the shade or tint that will harmonize perfectly with your furnishings and draperies. National Lead Company maintains a Department of Decoration made up of experts who will gladly give advice on the proper selection of the colors for interiors of new houses or old. These men can also tell you about distinctive finishes and give you formulas for obtaining these finishes. Address your inquiries to Department of Decoration in care of the nearest of the branch offices listed below.

Send for free booklet

We will gladly send you actual painted samples of the two-tone figured finish, and a new booklet, "Painting—Protective and Decorative." This booklet tells what paint is, what paint does and why paint protects the surface. It contains color plates of interiors and exteriors and also of interesting and unusual artistic wall finishes that can be obtained with paint. Both the booklet and the samples are free.

The figure of the Dutch Boy Painter shown here is reproduced on every keg of Dutch Boy white-lead and is a guarantee of exceptional purity.

"Save the surface and you save all"

In addition to Dutch Boy white-lead and flatting oil, National Lead Company makes lead products for practically every purpose to which lead can be put in art, industry and daily life. If you desire specific information about any use of lead, write to our nearest branch.

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY
New York, 111 Broadway; Boston, 131 State St.; Buffalo, 116 Oak St.; Chicago, 900 West 18th St.; Cincinnati, 659 Freeman Ave.; Cleveland, 820 West Superior Ave.; St. Louis, 722 Chestnut St.; San Francisco, 485 California St.; Pittsburgh, National Lead and Oil Co. of Pa., 316 Fourth Ave.; Philadelphia, John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., 437 Chestnut St.

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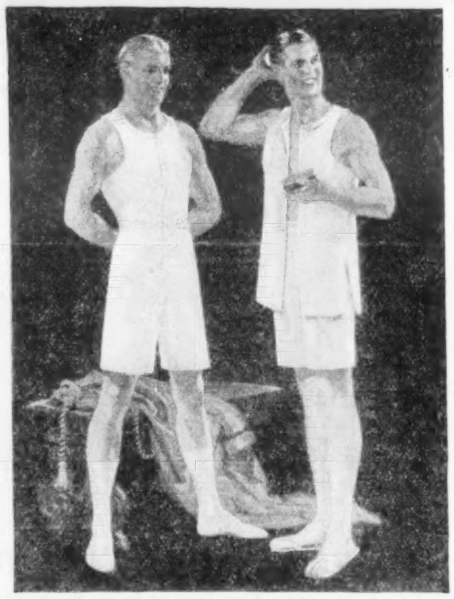

Get the underwear you ask for!

Remember that *no* underwear without the red woven "B.V.D." label *is* "B.V.D."

Assure yourself of that Famous Fit, Long Wear, and Cool Comfort which have kept "B.V.D." the world's most popular men's underdress.

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The B.V.D. Company, Inc.
New York
Sole Makers of "B.V.D." Underwear

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Men's $1.50 the suit
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Shirts and Drawers
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"Next to Myself I like 'B.V.D.' Best"

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THE ORIGINAL WIDE
GARTER

E. Z's are more than mere garters—they are comfort and health insurance. You're bound to like them—comfortable, trim—they stay up 'till you take them off with your socks. Change to a pair today and insist on E. Z's, the original and genuine wide webs.

If your dealer hasn't them, send us 50 cents and his name and we'll see you are supplied. For legs measuring over 14 inches, order "Large" size. Single or double grip.

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The Thos. P. Taylor Company
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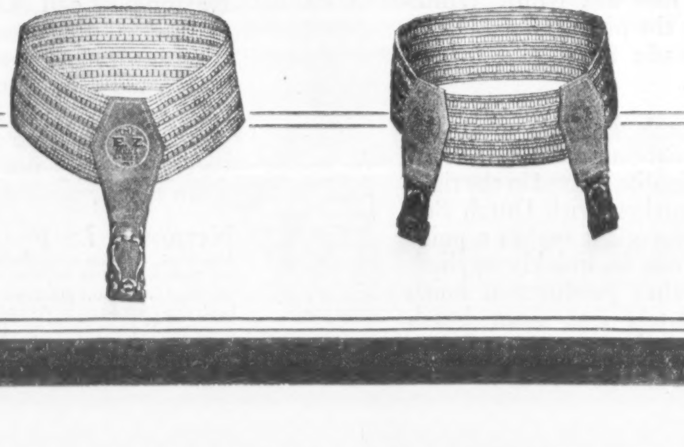
Originators of the Wide Web Idea



Why Some Folks are SUPERSTITIOUS

Continued from page 43

need. They resent the rigid determinism of science, and when Einstein attacks the Newtonian principles they applaud.

While in many cases these superstitions, survivals from a bygone age, are a real menace to scientific progress, yet sometimes they are not taken very seriously. If we break a mirror we may have a slight feeling that bad luck will come, but I imagine that in many cases the prospect of bad luck doesn't worry us very much.

It is reported that an industrious student once sent to the scientists on the faculty of a large university a questionnaire asking whether they were superstitious about any customs. A large majority, it is said, recorded that they acted in accordance with some kind of superstition. Very probably, however, if such a scientist hung up a horse shoe for good luck it was more of a continuance of a childhood pattern of action than the expression of a strong belief in the efficacy of the practice. Not all who have their palms read by a palmist take the fortune telling very seriously.

The hold, therefore, which superstitions have on people varies greatly. The battle of science against ignorance is not yet won by any means, and, in many fields of behavior, superstition is a real enemy to science and human progress. Indeed, perhaps to an enlightened age in the not too distant future, many of our political ways and much of our economic practice will be recorded as superstitious.

Their Greatest Moments

Continued from page 20

a fire. These men may be hard workers, smart, game enough in their fashion, even willing to risk death or destruction. But when the big test comes the motive nerves refuse to respond. The brain is there and the muscle is there and the passionate wish to succeed is there. Yet something vital is missing.

George Stallings had a pitcher of this type. In warming up he had speed, control, curves and everything a great pitcher needs. Everything with one exception. Once caught in a tight fix in any game his collapse was complete. Stallings released him. "He was too much of a temptation," the manager said. "When I saw him warm up I knew he was unbeatable. I couldn't see how any team could hit him. So I kept sending him in. I had to fire him in order to keep from using him all the time."

I disagree with Mr. Vear that all great athletes have it. Through certain physical and mental qualities, apart from inspiration, a man's normal best may be developed to a point where he can hold his own among the high places. Not often perhaps, but it is entirely possible. Wagner and Cobb were at their worst in world series games when they were trying to give more than they had. Yet their great moments extended over twenty years.

Walter Johnson pitched well below his normal standard against the Giants, because the outside pressure had become so great, yet he is one of the greatest of all competitors.

Chief Bender had "the spark" more than Johnson had, for the Chief was one of the greatest "one-game" pitchers in a pinch that ever lived. Johnson undoubtedly had something of the sort in the last few innings of his final game, but he was just coming to his best, rather than beating it.

That "something plus" factor has made more great moments in sport than anything else. The true holders of this "spark" are rare, because undoubtedly it is partly gift or heritage. It is there at the one crowning moment because part of it was there at birth. And if you want a definition, the major part of it, with determination and concentration, is initiative. One must first know and have. But after that he must do. And to pass the height, somewhere hidden away, there must be that sudden urge which crashes through every barrier. The spark must turn to a flame.

Labor Tightens Its Belt

Continued from page 22

membership in the federation have come through these so-called progressive and radical unions which, almost without exception, have dabbled in politics or business or sponsored in one way or another various uplift movements. Conversely those unions which have gained in members and in wealth or have held their own have almost without exception been those which have been conservative and held to trades unionism pure and simple.

Synchronizing with the decline of the radicals' strength is the growth of a movement that is forcing a contest (closely akin to the fundamentalist-modernist contests in the churches) from which much will probably be heard.

At this time the odds certainly are in favor of the fundamentalists, whose battle cry, as voiced in the machinists' election, is "back to trades unionism." Boiled down to its essentials, their doctrine is that the unions should limit their activities to craft matters and matters closely related to the crafts as opposed to the indefinite programs of the modernists, who would seek to cure all social evils through the unions and through political or legislative action, thereby bringing about Utopia.

The fundamentalists stand by the tested policy of picking and choosing in politics expressed in the Gompers dictum of "reward your friends, punish your enemies." These believe in asking Congress and state legislatures for laws governing such matters as compensation to injured workmen, proper sanitary laws for factories and safety laws for mines. They do not believe in asking or permitting Congress or legislatures to fix hours or wages and, in so far as they can, they will permit nothing that savors of compulsory arbitration.

The other element stands for such things as a labor party, "one big union," mixing in the politics of other nations, pacifism in its various forms—in a word, for everything those loosely described as the "intelligentsia" advocate.

All these things give promise that the new administration under the new dispensation will be intensely practical—so practical that the radicals may be expected to cry loudly about "reaction" and "reactionaries." A fair appraisal of all the circumstances would seem to indicate but one result—a general stiffening in the ranks and gains in membership.

There is, however, one inherent structural weakness in the new administration. Its strength is in the fact that all of the big unions are lined up with it. The strength of the old régime was the solid support of the smaller unions which, voting together, hold enough votes to win. Gompers could lose a few of these and yet win over a combination headed by the biggest unions. The tying up of the big unions inevitably must drive most of the smaller unions together. Then defection of one of the larger bodies from the administration might well spell an upset.

That, however, is a matter in the more or less distant future.

Meantime the men in control will outgompers Gompers.

Picked Out Of The Air

by Jack Binns

Attaboy, Herbert

SECRETARY HOOVER has thrown out his elaborate radio receiving set and put a small one in his home in order to get an idea of the troubles besetting the average fan. I don't know of any quicker way for him to learn, although of course conditions in Washington are not nearly so bad as they are in some of the more crowded sections of the country. We ought to get some stringent regulations this fall.

Our Job Brings Joy

"'YOU sent a song into the air, it fell to Earth' in the home for aged folks at Newbury, Ind." Thus writes Mrs. Joseph Watters of Bellevue, Pa., epitomizing the results obtained from a little item published some time ago in this column. It brought to the home a much-needed loud speaker for the radio set from a generous reader, and to the guests in the home the speaker brought delightful entertainment to replace the "rather dreary surroundings and isolation." Now the world is in that home for the aged.

Tube on Tick N. G.

RADIO dealers generally will endorse the moral which William Sullivan of Newport, R. I., draws from this story he sends me. "About a month ago I got three new tubes from my favorite radio dealer. Having no money with me at the time, he let me take them on a charge account of mine. The tubes acted hateful, no volume or clarity or anything good. Saturday I paid him the remainder of my account and tried the set when I got home. Strange to say I did wonders on DX and volume that night and ever since. Moral: If you want your tubes to work OK, don't charge the price of them. Pay cash."

U-R-U-P stations U-S-A and duet, "waves across the sea" will now sing a

On the High Seas

ON a recent trip the steamship George Washington carried a famous five-tube radio receiver for the purpose of giving concerts to passengers during the voyage across the Atlantic Ocean. The experiment was such a success that the officials of the line are considering the advisability of putting similar sets aboard their other liners. Both European and American broadcast concerts were readily brought in. Radio is now performing many functions on the high seas, the chief of which is protection of life and property.

Time is Against Us

A SYSTEM such as that now being attempted by WJZ is the only method by which radio fans in this country will ever hear the European broadcasts. The reason is that time is distinctly against us. Like our own stations, the Europeans do their best broadcasting between the hours of seven and eleven in the evening. Owing to the time difference this corresponds to two and six o'clock in the afternoon along our Atlantic seaboard. In other words, a large part of the Atlantic Ocean is still flooded with sunlight during that period. In addition to this the local broadcast stations—using practically the same wave lengths—are also in full operation, with the result that they completely drown out the feeble waves from Europe. The time difference which is against us, favors Europeans who desire to listen to our stations. Their own broadcasters have closed down for the night when American stations get in full swing for the evening programs, and darkness prevails across the entire Atlantic.

The New DX Record

IN New York City a radio receiving set will soon be rated excellent if it has sufficient selectivity to permit its owner to bring in the Newark stations eighteen miles away.

"ladiesngenlmn-ofthradioau-diensinchatterrr-rrrrrrr—rrrrrrrrr!!
"yer under arrest!"

Look Out, Orators!

AT PORTAGE, WIS., F. C. Parks has installed himself as the traffic cop of the ether. He issues a ticket to every person exceeding a speed of 140 words per minute while talking over the microphone. He declares that any greater speed of delivery makes the speech sound like static. He is lenient with first offenders, however, but warns them that "jail is yawning for you at the second offense."

A Needed Reform

THE action of President Coolidge in transferring the Patent Office to the Department of Commerce was wise and will undoubtedly aid in the development of the radio art. What we actually need, however, is a revision of the patent laws to do away with some of the present incongruities. The litigation over the regenerative patents clearly shows there is something wrong with the patent law. By the time priority of invention is determined by the courts in this case the patent itself will have expired. It was invented in 1912 and the question has not been decided yet.

Try This on Your Dyne

THE colonial government of Hong Kong is constructing a five-kilowatt broadcasting station which will probably be in operation by August. Here is a grand opportunity for night-hawk fans in this country to try their DX prowess. The new station will probably work on 350 meters. Time difference will be in favor of American fans so far as receiving this station is concerned, once it gets into operation.

Another Chance at a Prize

HOW can Collier's radio map be improved upon? For all suggestions from readers which can be incorporated in the map we will pay $10. Make your suggestions as brief as possible, and send them to the Radio Map Department, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

You'll Need One

IF YOU haven't already ordered one of Collier's radio maps, send your order now with 25¢ in stamps to Collier's, Radio Map Dept., 250 Park Avenue, New York City. It shows all present broadcast stations, call signals, wave lengths, power, kind of service, standard time divisions, radio districts with their numbers and boundaries; and gives a distance finder.

FREE 10-Day Tube Mail Coupon

His Wonderful Teeth

Remove the dingy film that's clouding yours and you'll be surprised that your teeth are just as white and charming as any one's—*make this unique test.*

HERE is a simple test that proves the truth that most of us have pretty teeth *without ever knowing we have,* or ever revealing it.

This is the reason:

Run your tongue across your teeth, and you will feel a film. A film which absorbs discolorations and hides the natural color of your teeth.

Remove it and your teeth take on a new beauty. Maybe you have really beautiful teeth without realizing it.

Film is charged, too, with most tooth troubles. It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. Germs breed in it. And they, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

So, besides loss of tooth beauty, film is a serious danger to healthy teeth. You must remove and constantly combat it. It is ever present, ever forming.

Old-time dentifrices were unable to combat it successfully. And tooth troubles were a serious problem.

New modern science has discovered a new way. A new-type tooth paste called Pepsodent that acts to curdle film, then harmlessly to remove it. No soap or chalk, no harsh grit dangerous to enamel.

Mail the coupon for a 10-day tube free. Or, buy a full size tube at any druggist's today. See what beauty lies beneath the film on your teeth.

Pepsodent REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
The New-Day Quality Dentifrice
Endorsed by
World's Dental Authority

FREE—Mail this for 10-Day Tube

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 564, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.
Send to:

Name ....

Address ....

Only one tube to a family. 1771 A

The Ally of Invention

RADIO—as every other scientific mechanical achievement—owes its present-day utility and popularity to inventive genius and master tools.

Files are the most versatile of all tools. More kinds of industries require them. They serve a wider variety of needs. They save time and money. *There is no substitute for a good file.*

Select your files for uniformity, keenness of edge, balance or "feel" and rugged endurance. Then you'll choose files bearing the NICHOLSON crossed-file trade mark.

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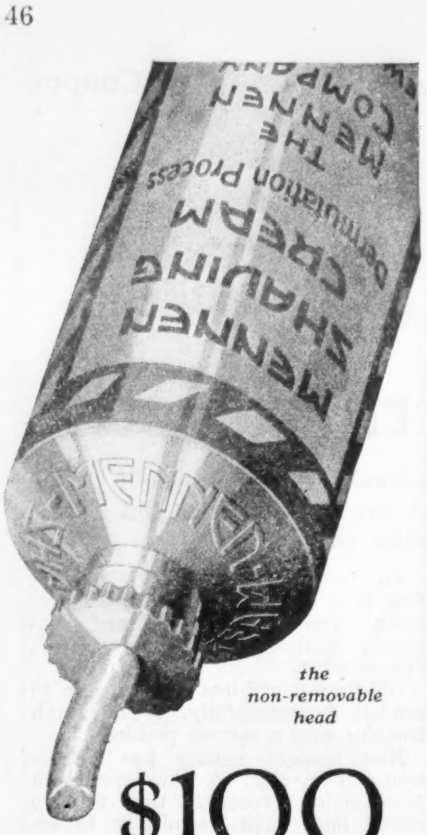


$100 for a name

Marlowe sang "the topless towers of Ilium." I sing the topless tubes of Mennen. I want a good name for the new non-removable, non-refillable, non-leakable device that now makes the Mennen Shaving Cream container as inimitable as its contents.

Others have tried to denature the capricious cap. Mennen has abolished it.

Just move the Mennen knob a quarter turn and a hole magically appears. After you've squeezed out enough cream, another quarter turn closes the hole as tight as a drum. No threads to engage; no bother of any kind.

It's a knock-out—as far ahead of other sealing devices as Mennen Shaving Cream is ahead of the procession.

We've called this new patented feature "the plug-tite top." We want a better name. If you can suggest one we like, we'll send you a hundred dollars. If more than one submits the winning name, each one will get the century check.

To everyone who sends a suggestion we'll mail a complimentary tube of Mennen Skin Balm, the cooling, healing after-shave cream that's fragrant and greaseless.

Let me hear from you. Contest closes July 1st, 1925. Use the coupon if it's handier.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

MENNEN
SHAVING CREAM

$100

Jim Henry, c/o The Mennen Company
343 Central Ave., Newark, N. J.
I suggest the name..........
My name..........
Address..........

The Farmer Moves to Wall Street

Continued from page 15

"not only in that it gets outsiders with you, but especially in that it gets the growers themselves with you. They become your active helpers because they *own* you. All profits are theirs; the sales and executive officers being strictly limited to salary only; so that a boost for you is a boost for the farmer himself.

"And it's *easy* for him to own his own selling organizations. He simply signs a marketing contract and ships his stuff to his coöperative. He pays on a long-time, easy-payment plan, by a $2.50 amortizing tax on each car of produce he ships for sale, his investment in the Federated being thus in exact proportion to the service he gets from it. Control passes to him at once. In five years complete ownership will also pass.

"And it's so *safe*, like life insurance. The Federated eggs are in 38,000 baskets, each actively watched by its owner. One basket might break, or a hundred; but not 38,000. To the mere *investor* the sign is up—*Keep Out!* He can get in only by becoming a *grower*, with *one vote*.

"And it's *democratic*. If the farmers don't like the way we run things they can throw us out.

"Also, it's conservative. It follows the usual American business methods and trade channels; but they are *picked* methods and channels. It is Big Business, democratized and farmer-owned.

"The chief gain so far is in steering the stuff away from glutted markets, where people have too much, to others where they have too little. It is the wholesale price fluctuations, due especially to these gluts, that the speculator lives on. We work to stabilize prices, stop gluts, and put the speculator out of business. Necessary middlemen we retain and use.

"To the consumer the most marked gain has come from our campaign among retail grocers showing the trade advantage of quick sales and narrow profit margins.

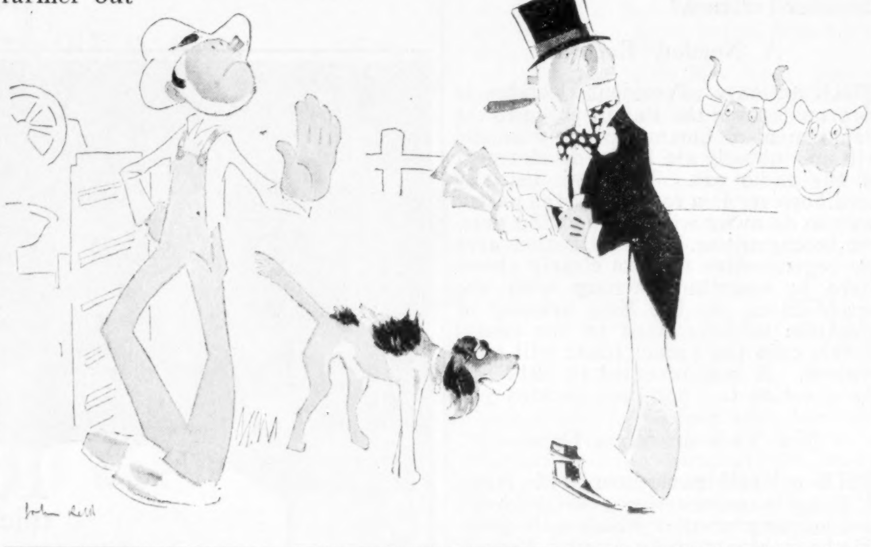
"The chain stores need to be paid to handle perishables. We showed them how.

"Bettered returns to the growers are common. A Maine banker estimates the increased return to growers in his country on one potato crop at $3,000,000. A Boston banker said he had never seen a crop so smoothly marketed and with so little friction between buyer and seller as in this case. Michigan grape growers, by this system, gained $100,000 in one month's marketing. Michigan potato growers in one season gained $600,000. Such results are of course not universal; but they are examples of what repeatedly has happened. Payment to the growers, as a rule, is by check immediately on receipt of goods by the purchaser."

The great coöperative movement includes already more than 1,200,000 men, and more come in every day in the year. It has increased its activities fifty per cent since 1919. Its objective is simply to put the farmer back in the city market place where he was in the days of old, face to face with the buyer *on equal terms*, for his own good, and the good of everybody.

Rule has gained for the coöperatives the confidence of several of the big bankers; and apple and vegetable growers of big producing states, when soundly organized, have, through his assistance, obtained crop-moving loans in large sums. But that is another story.

The get-rich-quick man cannot sell the farmer out



The Café of Terror

Continued from page 8

hurried back, the chair was empty. The young man was gone.

"Anyway," Mr. Billingham murmured to himself, struggling against a curious feeling of uneasiness, "it ain't our affair."

Notwithstanding the fact that Mr. Billingham had twice declared that whatever trouble there might be or might have been at the little inn on the edge of the forest was not his affair, it was barely ten o'clock in the morning when he left the automobile which he had hired in the Square at Monte Carlo, clambered down the steep path, made his way along the cart track, pushed through the clump of trees, and found himself before the café. There was no smoke emerging from the chimney, and Mr. Billingham gave a start of surprise as he saw on the table in front of the still open door the half-consumed bottle of Dubonnet and the ten-franc note under one of the glasses.

"Passers-by around here must be pretty scarce," he ruminated. "Seems queer that whoever quit the place didn't trouble to lock up. Left in a hurry, perhaps."

Mr. Billingham would doubtless have scorned the suggestion that he talked to himself for the sake of any pleasure he might derive from hearing his own voice, and yet it was without a doubt true that the uneasy feeling of the day before had returned to an even larger extent. He pushed open the door. The half-emptied tumbler was still upon the counter.

"Hello there!"

There was no reply. He mounted the stairs with footsteps which he was half ashamed to admit were reluctant ones. The bedroom was as empty as it had been on the previous day. There was no place to hide anywhere—no other room. As he descended, however, he realized that it was perfectly possible for the

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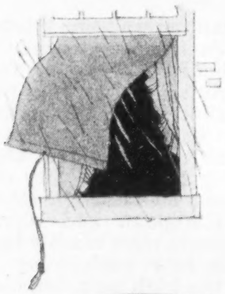

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owner of the face whom Madelon had seen there to have escaped by the back door and reached the wood in the matter of a very few seconds. He returned to the kitchen. Here he noticed for the first time that by the side of the fireplace was a clumsy framework door, which looked as though it might have led into a pantry or cupboard. He moved toward it and raised the latch. Before he threw the door open he knew. When he closed it again—in the space of a second or two—there were great beads of perspiration upon his forehead. The color had left his cheeks, and the blood seemed to have been drained from his body. Breathing heavily, he hastened up the hill to where his automobile was waiting.

"Drive to the Mairie at Saint-Félix," he ordered. . . .

ARRIVED at the Mairie—a small wistaria-covered building on the outskirts of the straggling village of Saint-Félix—Mr. Billingham was ushered at once by a gendarme into a bare little apartment with whitewashed walls and a row of benches, in which a very formal-looking gentleman with a closely trimmed black beard, very smoothly brushed hair and gold-rimmed pince-nez, was seated at a table, signing documents. His work for the morning had consisted of adjudicating upon a highly important case of fowl stealing, and he looked with some surprise at his visitor's precipitate entrance. Mr. Billingham's opening statement was in far from lucid English. The magistrate, with a puzzled expression, waved him to a seat.

"Comment, monsieur?" he exclaimed.

Mr. Billingham pulled himself together. His French, though not rapid, was fairly precise, and he had no difficulty in making himself understood.

"A woman has been murdered at a little café at the edge of the forest," he announced.

The magistrate gasped. The gendarme gasped.

"Continue, monsieur," the former begged.

Mr. Billingham told his story. The magistrate gave him his entire attention. It was a great day, this! A murder! Obviously a murder, in his district! He began to make notes of Mr. Billingham's statement. He was friendly but official. It was quite hopeless for him to conceal the fact that the news had filled him with pleasurable interest. It had been the secret desire of his life to have the handling of such a case.

"I will accompany you to the inn myself at once, monsieur," he announced, rising to his feet. "You can accommodate a gendarme perhaps on the front of your car. . . . Let the court remain open till my return," he directed a subordinate. "Tell me again your story as we proceed, monsieur."

Mr. Billingham went through the few facts again. In response to his own inquiries the magistrate gave him certain information.

"The inn," he said, "was kept by a very respectable, good man of the name of Pierre Anson. He lived there with his wife, the woman who, without a doubt, is the victim, and his nephew, a young man of whom one hears not too much of good. The wife, it is reported, had savings—savings of some account—and the nephew knew it. Three days ago news came to Anson of the death of a relative in Marseilles. This I know because he came to me for information as to the burying of the relative and as to his journey. He set off last Monday morning. He was expecting to return to-night. He left alone his wife and this nephew. One fears to reflect what may have happened!"

Mr. Billingham sighed, because he was a kind-hearted man, and because a vision of that flashing knife of the guillotine is terrible to such. Nevertheless it was his duty.

"Last night," he confided, "the young man, who apparently was the nephew of Pierre Anson, was drinking wine at the Café de Paris in Monte Carlo. He was pointed out to me by the young lady, who declared that his was the face she saw at the window."

(*Continued on page 48*)

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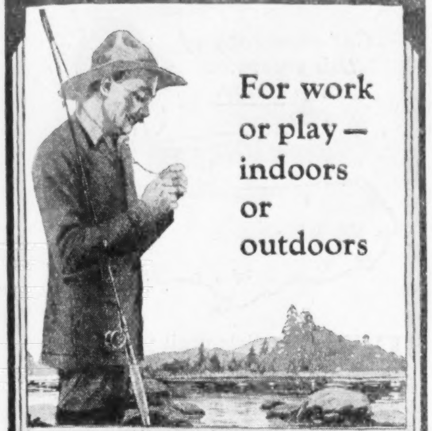

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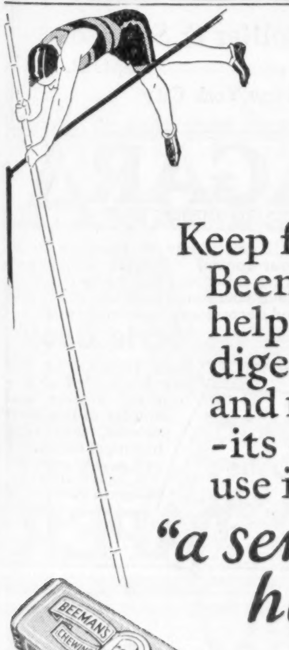

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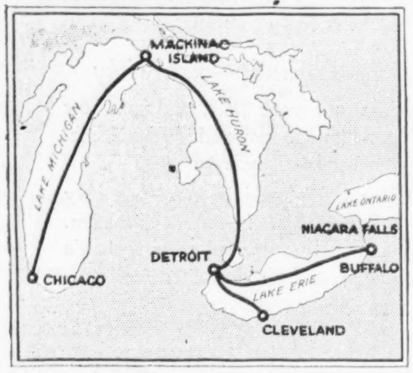

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LAKE LINES

The Café of Terror

Continued from page 47

The magistrate nodded gravely.

"It is a crime," he said, "in effect simple, not uncommon among this race of people. When heated with wine and drunk with the desire of pleasure, the shedding of blood is nothing. I, who tell you this, know."

They arrived at their destination. The magistrate and the gendarme made their way to the little room. Mr. Billingham sat outside. He had no soul for horrors. It was an hour before they rejoined him. The magistrate was carrying his notebook in his hand.

"All is clear," he announced. "The savings of the poor woman have disappeared. To-night, or to-morrow at the latest, the young man will be in our hands. Your name and address, if you please, monsieur. You will attend court in a few days?"

"Certainly," Mr. Billingham promised.

THE most pathetic sight in the bare, whitewashed little room of the Mairie on the first morning of the examination was Pierre Anson, the woodman. The tears streamed down his brown, wrinkled face as the magistrate addressed his first few questions. He had, at one time, as was evident, been a man of great stature and strength. Now he seemed shrunken up, stricken with the horror of his home-coming.

"Your wife had savings, Pierre Anson?" the magistrate asked him.

"She was a thrifty woman," was the tremulous reply. "She had always a stocking."

"Do you know how much was in it?"

"She never told me."

"Did your nephew—the young man between the gendarmes there—the young man whom you trusted alone with your wife—did he know?"

"I cannot tell," Pierre Anson answered. "He was always wanting money."

"You have been to Marseilles to bury a relative—is it not so?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"You thought it safe to leave this youth, of whose character we hear little that is good, alone with your wife in such a desolate spot?"

"She was his aunt," the man announced, with a little sob. "How would I dream of anything so horrible?"

The magistrate bent over his papers. Mr. Billingham, seated by his side, watched the shaft of sunlight which had found its way through the cobwebbed windows and had fallen upon the boy's face. Madelon, who had also been invited by the magistrate to occupy a chair near him, scribbled something on a piece of paper and passed it to her neighbor. He glanced at it and passed it on to the magistrate, who studied it through his pince-nez with pursed lips. Finally, with a little shrug of the shoulders, he twiddled it between his fingers.

BEING PROMINENT

By ABE MARTIN
(Kin Hubbard)

THER'S all sorts o' ways o' bein' prominent, but prominence is more often a liability than an asset. O' course bein' a prominent shoe dealer or grocer pays purty good, but you nearly allus have t' give th' money back in th' way of assessments fer this or that. We rather believe it's better t' be obscure an' prosperous.

Lafe Bud wuz very prominent during th' late campaign an' th' pust office has been offered t' him. But he's already makin' twice as much as th' pust office pays. Somethin' wuz said t' him about a diplomatic position, but he hates t' sell his car. Besides, he'd have t' take his wife with him. Diplomatic jobs wouldn't be so bad if wives didn' jump at 'em. An', besides, after they're over ther's nothin' t' fall back on, th' home an' law practice bein' gone. Joe Lark whizzed int' town t'day an' announced th' first snow, an' his name become a household word, an' he has been mentioned fer county treasurer, but he hain't got money enough t' buy th' nomination. Artie Small announced that he seen th' last robin an' wuz nominated for assessor. So fer it's cost him $38.50, more'n th' office pays. Mr. an' Mrs. Tipton Bud are prominent socially, but they have t' go out o' town t' have ther calves ground an' buy canned mushrooms. They owe ever'buddy. Th' upkeep o' prominence is awful. You've got t' keep prominent no matter how much it costs th' community.

Last spring Uncle Niles Turner had ever'buddy at his feet by announcin' th' worst April since 1841, an' th' next week he went t' th' poor farm. Nobuddy could ever be more prominent an' universally liked than Lige Bentley an' his wife, but they've given ther last house party, an' t'day you can't find a soul that'll admit they attended it. Somethin' like $750 worth o' liquor wuz dumped in th' gutter.

Miss Pearl Moots has an uncle who knows Charley Dawes, so she's been asked t' tell about it before th' Art Embroidery Club, but she has nothin' t' wear. Bein' prominent may suit some folks, but we've allus believed we could see more standin' on th' curb than we could bein' in th' parade.

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"Where did you stay in Marseilles, Pierre Anson?" he asked suddenly.

The woodman lifted his head and stared uncomprehendingly at his questioner.

"I asked you where you stayed in Marseilles," the magistrate repeated.

Pierre Anson shook his head.

"I do not remember," he said. "It was a small lodging-house down by the quay."

"You do not remember?" the magistrate echoed, in a tone of some surprise. "Is that not strange, Pierre Anson?"

"It was somewhere near where my cousin lay dead," the man answered, a little sullenly. "I could find the place—the name I never knew."

The magistrate's right arm suddenly shot out.

"Or is it that you are lying, Pierce Anson?" he thundered. "Is it that you yourself, before you left home in the small hours of that Tuesday morning, murdered your wife and stole her savings, forced two of the notes on that half-witted youth, persuaded him to buy clothes and go down to Monte Carlo, and went yourself to Nice—your *rendezvous* at Nice—to your *rendezvous* with Lucie Bérard?"

The man half rose to his feet. His eyes seemed suddenly bloodshot. He swayed about as though striving to speak.

"Bring the woman," the magistrate ordered.

Pierre Anson glanced fearfully toward the door. A woman in the care of a gendarme entered. They looked at one another across the room—the man and the woman—and one understood.

"The money of which you robbed your wife, Pierre Anson," the magistrate continued, "was found upon this woman. You would have thrust the burden of this crime upon your nephew. You yourself are the murderer! Do you confess?"

A cry rang through the court—not from the man, Pierre Anson, who was indeed incapable of speech, whose hands were fighting the air, who fought against unconsciousness, but from the boy who stood between the gendarmes. His eyes were fixed upon the woman who had entered the courtroom. His indifference had vanished. His eyes again were lit with fear.

"Mother!" he cried.

"It is I!" she answered.

The boy turned toward the magistrate.

"It was I who killed the woman," he pleaded. "No one else knows anything about it."

"You are a liar and a fool!" the woman declared angrily. "It was he, the bungler there," she added, pointing to Pierre Anson. "And there is the money."

She dashed a bundle of notes upon the floor and stood with folded arms, defiant, the incarnation of an evil spirit. A gendarme touched Pierre Anson upon the shoulder. The proceedings were over.

AFTERWARD the magistrate entertained his two distinguished guests with a bottle of sweet wine and biscuits in his retiring-room.

"Among the lowest classes of our peasants," he explained, "these family dramas are not uncommon. Pierre Anson, as the story goes now, loved both sisters. He married the older one—a widow with money. The rest of the story unfolds itself. Yet Pierre Anson had cunning which few of these peasants possess. He deceived us all.

"But bank notes are numbered. And when we arrested the young man, we were able to force part of the truth to light. It was simple to telegraph the police of Marseilles and Nice. Their reports were before me when the examination began. Nevertheless, I was amazed when the young lady divined so much. Might one inquire"—he turned to Madelon—"what led you to doubt the boy's guilt?"

Madelon was once more serious.

"Something in his eyes," she confided, with a little shudder of reminiscence—"something which was there and something which was not there."

The magistrate raised his glass and bowed.

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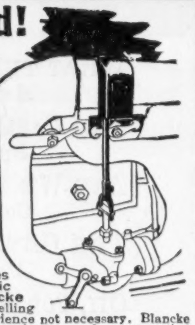

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WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND

"THE sometimes sour page," Les Crowder of Danville, Virginia, called What's On Your Mind a while ago, and we began to wonder if we weren't going in pretty heavily for "kicks." We print letters of criticism because they show another point of view, or add something to a discussion. Letters of praise (bouquets, we call them) are generally just pats on one's back. But here's a letter with *no* criticism in it:

To the Editor of Collier's:

I have been wanting to write and tell you about your cover on the March 14th issue. It was so wonderful I intend to keep it.

My mother and father are dead and I remember almost nothing about my father, but if I could pick one it would certainly be a dad that looked like the man on your cover. He seems so kind and jolly and lifelike. You could imagine him laughing and talking just by looking at the picture.

I want you to thank the artist for me. It's the best cover that I have seen in a long time, one that touches the heart.

A LOYAL COLLIER'S READER,
Altoona, Pa.

We Used to Call Them Scorchers

To the Editor of Collier's:

Why, when a person drives a machine at a fast rate of speed along the open road, is that person called a speed-maniac or even worse? And who is it that usually calls him those names? Almost invariably it is the "slow-poke," as the poets say. And again who is the "slow-poke"?

The "slow-poke," boys and girls, is the man or woman who has not enough confidence in his or her ability to be a "speed-maniac."

I happen to be one of those so-called "speed-maniacs;" not reckless—just fast, very considerate of pedestrians and other machines' rights on the road, and very careful. (And by the way, I am also very considerate of my own rights on the road.) I think you will find this the case with the great majority of us "speed-maniacs."

In nine cases out of ten, the "speed-maniac" is a *pretty* darn good driver who can handle a machine in any kind of traffic under any condition.

(Laugh that one off, slow-poke.) In the other one's case, he usually hurts someone or gets hurt himself and then he's through.

JOHN SPEEDBUG,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

A Style That Grows

To the Editor of Collier's:

Mark Twain antedated the conclusion of Wallace Irwin on the subject of crime in an article called "A New Crime." Of the relationship between crime and psychosis he wrote:

"Insanity certainly is on the increase in the world, and crime is dying out. Formerly, if you killed a man, it was possible that you were insane—but now, if you, having friends and money, kill a man it is *evidence* that you are a lunatic.

In these days, too, if a person of good family and high social standing steals anything, they call it *kleptomania* and send him to the lunatic asylum. If a person of high standing squanders his fortune in dissipation and closes his career with strychnine or a bullet, 'Temporary Aberration' is what was the trouble with him."

LOUIS J. BRAGMAN, M. D.,
Syracuse, N. Y.

In Defense of Freud

To the Editor of Collier's:

What's on my mind? A great considerable, as Uncle Josh says.

Regarding "The New Hokum" by Wallace Irwin: When a first-class word juggler, baseball writer and sport-page littérateur ventures to take a scientific subject like analytical psychology and tars and feathers it in the catchwords of Moronia, it is high time Collier's placed on their staff a censor, so that such misadventures in writing could not get into print—at least, in a magazine of the type of Collier's.

No one will deny that this country is full of get-rich-quick "psychers" who tell auditoriums full of broken wrecks that they can DO and BE and SUCCEED and MAKE MONEY (especially this last) if they will consent to be "psyched" by the glib orator at so much per head. Ballyhoo them out of business and save the foolish from themselves, but that a man of the intellectual stature of Sigmund Freud, presenting to the world his hard-won knowledge, should be met with such dumb twitter, at so much per inch, is a crime in print—a publisher's faux pas of the first water, in the eyes of the discriminating reader.

Psychoanalysis has cured mental, physical and so-called "moral" ills. Don't let your readers be cheated of knowledge by ruining their taste. Irwin is like the fellow who said tamales were too tame—and the hottest thing he'd ever eaten was tomato ketchup!

G. MARYA BENNETT,
Los Angeles, Cal.

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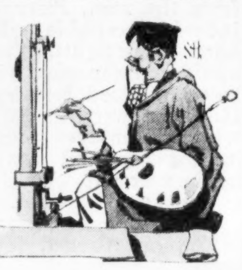

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A Convert to Collier's

To the Editor of Collier's:

I have been a piker and I want to admit it. A few nights ago a man left a copy of the April 11th Collier's in his seat in a train coming up from New York and I got it. I read two stories en route and brought the magazine home with me. The story that got me started was "A Young Man with Great Possessions" by Paxton Hibben. It is a big story and for the first time in a long while I was not able to guess the ending.

In view of the fact that I didn't pay my nickel I want to go on record as being a piker and at the same time solemnly swear that I'll be ready with my nickel next Monday.

Again thanks for the story. It's good.

HORACE H. GRISWOLD,
Stamford, Conn.

Slogan No. 99,627

To the Editor of Collier's:

At Berea College, in Kentucky, they have adopted a motto: "More Paint on the Old Place and Less Paint on the New Face." The phrase appeals to country youth, so they say at Berea. Why not extend the phrase beyond Berea, since humans live not on bread alone, but on phrases, as our English philosopher has aptly put it?

OLD FACE,
Elizabeth City, N. C.

A Tale of Two Cities

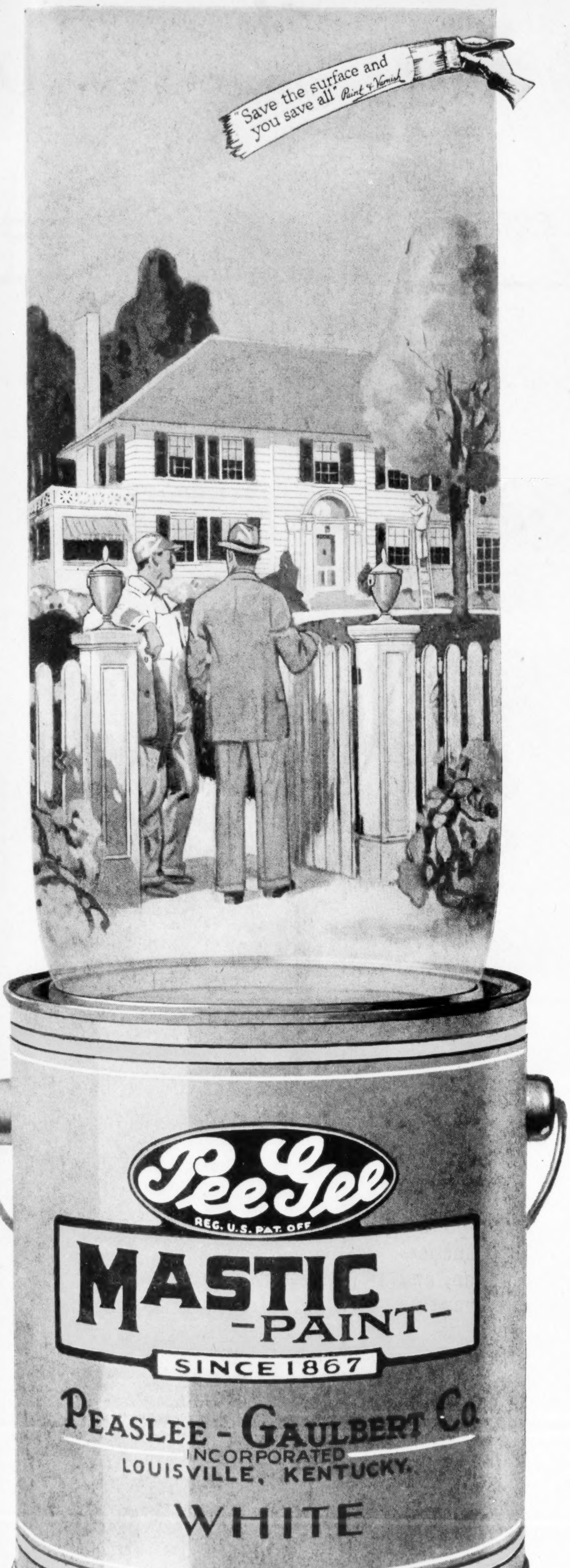
To the Editor of Collier's:

It seems to me that Indianapolis and San Antonio are the only inland cities in America whose "downtown" sections have any distinction and charm. Scores of our inland cities have beautiful residence sections and memorable park and boulevard systems. But "downtown" generally is a dreary desert of shoebox business buildings, standardized and ugly; the streets all laid out with a T-square—never a curved road or a diagonal; never a spear of grass, a fountain or a tree to furnish an oasis. The taxpayers' money all is spent to beautify the outlying residential sections. Millions for that, but not one penny for a "beauty spot" near where we have to spend half of our waking lives.

Why this is I can't conceive, particularly after I have seen San Antonio and Indianapolis. With eternal gratitude I remember the Alamo Park and the well-tended banks of the graceful little river which curves its way through downtown San Antonio; and here in Indianapolis I rejoice to find a circle at the city's heart instead of a square, and some broad diagonal boulevards to vary the usual dreary checkerboard arrangement.

What I'm getting at is this—that our downtown sections ought to be made assets of a city's personality quite as much as our residential districts; and, present and future, ought to be places of real individuality and charm, just as they are in San Antonio and Indianapolis. Do you agree?

C. P. C., Indianapolis, Ind.



Saving the home you love

For more than half a century Pee Gee Mastic Paint has been a leader in protecting, preserving and beautifying homes. It prevents and arrests decay. It is a barrier against weather and temperature. It increases the value of your property and gives lasting satisfaction at lowest cost per years of service. It does not discolor, chalk, go flat, crack or peel. Save your home by saving its surface.

Write for free Pee Gee Color Charts, mentioning your needs and the name of your dealer. There is a Pee Gee Paint, Varnish, Stain and Enamel for every purpose.

Paint *now*
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Any Pee Gee dealer will tell you about our deferred payment plan. Makes it easy for you—ask about it.

For 58 years this Pee Gee Trademark has been a dependable buying guide

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There are many other Pee Gee Products—ask your dealer about these

Pee Gee Floor Varnish: With your eyes and those of visitors on the floors of your home, you flush with pride at the smooth, flawless and mirror-like finish Pee Gee Floor Varnish has given them. And to this is added the satisfying thought that they are kept so with very little effort.

Pee Gee Re-Nu-Lac: By staining, varnishing and waterproofing in one operation Pee Gee Re-Nu-Lac serves in a threefold capacity. It restores to original freshness and beauty furniture, marred woodwork, scruffed floors, faded bric-a-brac—whatever time has dimmed or usage impaired.

Pee Gee China Enamel: With charming effect Pee Gee China Enamel Gloss White is used on doors, stairways, pillars, wainscoting, and all interior or exterior woodwork. It gives a smooth, hard, brilliant finish that does not yellow with age. Also made in various tints and egg-shell finish.

Pee Gee Flatkoatt: Brightens and beautifies the walls and ceilings of the home. Made in a rich range of shades to match any decorative scheme. Durable and sanitary, this oil paint dries with a flat, smooth, velvety finish. Various decorative effects are easily produced. Easily and quickly cleaned.

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Dealer Opportunity: If Pee Gee is not represented in your community, correspondence is invited. A Pee Gee exclusive sales franchise involves a very small investment. To inquire about our unusual plan of sales promotion does not obligate you. Write today.

Use Colgate's—
It *removes causes* of tooth decay

The Safe Way to Protect Your Beauty and Health

GOOD TEETH are as necessary to good looks as pretty eyes and a lovely complexion. And good teeth are more necessary to good health than they are to beauty.

Today dental science, through preventive dentistry, is trying to save teeth from decay—to prevent infections that may destroy your health and happiness. Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream is closely allied with this move for better teeth and better health.

Free—Generous trial tube

COLGATE & CO., Dept. 460
581 Fifth Ave., New York City

Please send me, free, a trial tube of Ribbon Dental Cream.

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

(This offer good only in U. S. A.)

COLGATE'S
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
CLEANS TEETH THE RIGHT WAY

Colgate's is a preventive dentifrice—safe, effective, and pleasant to use because of its delightful taste.

"Washes" – does not scour

It *removes causes* of tooth decay by the gentle "washing" action of its non-gritty chalk and tasteless soap. These are the two ingredients that authorities say are most important in a dentifrice.

Of course there are no curative claims for Colgate's. No tooth paste or powder can cure. That is a dentist's function. Colgate's keeps your teeth clean, and cleanliness is the best preventive measure known.

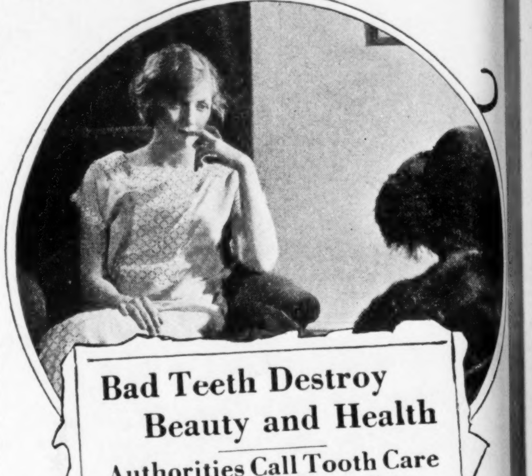
Colgate's is free from grit and harsh ingredients. It is sensibly made, sensibly advertised and sold at a sensible price—25c for the large tube, at your favorite store.

COLGATE & CO.
Established 1806

Truth In Advertising Implies Honesty In Manufacture

Prevent this

Good looks ruined by unhealthy teeth



Bad Teeth Destroy Beauty and Health

Authorities Call Tooth Care Surest Treatment for Good Looks

MANY diseases that bring premature old age are traceable to bad teeth. Dreaded rheumatism, heart disease and other infirmities that ruin health and beauty can be directly caused by tooth infections.

One great newspaper says editorially:

> "Thousands are killed every year by their own teeth, and millions suffer rheumatism and other troubles, including kidney trouble, because diseased teeth poison the blood. Get the best brush, the right cleaning substance, keep your teeth clean scientifically and you'll live longer."

Prevention of tooth decay is vital to health and beauty. Cleanliness is the most effective method.

John Sayre Marshall, in his work on "Mouth Hygiene", says, "Cleanliness of the mouth and teeth is the greatest of all prophylactic measures which can be instituted against dental decay".

Conditions can be greatly improved.

Give yourself a chance!

Preventive dentistry is sweeping the United States. Here is a church clinic where children are given a chance to escape disease.